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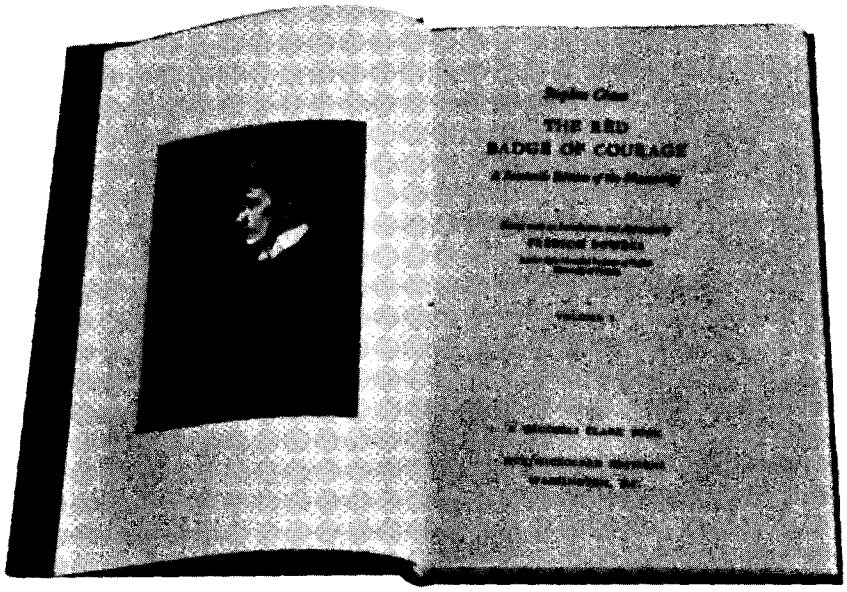

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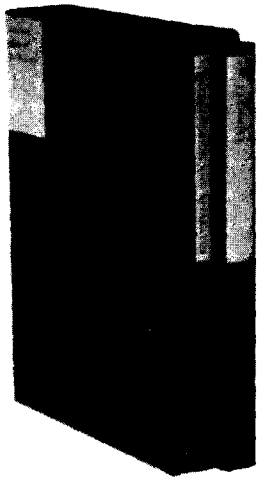

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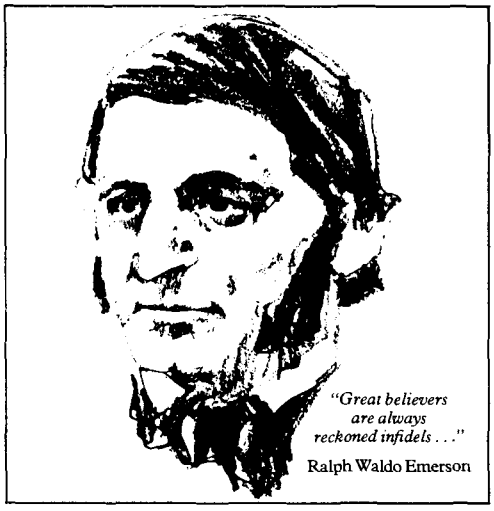

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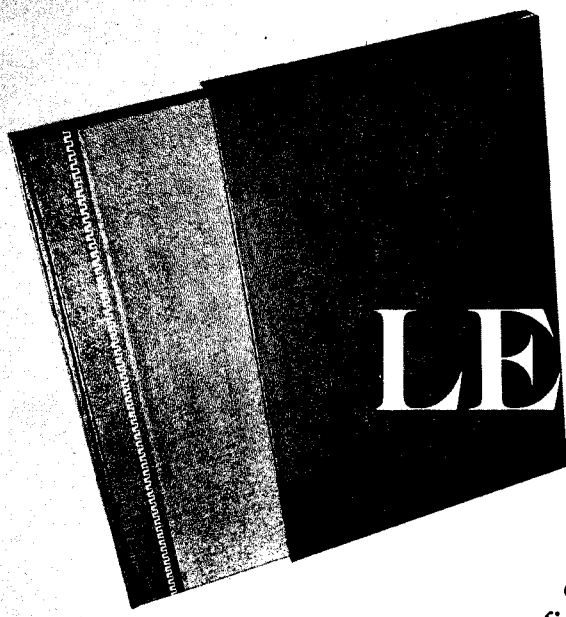

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The Despairing Optimist

RENÉ DUBOS

My bookshelves carry a sizable collection of very recent anthologies focused on two different but related topics: the alterations of the planet earth that have been caused by human activities, and the biological determinants of human behavior. Most of the scholars quoted in these anthologies take a dark view of man and of his civilizations. Whether environmentalists, psychologists, or sociologists, they affirm that modern life is degrading all aspects of the natural world and that man has a pathological desire to enslave or to destroy even the members of his own species.

The rape of nature has been so widely discussed during the past two decades that the topic is somewhat stale and may soon be unfashionable. But the view that man is probably the most destructive and wicked of animals is becoming increasingly popular, so much so that it makes for a new best seller almost every time it can be stated under a catchy title. Rousseau believed that man is fundamentally good but has been spoiled by civilization. In contrast, most modern authors seem to rejoice in the thought that man was nasty and brutish from the beginning, and continues to exhibit the worst traits of his animal ancestry.

Judging from my anthologies, there is no longer any point in expressing contempt for man by speaking of his bestiality, because his behavior is in fact usually far more bestial than that of any beast. For example, it is probably true that human behavior is conditioned to some extent by the so-called territorial imperative, which is such an obvious determinant of animal behavior. But whereas birds proclaim their territoriality by singing, men do it by going to war. Still judging from the purely biological point of view, there is nothing reprehensible or even surprising in the fact that man is a killer by necessity, because all predators are. But to his discredit, man differs from other predators in two fundamental ways. Under normal conditions, animal predators kill almost exclusively in order to feed themselves, while man does it more often than not for the vicious pleasure of killing. Unlike animal predators, furthermore, he kills members of his own species almost as readily as he does other forms of life, and it does not help matters to know that he invents rationalized "ideals" to justify his actions.

I shall not attempt to list the many traits that often make man appear more unpleasantly bestial than any other beast, but I shall mention one aspect of his life that is much discussed today, namely his peculiar form of sloppiness, because this too can be traced far back into his animal origins. Orderly citizens believe that the accumulation of garbage in the modern environment is the consequence of a loss of social conscience and of increased carelessness on the part of our contemporaries. But in fact early man was at least as sloppy as we are and his descendants have remained so throughout history. Most of the sites that he occupied during the Stone Age are littered with the remnants of his meals and of his gadgetry. Animal bones,

✪ RENÉ DUBOS, microbiologist and experimental pathologist, is professor emeritus at Rockefeller University. His most recent books are *A God Within* and, with Barbara Ward, *Only One Earth*.

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weapons and tools, and fragments of pottery are of great interest to the social anthropologist because they document the ways of life of ancient people. More prosaically, however, these solid wastes are the equivalent of the beer cans, old radios, and automobile bodies that we casually abandon in our parks and along our highways. As far as we can judge, man has always fouled his nest. The genetic constitution that we have inherited from our Stone Age ancestors may thus be responsible as much for our natural messiness as for our natural aggressiveness.

The pessimistic view of human nature has been made even darker by the publication of anthropological studies concerning the Ik people, a small tribe of northern Uganda. When the Iks were first studied extensively a few years ago, they lived as nomadic hunters and gatherers over a large and very diversified mountain territory. Their life was easy and peaceful because game, fruits and other foods were usually abundant in their native habitat and could be had without much effort. The carefree generosity and happiness of the Ik people at that time made them appear—at least to visitors—as the epitome of Rousseau's healthy happy savage.

Unfortunately for the Iks, much of the land over which they used to roam freely has been converted into a national park by the government of Uganda. As a result, they are now forbidden by law to hunt and gather food in the valleys, and thus are compelled to derive their livelihood from farming on poor hillside soil where food is difficult to grow, especially in periods of drought. Indeed, food is often in such short supply that old and weak people are allowed to die of starvation. Within a few years after the dismantling of their traditional culture, the Iks have become brutish, ill-tempered, selfish and loveless; they ignore their elders and neighbors and laugh at the misery of their fellow men; they breed without love, or without regard for their mates or their children.

The anthropologist who last studied the Iks has concluded from the rapid degradation of their individual lives and of their social structure that their former pleasantness was not a spontaneous expression of their real nature but was rather an artificial learned behavior. And he goes so far as to suggest that the present brutishness of the Iks is the true manifestation of their innate traits and corresponds in fact to the real core of universal human nature. According to him, natural man is fundamentally bad, interested only in himself, without any of the graces such as affection and compassion that we identify with humanness.

I have quoted all these very unpleasant reports about human nature to show that, if I continue to have faith in the human species, it is not from ignorance of its shortcomings. My hope for our future is based not on the denial that bestial traits are part of our nature, but on the existence of many other traits that are very pleasantly and uniquely human. These truly human characteristics can be recognized as far back as Neanderthal times and have persisted all over the earth throughout history.

There is no doubt of course that man has always been a killer, but it is also true that the spirit of mutual aid and even of sacrifice has manifested itself everywhere on earth continuously ever since the time of the Stone Age; compassion is still part of our contemporary cultures, even during the most savage wars. Similarly, men have always ruthlessly slaughtered animals, cut down noble trees, and littered their environments, in the wilderness and in farming areas, as well as in villages, towns and cities. But they have also worshiped nature, dealt with it lovingly, and made strenuous efforts to create beautiful objects even when crude artifacts would have served their practical needs just as well.

To a very large extent, what we call nature has emerged from man's wooing of the earth. I can readily imagine a large anthology that would be the counterpart of those I mentioned earlier and that would illustrate not the rape of the earth, but the improvements of the natural world brought about by human activities—not the bestial aspects of mankind but the really human determinants of behavior. To be compassionate and careful is as much in our genes as to be aggressive and brutish.

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All ancient civilizations have been aware of the dualism in man's nature. But there has been a tendency during recent times to emphasize one aspect of it to the neglect of the other. Most of our contemporaries—at least among those who write—seem to find it easier to discourse about the naked ape than about the gentle savage or than about the civilized man who has emerged from our animal ancestry by a process of socialization. This attitude expresses a mood that is presently fashionable; it is linked to a widespread change in biological philosophy among scientists, and also among some sectors of the general public.

Until a few decades ago, the final criterion of our values was human life, the final recourse of our judgment was human reason. In contrast, the tendency is now to place "nature" (whatever that means!), rather than man, at the center of things, or, more exactly, to consider that man is just one component of natural systems with no unique importance. Certain orthodox ecologists even express annoyance and contempt for those who hold the view that man occupies a special place in the biosphere. Yet it is a delusion to believe that we can avoid taking an anthropocentric view with regard to nature. I shall go so far as to state that while we are *in* nature, we are no longer quite *of* it.

The feeling among many scholars and laymen that man is not quite so important in the order of things as was once believed and that absolute confidence should not be placed on his reason is so strong that it makes many people trust in the wisdom of nature rather than in the wisdom of man. For example, it is commonly stated as a fundamental law of ecology that nature spontaneously works out the most satisfactory solutions to environmental problems—in other words, that nature knows best. A similarly optimistic view of natural processes was taken a generation ago by the physiologist Walter B. Cannon in his brilliant book *The Wisdom of the Body*. In all his writings Cannon emphasized the effectiveness of the homeostatic processes through which living organisms reestablish the initial equilibrium after it has been disturbed by traumatic influences.

In my opinion, it is doubtful that nature always works out the best ecological solutions to environmental problems, and it is certain that the wisdom of the body is at best shortsighted and often misdirected. Ecological inefficiency and even ecological disasters can be seen throughout nature even where man has not intervened. As to the wisdom of the body, it is so inadequate that most people suffer from disease whenever they are faced with even minor challenges.

My happiest moments are spent digging bare-handed in the earth and watching plants grow. I am furthermore a follower of the Hippocratic formula *naturae vis medicatrix* and I try whenever possible to handle my own diseases by giving the best possible chance to the natural reparative forces of my constitution. But I believe nevertheless that nature, including human nature, has in it both good and evil, the beautiful and the uncouth. We shall do well to continue cultivating human judgment, instead of trusting in the blind wisdom of the earth or of the body.

The popularity among ecologists of the phrase "nature knows best" and among physiologists of "the wisdom of the body" is the expression of a pollyanna attitude that makes us expect that good is the normal state of affairs, just as Dr. Pangloss claimed that everything is always for the best in the best of all possible worlds. In contrast, I am more impressed by the fact that struggle is the essence of life and I feel that human reason is on the whole a better judge than either nature or the body when it comes to differentiating good from evil. It is not being pessimistic to question the wisdom of natural processes and to believe that there is no lasting security or safe haven. It is simply being realistic. I take it for granted that evil is part of the natural scene, but I derive my optimism from the belief that human reason can formulate behavioral criteria and environmental conditions such that the good will prevail. What is good for others is in the long run good for each one of us. What is really good for man is also good for the earth.

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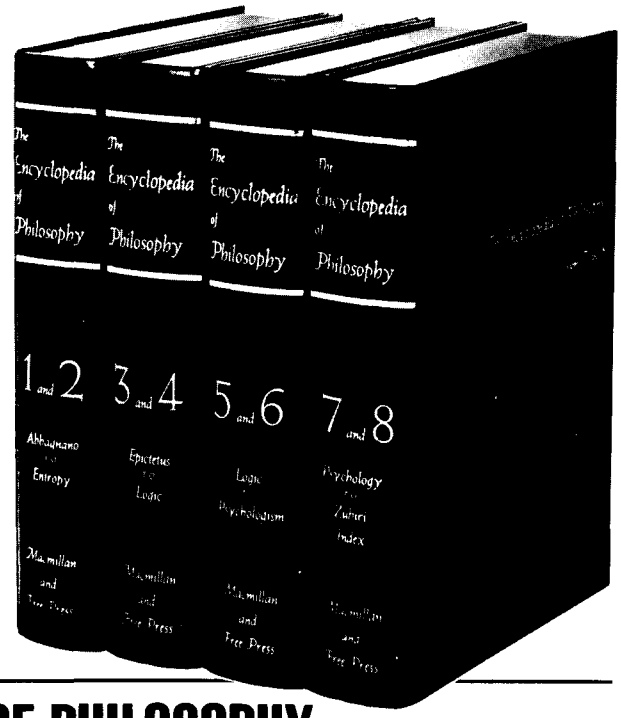

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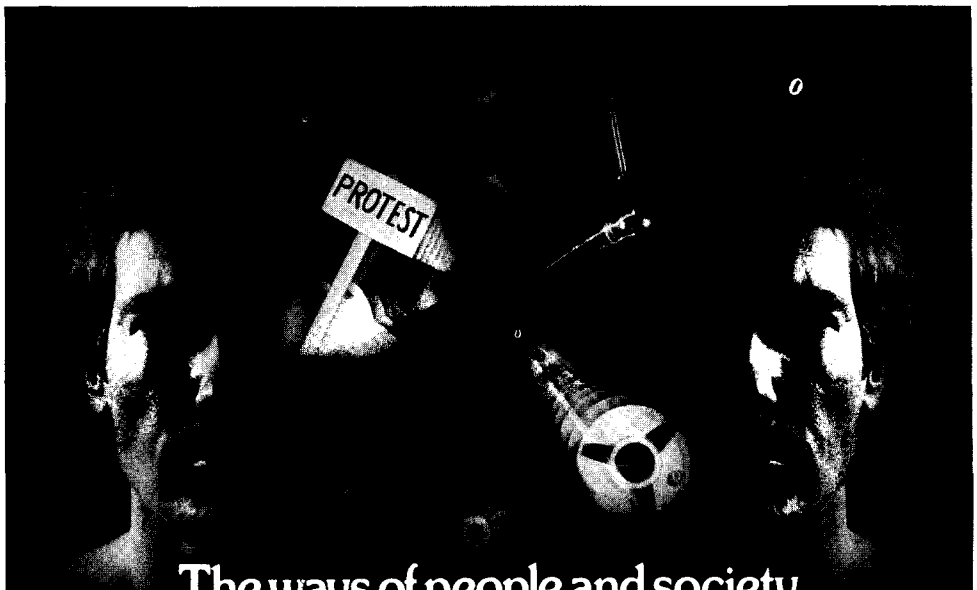

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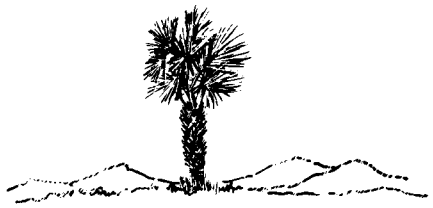

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By Jerzy Kosinski

To Hold a Pen

Some time ago I filed an application for a loan at one of the major New York City banks. Under the heading "profession," I wrote "writer." After I completed the application, one of the bank officials thrust it back at me. "You say you're a writer? Now, what do you really do?" he asked.

As a child, I wanted to be a writer because I thought writers knew everything: how a fly can walk up a wall, why the seven dwarves had to work while Snow White sat at home and did nothing, and so on. In high school, my fascination with the craft of writing continued. What intrigued me most then was the writer's ability to transcend time. He controlled his characters forever; no revolution, no war could upset the balance of power between the writer and his creations. Later, when I attended universities in Poland and the Soviet Union, I became aware that an author's strength lies not in his omniscience or in his control over time, but in his ability to address and awaken his reader's consciousness. The growing number of silenced or imprisoned writers made Voltaire's *"Qui plume a, guerre a,"* immediately relevant: to hold a pen was indeed to be at continual, personal war. The persecutions impressed upon me the writer's potential as an intellectual, political and moral force, a force powerful enough to threaten a police state.

When I left Eastern Europe in 1957, then, I felt a writer to be a unique being, utterly grounded in the conditions of his present existence, but able—with the aid of the printing process—to project himself and his experiences into the future. While an engineer is confined to working with steel and concrete, and may expect his bridge to rust or decay or perhaps be replaced by another bridge more suitable to future society, a writer, confined to the limits of his imagination and of words, is less subject to temporality. His product will be passed on to the future in exactly the same form in which it first appears. His novels or poems or stories will never be redesigned. In fact, they will never be "finished," so long as they are being read; writing is a continual process of communication, which depends as much on the reader's ability to decipher the words as it does on the words themselves. A writer merely presents a framework of ideas, words and images in order to trigger the reader's imagination, but that framework itself is not the final goal; in order to be effective, writing has to transcend its physical properties. Thus, while an engineer must be entirely accountable for his bridge and may be judged a success or failure on the basis of its stability and aesthetic appeal, a writer's work can never be approached in terms of its surface appearance or functionality. Furthermore, since the only true measure of literature's effectiveness is the extent to which the reader's awareness is expanded, the writer's ultimate success or failure can never be entirely known.

Because of the basic nonutilitarian nature of writing, a novelist becomes something of an anomaly in a culture that prizes usefulness and efficiency. It would have been easier for the bank official to accept

✪ JERZY KOSINSKI, a novelist and educator, has been elected president of the American center of P.E.N. for 1973-74.

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me, for instance, if I had been an engineer. Yet I have come to expect precisely his reaction since I began writing fiction in America. While Europe's political development constantly assumed her writers' innate political influence, American writers have seldom been considered political threats. Rather, they have been treated as superfluous characters, more interested in publicizing their private experiences and fantasies than in galvanizing political emotion. This attitude toward writing may be explained in part by the traditional American mistrust of novelists. Because the creation of literature is not often the means to financial success and security, is not aimed at any tangible object, and requires no special training—all important aspects of American commercialism—writing fiction is seldom considered a serious endeavor. A novelist is simply another self-styled elitist.

Within this system, American writers have traditionally felt stifled, alienated from their culture and from one another. As Arthur Miller has written:

> There is an enormous waste of talent in this world now, especially of literary talent. It is being wasted because, for one thing, we lack a certain morale. The writer today is closer to demoralization than in any period I know. He is being demoralized by the same forces that demoralize everybody else, but in addition he is face to face with a devilish and false ideology running rabid in the world: the ideology of scientism, which would have us believe that the instinct of a writer to create a synthesis of meanings for life is false and trivial, and that the only truth is the truth that can be documented in statistics or an empirical experiment. It is the triumph of the pettifogger, the triumph of the lover of minutiae. It is the defeat of that kind of mind which tries to make of knowledge a unified and moral whole.[1]

This was the introduction to Miller's speech delivered at the International P.E.N. Congress held in New York in 1966. P.E.N. (Poets, Essayists, Novelists) is an apolitical association including also playwrights and editors, whose national and international presidents and vice-presidents have included Heinrich Böll, B. J. Chute, Marchette Chute, Henry Steele Commager, Thomas Fleming, Charles Bracelen Flood, Robert Frost, Robert Halsband, Edgar Johnson, Anne Fremantle, Henry Carlisle, Dorothy Thompson, Arthur Miller and H. G. Wells. P.E.N. was originally established in London in 1921 by Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott and John Galsworthy.[2] In the post-World War I climate of national chauvinism and international mistrust, Mrs. Dawson Scott and Galsworthy felt the need for an organization that could counteract the divisive effects of the war and the increasing tendency toward cultural isolation.

By 1922 the influence of P.E.N. began to spread. A French center was established, with Anatole France as its first president, while Maeterlinck in Belgium, Croce in Italy and Hauptmann in Germany were convinced to support the movement. Meanwhile, Galsworthy and Mrs. Dawson Scott began to contact people in New York, in an effort to establish an American center. By March of 1922 the committee on organization had caught the attention of many American writers, among whom were Robert Benchley, Marc Connelly, Robert Frost, Walter Lippmann, and Eugene O'Neill. On April 19, 1922, the American center was formally founded, and Booth Tarkington agreed to serve as its president.

At the time of the American center's inauguration, a newspaper report began: *"Le coeur n'a pas de pays,"* reflecting precisely the spirit of internationalism that Galsworthy hoped to create. In a letter to the first meeting of the American center he wrote:

> We writers are in some sort trustees for human nature; if we are narrow and prejudiced we harm the human race. And the better we know each other . . . the greater the chance of human happiness in a world not, as yet, too happy.[3]

In addition to setting up P.E.N. centers throughout the world, Galsworthy planned to organize an annual international P.E.N. congress attended by representatives from every nation. The first such congress was held in London in 1923. By that time, centers had been set up in Belgium, Czecho-

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slovakia, Denmark, France, Italy, Norway, Rumania, Spain and Sweden. The following year, the United States was invited to host the second international congress. After electing its second president, Carl Van Doren, American P.E.N. set to work collecting contributions to finance the three-day-long "May festival." The American center then had about one hundred and fifty members, each of whom paid five dollars in dues each year. With no other source of income, the center barely paid its secretarial and accounting bills, yet it managed to raise enough money to host the convention. Partially as a result of that congress, and partially through the individual efforts of Henry Seidel Canby, American P.E.N. became interested in the matter of translation. At the next international congress, held in Paris, all centers were urged to cooperate by providing each other with names of competent translators and with titles of books deserving translation. By 1927 the American center came up with a plan for establishing an "international clearing house of literary information to simplify, clarify, speed and make more efficient to everyone concerned—author, publisher and public—the flow of literary expression across language frontiers."[4] Canby, then president of American P.E.N., even got permission to use part of the Palais Royal as offices for his bureau. Unfortunately, the efforts of American P.E.N. were fruitless, as it could not raise enough money to support the plan. Canby's dream had to go unrealized for thirty years.

Meanwhile the international organization continued to expand and reestablish a sense of an integrated Europe. The congress held in Berlin in 1926 (which was the first international meeting convened in Berlin after the armistice), was attended by André Gide and Romain Rolland, their presence symbolizing the end—albeit temporary—of international enmity. Following that Berlin Congress, Galsworthy drew up a statement that became the foundation of the International P.E.N. Charter:

1. Literature, national though it be in origin, knows no frontiers, and should remain common currency between nations in spite of political or international upheavals.
2. In all circumstances, and particularly in time of war, works of art, the patrimony of humanity at large, should be left untouched by national or political passion.
3. Members of the P.E.N. will at all times use what influence they have in favour of good understanding and mutual respect between nations.

During the next few years the spirit of international community continued to grow. Although India and Japan had not yet responded, and the Soviets had failed to answer five invitations to join P.E.N., by 1931 there were centers in Australia, Canada, China and South America, as well as in most European countries. At the Amsterdam congress that year, P.E.N. at last could act as a truly international body, representing four thousand writers in thirty-five nations. It issued an "Appeal to all Governments" to stop the "ill-treatment . . . of people imprisoned on political or religious grounds."[5] Yet just as a legitimately cross-cultural unity began to evolve, it was threatened by a new clash of national ideologies.

In January of 1933 John Galsworthy died, bequeathing his Nobel Prize money to P.E.N. In the same month, Hitler became chancellor of Germany and, on May 10, there were six simultaneous bonfires—the Burning of the Books—in six German cities. Hitler's action made it clear that a single author would have no power in Germany, that he must have international, apolitical support to defend himself against intellectual persecution. At the P.E.N. congress two weeks later in Dubrovnik, America's single delegate, Henry Seidel Canby, read a statement that reiterated the basic principles of International P.E.N.; he concluded with a virtual attack on the German center, which had been revoking the memberships of its Jewish members, of liberals, of all writers who did not support National Socialism:

. . . We likewise call upon the International Congress to take definite steps to prevent the individual centers of the P.E.N., founded for

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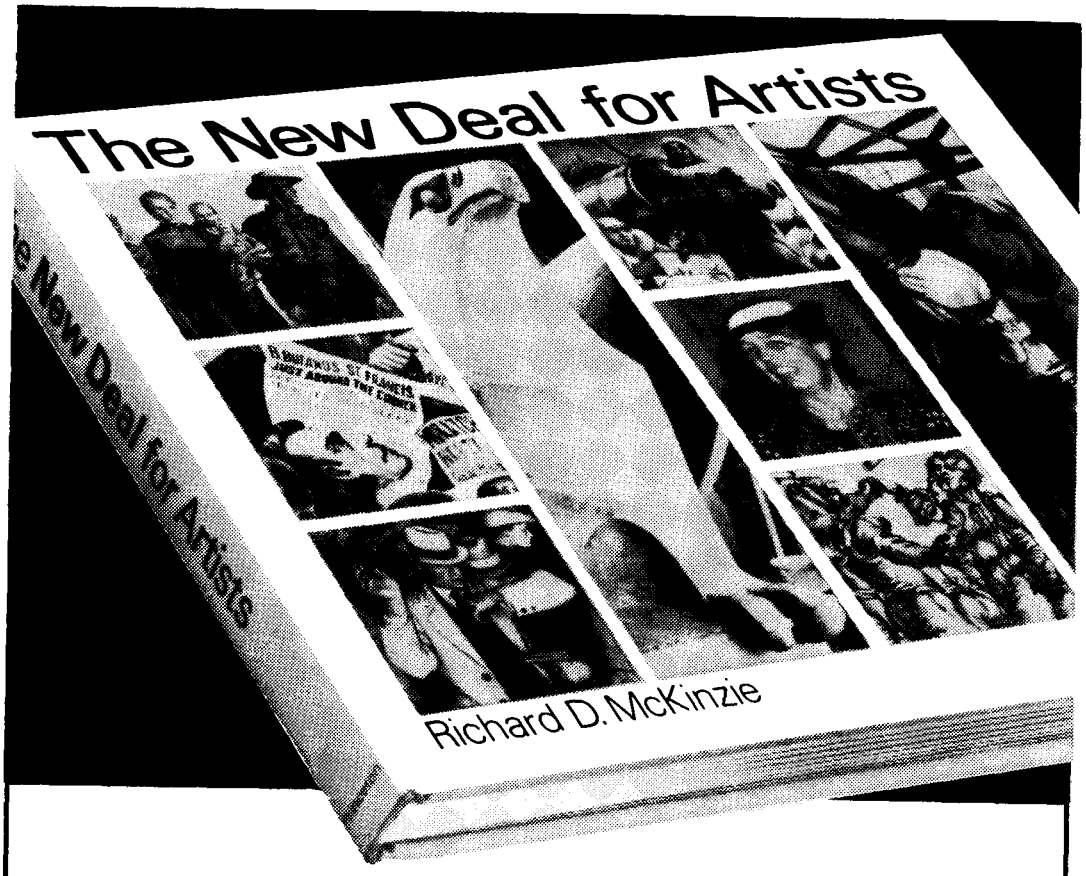

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the purpose of fostering goodwill and understanding between the races and nations, from being used as weapons of propaganda in the defence of persecution inflicted in the name of chauvinism, racial prejudice and political ill-will.[6]

After voting for the passage of this resolution, the German delegation, all Nazi supporters, walked out when the Jewish playwright Ernst Toller, a former Communist, was allowed to deliver a speech. The theme of Toller's address was fear, and in it he reminded the attendant writers of the Burning of the Books, concluding: "I question whether we will again find an opportunity to convene and talk together in the Europe of today because he who rebels is doomed. Who cares? Let us conquer the fear which crushes and humbles us."

While international events were polarizing Europe, in America P.E.N. was still serving as a social club and a literary forum for foreign and national writers. Just before the outbreak of the war, the American center invited the international congress to convene in New York, as an unofficial extension of the 1939 World's Fair. Despite persistent financial problems, the congress turned out to be a success, an important contrast to the increasing fragmentation of Europe. Sean O'Casey, who could not afford to attend, wrote in a letter to the congress:

> Never fear, I have always and always will fight, in my own way (a pretty vigorous way) for the right of all to speak, to publish, to assemble, and to worship—ay, and the right, too, to do none of these things, if some be so minded: ay, and the right, too, to refuse to worship things that some believe to be stupid, reactionary, or brutal. But fair-minded men and women are threatened now, not exactly with suppression, but actually with annihilation. So now it is not so much a fight for freedom of speech as it is a fight for our lives. So, fighting for our lives, we have to use that force which is used against us—we have to force the oppressor to allow us to face him, and say out what we have to say. That is why, I think, that there should be a swift union of all forces in all the democracies, and, indeed, in all countries that desire that Peace from which alone, at long last, truth will come from the clashing thought of all decent and intelligent human minds. God be with your Conference.[7]

By that time, political tyranny could no longer be ignored, or treated as a theoretical threat. Many of the visitors to New York were already prohibited from returning home—Borgese, Toller, Mann, Benes. In New York they found a sympathetic audience and writers with similar literary concerns. Most important, the 1939 New York congress proved that solidarity could exist among writers, despite their individual differences and despite world-wide political antagonism.

This sense of international fraternity did not retain its original momentum in the United States, however. Even before America's involvement in the war, American P.E.N. was ambivalent as to what its official role should be. In 1938, many members were noncommital toward P.E.N.'s formal support of an economic boycott of Germany; those who expressed their opinions were violently divided over the issue. In 1939, the members defeated a suggestion that P.E.N. provide a meeting place where refugees could receive support and advice.

While International P.E.N. continued to flourish in London, becoming a base for exiled P.E.N. members, the American center grew increasingly passive, perhaps because of its physical isolation from the war. The struggle that threatened the very existence of the European P.E.N. centers actually strengthened their resolve to survive, but American P.E.N. had no such immediate incentive. It was mainly the refugee writers who had specific suggestions for what American P.E.N. might do as an organization, for instance establishing a "Freedom of Books Day" to remind the world of the German book-burning. The American members preferred to work individually, rather than through their P.E.N. affiliation. The center foundered from this lack of involvement, and consequently never played the vital role that it might have in helping to get visas, transportation money and jobs for incoming refugees. Also during this period, the American

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center lost contact with the London organization. In 1941 the Americans sent no delegate to the international congress. Because they considered American participation of utmost importance, the English privately imported John Dos Passos and Thornton Wilder to represent the United States.

By 1943 the American center realized that it was about to fade out of existence and tried to rally its forces. The executive board resigned, new committees were established to reform P.E.N.'s foreign and domestic affairs, a group was set up to design a booklet explaining P.E.N.'s history, and an effort was made to renew the American center's foreign contacts through an international P.E.N. dinner. Meanwhile, American P.E.N. raised money to send food packages to needy European writers. As Marchette Chute has written:

> . . . The packages did not always reach their destination in perfect condition. In the early days . . . the bouillon cubes might arrive enveloped in honey, or the bottom of the box might turn out to be covered by "a peaceful mixture of lentils, tea, coffee, barley." But this was a minor matter. What was important to the recipients was what one of them called "this expression of love. . . ." As another writer put it, the package "was not only a great help to me to continue my work, but much more than that: it was encouragement and moral trust. . . ."[8]

American P.E.N. also made some more formal contributions to international understanding in the postwar period. In 1946, at the first international congress after the war, Henry Goddard Leach, the American delegate, presented two resolutions: to "champion the ideals of one humanity living at peace in one world," and to counteract censorship:

> So far as is consistent with public order and accepted national standards of decency, we declare for a free press and oppose arbitrary censorship in time of peace. And since freedom implies voluntary restraint . . . we pledge ourselves to oppose such evils of a free press as mendacious publication, deliberate falsehood and distortion of facts for political and personal ends. Members of the P.E.N. are pledged to active and public protest against any form of suppression of freedom of expression in the country and community to which they belong.[9]

Censorship proved to be an extremely complex subject. After much debate and considerable effort on the part of the playwright Elmer Rice (the American delegate to the Zurich congress of 1947), the American proposal was revised, finally becoming part of the official international charter adopted at the Copenhagen congress of 1948. Yet while German and Japanese P.E.N. alliances were being reestablished, the American and International P.E.N. organizations were growing farther apart. The reforms of 1943 had been structural, imposed from the outside, rather than reflecting any organic change in American P.E.N.'s spirit. When there was a specific goal to be met, the center met it; for instance, it helped refurbish the Polish center's foreign book collection, which had been destroyed by the Nazis.

A change occurred in the American center in the early fifties, largely through the efforts of John Farrar, who had been one of the original organizers of American P.E.N. When he became head of the admissions committee in 1949, he increased the number of new members from twenty to ninety-seven; and when he became president in 1951, he revolutionized the existing system of committees, simultaneously inspiring other members with his enthusiasm and reorganizing their activities. Farrar also revamped the social aspect of P.E.N., making its dinners less formal, arranging various panels, and instituting the P.E.N. cocktail parties, which remain well attended to this day. At these Hotel Pierre receptions, American members met writers from abroad, counteracting a growing cultural isolation. Because of prohibitive air travel expenses in those years, American P.E.N. often could not afford to send its delegates to international congresses, but the increased social contact inspired P.E.N. to renew its international ties. It began to look in earnest for a source of financial support to underwrite its official travel

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expenses; ultimately, it discovered a foundation willing to do just that.

After Farrar's term of office, the atmosphere continued to improve: formal after-dinner speeches at P.E.N. gatherings were replaced by lively interviews, and the *Newsletter* was expanded. Eventually a tax-exempt status was approved, making it possible for the Asia Foundation to provide transportation for a group of American writers to the international congress in Tokyo in 1957, and allowing P.E.N. to receive financial support from various private donors and institutions. In addition to being the first international P.E.N. congress to be held in Asia, the Tokyo congress was significant because it reintroduced the matter of translation, so ardently pursued by Canby in the 1920s. The congress also debated the then current issue of Hungarian P.E.N., which was believed by some to be tacitly supporting a totalitarian regime, by not working actively to release the writers Tibor Déry and Julius Hay from prison. Although the debate about the Hungarian center was continually at a standstill, blocked by the contrary opinions of P.E.N. members, no amount of energy was spared to liberate the prisoners. In 1959 the American center sent an open letter, signed by 259 members, to the Hungarian government:

> We, the undersigned American writers, wish to call attention to the fact that the Hungarian government still holds in prison many of the leading Hungarian writers and intellectuals, including the noted authors, Tibor Déry and Julius Hay. These men have been imprisoned for alleged crimes against the State, without public trials and without proper judicial procedure.
>
> We therefore join with Albert Camus, T. S. Eliot, Karl Jaspers, Erich Kastner, François Mauriac, Alberto Moravia and Ignazio Silone in appealing to the conscience of the Hungarian government, as a member of the community of nations, either to give these men fair public trials immediately or to release them from prison.[10]

Eventually, the publicity and international pressure forced the Hungarian government to release Déry and Hay.

By the end of the 1950s, P.E.N. had accomplished a great deal: advances were made in the area of literary translation, including the formation of American P.E.N.'s translation committee; International P.E.N. established a permanent writers-in-prison committee to free and rehabilitate jailed writers; and the American center was formally linked to the parent organization with the election of Elmer Rice as vice-president of International P.E.N. During the 1960s, American P.E.N. became still more involved in the administration and development of International P.E.N. Arthur Miller was elected international president at the Bled congress of 1965, the first American to hold that post. Before the next congress, held in New York, the American State Department was persuaded, through the intervention of P.E.N. president Lewis Galentière, to issue visas to Pablo Neruda and Carlos Fuentes, who previously had been denied entry into the United States. Although the Cubans, Russians and Czechoslovaks failed to appear, the East German delegation did attend, along with observers from eleven countries in Africa, Asia and Latin America, which had no P.E.N. centers. At that congress, the American center offered a resolution that P.E.N. oppose "measures taken by any government which have the effect of preventing P.E.N. members from leaving their own country or entering a foreign country," for the sake of attending P.E.N. conferences.

This 1966 congress was particularly important to American P.E.N.'s history. Five years earlier, America had been asked to host a convention, but had declined for financial reasons. Since America was so wealthy, this seemed unreasonable to many poorer countries, whose P.E.N. centers were nationally subsidized, and which regularly hosted the meetings in considerable style. Many writers thought American P.E.N. simply reluctant to accept its responsibility to the larger organization. Thus the 1966 "Washington Square" conference was a double triumph for American P.E.N., proving its ability to raise financial support from various foundations, associations, manufacturers, publishers and friends, and

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its willingness to host an international conference.

The theme of this Washington Square congress was "The Writer as Independent Spirit." In a guest editorial in the *Saturday Review* at the time, Lewis Galantière emphasized P.E.N.'s importance in providing a forum for the discussion of contemporary problems facing writers:

> We should exaggerate if we said that all writers today felt that their independence as creative artists was threatened. Nevertheless, all writers, creative and other, participate in the malaise that reigns throughout the world. More than other men, they are in search of themselves, and they strive to discern a pattern in the life of our times . . . They are aware that they live in a world administered by vast impersonal bureaucracies . . . These phenomena raise questions, create problems, and are animated by forces perhaps more baffling than those which any age of literature has ever before faced. They contain elements of menace to the creative writer's realization of his concept of his function and to the manner in which he views the practice of his art.[11]

Since 1966, P.E.N. has continued to examine this problem of writing in a rapidly changing world, addressing an audience trapped between the decay of tradition and the bombardment of mass media. At its next congress in Israel this December, International P.E.N. will look at such topics as "Linguistic Continuity and the Changing of Literary Styles," "The Specific and the Universal in National Literature," "National Literature and Human Understanding," under the general theme of "Cultural Heritage and Creativeness in the Literature of our Times."

In addition to providing a communication base through its national and international meetings, American P.E.N., whose membership now approaches fifteen hundred, tries to further a sense of community among writers through its two publications: the *American P.E.N. Quarterly* and the *Newsletter*. The *Quarterly*, which is sent free to P.E.N. members, allows writers to address each other and the public outside conventional commercial channels. Its essays, articles and interviews examine the process through which literary and journalistic work is written, published and perceived by the American reading public.

The *Newsletter*, issued six times a year, aims to inform P.E.N. members about issues of immediate concern to them: the views of P.E.N. members on various contemporary topics, information about other writers' organizations, surveys of public interest in P.E.N., news of international book fairs, summaries of the discussions held at international P.E.N. congresses and executive board meetings. In addition, the *Newsletter* tries to keep members informed as to changing patterns in the publishing world, and offers information regarding pertinent foundation and copyright legislation.

During the past few years, one of P.E.N.'s most ambitious efforts has been to realize Henry Seidel Canby's dream of a translation clearinghouse that could have access to the best translators, coordinate translation projects, and alert publishers to potentially good foreign language materials. P.E.N. has also drawn up a translator's bill of rights and established a translator's-publisher's code. In 1970, American P.E.N. sponsored a conference on literary translation, the papers delivered there having since been made available in book form, *The World of Translation*. For the last ten years, American P.E.N. has awarded an annual prize for the best translation published in America, and has just recently established, with Columbia University, four fellowships to be awarded each year for the translation into English of a work from one of the "neglected" languages.

In addition, American P.E.N. provides a list of writer's grants and fellowships, and —despite its still-limited budget—has set up its own emergency grant for published writers, whether P.E.N. affiliates or not, who are in financial trouble.

In the political sphere, American P.E.N. has applied itself to loosening governmental visa regulations on the entry of all P.E.N. members into the United States, and has continued its efforts to liberate jailed writers.

The role of P.E.N. in the present world

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is perhaps best summarized in the remarks of the former president of American P.E.N., Thomas Fleming, at a recent Association of American Publishers seminar on international publishing:

> I have seen from my own experience that [P.E.N.'s commitment to worldwide freedom for writers] is not simply a naïve attempt by Americans and British to export their ideas on civil liberty to the rest of the world. I have seen with my own eyes proof that being published abroad gives a writer access to dimensions of freedom which he would never achieve without it. Two months ago. . . I went through Checkpoint Charlie and spent an evening with an East German writer who has been silenced in his own country. He has a very good reputation in the West, however, and thus far the regime has not dared to prevent him from exporting what he writes to Western Europe and America. He told us. . . that only two things kept the bureaucrats from clamping down on him—the knowledge that it would provoke an immediate reaction from International P.E.N., which would instantly demand an explanation from the East German P.E.N. Center, and the East German regime's passionate desire for international recognition. . . . This is why our international president, Heinrich Böll, recently called for continued meddling in the affairs of other countries. . . . If we don't meddle, meaningful dialogue—an essential dimension of being published abroad for serious writers—will vanish.[12]

The need for such a legitimately meddlesome spirit is increasing daily, not only in terms of actual imprisonment but also in terms of spiritual and cultural imprisonment. In America, the general malaise can be considered a result of two factors: the influence of mass media, and the country's political polarization. The writer's readership has largely been taken over by television and movies, which lead the audience to expect more from, and invest less in, writing of every sort. It is estimated that today, for every book a college student reads, he sees twenty movies, and that the generation of students graduating today has watched approximately eighteen thousand hours of television in its lifetime, elevating "Bob Hope's Christmas Show" and "All in the Family" to all-time popularity highs. Even news reportage has suffered: TV now outscores newspapers approximately 60 to 25 percent, and in the case of conflicting news reports, approximately 44 to 21 percent believe TV to be more reliable than newspapers. A prominent politician's own poll shows that of the people who voted for him, only 5 percent did so because they agreed with his views, while 84 percent admitted they knew nothing of his background or ideas, but voted for him because he appeared to be sincere and honest on television. Because of this situation, about 74 percent of advertising money in 1972—nearly $1.5 billion—went to the thirty-second TV spot commercial. Obviously, any writer would have trouble addressing this audience. When approximately 58 percent of the adult population has never read any book other than a textbook or the Bible, and when the population that *does* read is bombarded with a multitude of paperbacks and magazines that simply confirm the reader's conventional attitudes, the writer today cannot be expected to have much faith in his power to influence, or even reach, a receptive public.

Meanwhile, the general public is becoming increasingly afraid of involving itself in new experiences. It is faced with crime and corruption at the highest levels as well as the lowest. At the same time, massive government programs of social control increase the sense that "deviant" forces must be completely eradicated. The recent Supreme Court decision to give individual states powers of censorship is unfortunate proof of this increasing illiberality. Furthermore, the rigid means of imposed law and order—unwarranted entry, illegal civil arrest, various ethical, moral and political screening tests—lead to more fear, of the law as well as of the criminal. The result has been the creation of a self-protective society, concerned only to hide itself behind locked doors, to erect as many barriers as possible between itself and reality. Significantly, in 1966 only 42 percent of the population was in favor of the death penalty, while in 1972, 57 percent favored

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capital punishment, even though it was still banned by the Supreme Court.

Clearly, this sense of closure affects the individual's ability to cope with ordinary experience. Suicide is now the second leading cause of death in Americans between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four, the first being accidental death. Apparently, the sterility of both the mass media and of the political scene cannot provide adequate outlets for the young. Furthermore, they are no longer offered or encouraged to find imaginative escape through literature. Yet this condition is not limited to the young in terms of age. As Arthur Miller has pointed out in his P.E.N. Congress speech of 1966, youth must be measured by energy and willingness to be engaged with the times:

> . . . I know many young people in the United States who have much talent but nothing to say. Nothing to say in the sense that it is pointless any more to show that people fall in love, that they're disappointed, that they die too young, that the unjust are victorious, and so on. These young people have nothing to say in the sense that society in effect is a deaf machine; and they feel themselves competing with machines which have stolen the imagination of man. And that feeling comes only because what has been lost in this world . . . is the uniqueness of the individual. In my opinion, the mission of literature is to reassert this, to reproduce it in every generation, to persist against all odds in justifying a human-oriented vision of life.[13]

In this speech, Miller also suggested that P.E.N. might play an important part in reestablishing the writer's morale and in providing "a gathering place for the young." Of course whatever P.E.N. can do as an organization to counteract the alienation and fragmentation of modern culture is tremendously important. But even more important is the communication of P.E.N.'s spirit, which insists that nothing must interfere with freedom of thought and of expression. What is needed now is not more international trade or political affiliation between the West and the East. These things are based on commercial and power interests that are the prime antagonists of personal integrity. What is needed now is more nonpolitical affirmation of every individual's right to have new experiences, to respond freely to those experiences, and to express those responses openly, as the final proof that the heart has no dictator, as well as no country.

NOTES

[1] Arthur Miller, "The Role of P.E.N.," *Saturday Review*, 4 June 1966, p. 16.

[2] The reader is referred to Marchette Chute's book, *P.E.N. American Center: A History of the First Fifty Years*, published in New York City in 1972. I have based my survey of American P.E.N.'s history on this book, and all quotations, unless otherwise noted, are excerpted from it.

[3] Chute, pp. 6-7.

[4] Ibid., p. 10.

[5] Ibid., p. 14.

[6] Ibid., p. 16.

[7] Ibid., p. 26.

[8] Ibid., p. 40.

[9] Ibid., p. 43.

[10] Ibid., pp. 67-68.

[11] Lewis Galantière, "The Writer as Independent Spirit," *Saturday Review*, 4 June 1966, p. 69.

[12] Thomas Fleming, "The Writers World," as quoted in Roger H. Smith, "Onward and Upward with American P.E.N.," *Publisher's Weekly*, 9 April 1973.

[13] Miller, "The Role of P.E.N.," p. 16.

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One's Own Primer of Academic Politics

PANDARUS

NOT LONG AGO AT A LEISURELY EVENING PARTY I had a conversation with a lawyer who lectured part time at a state university. He was a friendly fellow intent on feeling me out, so he turned the conversation to the problems of administering a university. Interspersed among his questions were occasional protests against the amount of time that it took law professors to discharge their academic duties. Like many other people these days, he thought something should be done about "this sort of thing," and he suggested that the era of "academic administrators" ought perhaps to come to an end and that the new administrator would have to be someone specifically trained in administration as such, or someone with the requisite experience from business, that is, practical real life. By all this he seemed to mean what I take many current speakers before conventions of university administrators to mean: the new administrator must be conversant with the law, the niceties of labor arbitration, systems analysis and sophisticated budgeting methods. Above all, he must be sensitive to the requirement that academic institutions be *accountable.* Accountable to *what* or to *whom* is, of course, the real question. And that raises the further question of politics, a weird and wonderful subject at all times, and with special weirdness when the term is limited to academic politics.

Being a professor in the liberal arts and sciences mold who passed up through the administrative ranks, so to speak, I blanched inwardly at my friend's vision of some marvelous, perfectly pre-

✪ PANDARUS feels that certain recent interpretations of his behavior with respect to Troilus and Criseyde, indicating that he practiced a humane sort of pragmatism, are correct.

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pared, and wholly competent administrator who was going to render me obsolete as surely as the auto replaced the horse or the T formation the single wing. My response was that of so many practically experienced people who have scoffed, sometimes in fear, at the theoretically trained newcomer. It was the response of the warrant officer to the shavetail, the general practitioner to the specially trained new intern. I found myself suddenly on the side of practical experience after a substantial academic career that had devoted itself naturally to the manifest virtues of contemplation and theory. It was extremely uncomfortable.

—Until it occurred to me that my training and experience ought to have made me adept at the strategies of argumentation, even in conversation with lawyers. At once I maneuvered to shift the ground of the argument itself. I declared that my friend's position was based on a false analogy. He assumed that universities were businesses or some mode of civil service. It was all very well, I said, for people to be appropriately trained for their jobs, but the model he had in mind was wrong. Universities were more like political organizations, microcosmic nations of a very special sort. The appropriate training would have to be a special political training. Since no one had ever managed to determine what political training ought to be like, I felt that I could rest easy in my practical experience. I knew my friend could argue that there *should* be specific political training for my sort of job along with the development of certain special skills. My friend, however, was polite, showing the deference that the community gives to academics when they are met socially in groups of not more than one.* Even if he had pursued the argument, I could have conjured up the frightening image of tyranny exploited by experts in governing. If there is the incompetence of disorganization, there is also the tyranny of planners.

Thus, secure in my own dogma that there ought to be a certain amount of profanity in any political perfection, and having declared that universities are political in nature, I had justified my own present existence to myself. Furthermore, there trampled

* Each side treats the other as an emissary of a foreign culture and behaves with restraint under these conditions.

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through my mind as I argued a herd of recent incidents in which I had found it necessary to cope with the various naïvetés of the model-building or planning intellect. Finally, my friend retreated from argument, leaving me with an opportunity that no true professor contemplating an empty lectern can resist: I delivered myself of the usual fifty minutes. The informally schematic notes that follow are a reconstruction.

I

I begin with the six Principles of Faculty-Administration Polity. These Principles are to be followed by the two Antinomies of Pure Administration, which with the Principles mark the boundaries and ironies of academic behavior. Admittedly, all of this smacks of the model-building intellect itself, but my designing of them is better regarded as a ritual acceptance of the irony implied by all, taken together. I must add that I firmly believe that the Principles apply to the *best* of all possible academic situations; thus they have a somewhat idealistic tinge, and many professors in institutions where the policies are somewhat cruder and various safeguards absent, will not recognize them as describing an actuality of their lives. I warn other readers against dismissing them as an expression of cynicism or as an excuse for radical reform. They are meant simply to offer a classic vision of what one had better contract for in the face of far less appealing alternatives.*

After inducing the Principles and Antinomies I shall present some informal sociological remarks on the various "estates" of the university: students, nonfaculty employees, external community, faculty and administrators.

Principle the First: The Diffusion of Academic Authority. This Principle states that *no one has the complete power to do any given thing.* It describes a condition that is old and revered and about which there is nevertheless bitter complaint without the plaintiff's knowing quite where to direct it. In the sixties, rebellious students,

* This view is borne out by the fact that some faculties that do not enjoy much power have entered into collective bargaining in order to bring about a situation in their institutions more nearly approximating what the Principles imply as ideal.

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considering themselves the oppressed majority, sought the oppressor in the form of dean or president—the apparent colonial administrator—only to be told wistfully that he was powerless to perform magical acts of emancipation or even to effect "significant change." Faculty members, too, often succumb to frustration and accuse administrators of passing the buck or sending them and their ideas in a huge bureaucratic circle. The community is horrified at the president's "unwillingness" to discipline dissidents.

The fact is that real authority in the university is not hierarchical, as in business or the military; it is not even "separate" as it is in principle in the United States government. It is not a system of checks and balances so much as a diffusion of authority. According to academic mythological history, there was once a pleasant Eden where the university was truly collegial and all administrative chores came about as a result of a division of responsibilities among faculty. Minimal administration was a necessary housekeeping, and professors were their own bosses and professed their subjects, answerable only to their disciplines. Modern life does not tolerate this Edenic simplicity, and human nature deplores a power vacuum.* Yet the myth persists of this golden age before the dissociation of academic sensibility set in, presumably in America around the time of the Land Grant Act. It was then that the modern administrator appeared, perhaps from the sea or from the rocks and caves of crass commercialism. In fact, the administrator emerged from the faculty itself. With the advent of public universities, these institutions became the taxpayers' business, and the administrator was soon no longer a housekeeper but a Mr. Facing-both-ways. Fact or fiction, from this disaster, it is said, we have never recovered.

What remains are vestiges of the golden age. In the best of all possible fallen institutions, the faculty controls courses, curriculum, academic requirements and the like. Administration controls the budget. Personnel matters exist in the shady area in between. It is

* One of the ironic situations we observed over the last several years was the surfacing of a belief among some students and some faculty alike that this Edenic situation could be restored almost instantly and *not* by divine intervention. Many administrators know that some faculty like to regard administrative jobs as still having this Edenic simplicity: administrators merely shuffle paper, et cetera, et cetera.

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not really separation, but diffusion of powers. The administration has no formal veto power over curriculum and no power to institute it; however, the faculty has no power to finance curriculum, while the administration, if it chooses, can destroy a curriculum by withholding or decreasing budget. It can also hold out the carrot of funding for a new program to an otherwise mulish faculty. (Principle the Second will explain to us why administrators rarely do the former.) The faculty only recommends on promotion and appointment to its ranks. The final decision is the administrator's, but in fact faculty power is certainly as great as, if not greater than, the administrator's in this matter, since only the faculty originates recommendations, and administrators rarely are successful in persuading a faculty to originate a proposal that it desires (as Principle the Fourth will explain). Further, an administrator is in trouble (see several later Principles) if he acts more than once in a blue moon contrary to faculty personnel recommendations. When an administrator does so, he may choose to plead budgetary necessity in order to sanctify his acts. But administrators are not sacred in the least and must remember this, whether response to them is sycophantic or cacophonous.

In those new-style multicampus institutions that have sprung up in some of the more populous states, diffusion spreads not only from the campus administrator to the faculty but also in the direction of the system's central bureaucracy. It has been said that the least powerful person in such institutions is the president or chancellor (depending on nomenclature) and that the best he can do is keep reasonably abreast of what is going on in his diffuse organization. This is necessary so that he can invent answers to legislative complaint, a full-time job leaving no time for decisions. No matter, the argument continues, since his decisions can rarely be enforced.

The upshot of Principle the First is that the administrator's role is political rather than executive, that his direct authority is limited and usable only rarely, and that his indirect powers of persuasion are useful if sufficient support in the faculty can be rallied and if he is able to maintain his position as a Necessary Symbol (Principle the Sixth). I claim that this is the best of all

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possible situations, as meager as its potentiality appears to those who deplore its inefficiencies.

Principle the Second: The Deterioration of Academic Power. No doubt there are exceptions to this principle. Nonetheless it reads that *real academic power deteriorates from the moment of an administrator's first act.* One reason for this is the new administrator's huge initial psychological advantage. He is at the outset a pristine, abstract symbol. Others at lower levels are vying for power and want to gain the initial advantage that cooperation will bring. More accurately, of course, they genially seek out his cooperation in *their* endeavors. But all administrators play at a zero sum game. The funding that they send in one direction goes in none of the others. To pass out largesse in some perfectly "fair" fashion is only to increase frustration all around among entrepreneurs and special interests. Since real administrative power is so often the power of persuasion, and budgetary allocation is so often determined by the situation of the moment, the administrator's persuasive power is ironically eroded by his budgetary authority, such as it is; for the necessity of allocating budget often raises the hackles of those he wishes to persuade.

Another kind of administrative power is also subject to deterioration. That is the power to act affirmatively in response to ideas arising from the faculty. But here, too, the administrator is often in the position of having to go to the faculty as a whole to seek what only a portion of the faculty desires. Thus every act diminishes somewhere the good will with which the administrator begins. With each act he descends into politics. Of course, in his interplay with faculty, students, regents and community, these groups lose their symbolic purity as well.

The administrator at any level—whether chairman, dean or president—suffers a worm's-eye view of human nature, even as the faculty observes each administrator abandon one by one their cherished principles. The administrator learns that faculty members on occasion must be bailed out of jail, helped through nervous collapses, suffered to insult the surrounding community including possible donors of gifts, expected to corrupt the lives of students,

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seduce, rape or even marry them, make unauthorized use of the phones, the mail and the university's name. In other words, with respect to these matters they are no different from anyone else.

The faculty member, on the other hand, observes the administrator cooperate with people he believes are insidious fools at best and, apparently taken in by them, opt for the clearly pragmatic solution. In such situations—again I see no escaping them—the faculty observes the symbol of the institution tarnished even as it reveals its human dimensions, while the administrator is tempted toward misanthropy as he copes endlessly with problems of personality and character in a faculty proudly exercising its independence.

It would appear that any administrator should gauge his effectiveness and plan to step out and into faculty ranks in due time. That he have a place to go to there is important. In order to maintain it, he must preserve his professorial qualifications and not become estranged from his subject by losing touch with the scholarship. Of course, administrators often move upward or laterally from institution to institution. Those who do this are perhaps exhibiting their capacity to anticipate the worn-out welcome.

Principle the Third: The Diminishment of Organizational Allegiance. The third Principle states that *the fundamental allegiance of the faculty member will be to the smallest unit to which he belongs.* This is usually the department, but it may not be, for two reasons. First, departments themselves have become so large in certain disciplines that they have created subdivisions. Second, some departments divide up into research groups that become very close-knit and in competition with each other for support. In any case, the Principle applies to the smallest group, and administrators must count on this as a political fact. Faculty members suddenly thrust into responsibility for a course or program that crosses over such units or draws from a variety of them, know well of this Principle and come to resent it vehemently because it frustrates success of the more informally constructed units that they are attempting to build. By the same token, interdepart-

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mental programs often wish to become departments themselves, if the original allegiances are successfully submerged by the new venture.

Obviously, this Principle has unfortunate consequences. There is, as a result, much complaint in academe against departmentalization. Some campuses have experimented with large departmentless schools or colleges. Two problems arise when this is tried. First, the individual faculty member may turn inward toward the one manageable unit he recognizes—in this situation, himself—and come to regard himself as a freewheeling entrepreneur answering only vaguely to some distant dean. Or he may be engulfed in a highly centralized organization manipulated by a dean with no checks against the dean's will, disorganization being a ready excuse for unilateral administrative action.

Some campuses have tried a compromise by creating two interlocking structures—a residential college, to which each faculty member belongs, and a department or board of study to which each faculty member also belongs. Both organizations develop curricula, and both make demands on faculty time, by doubling committee work, which faculty generally detest anyway, and by increasing the institution's political complexity.

Principle the Third asserts that a faculty member is inevitably tugged in a certain direction opposite to that of administration. Deans and presidents are, therefore, often viewed as representing an alien interest. Administrators tend to view faculty as intransigent or disorganized because of this. They are best advised to represent themselves to the faculty quite clearly as responsible for the total intellectual and educational enterprise of the institution, else they will surely be regarded simply as the enemy that constantly chooses crass expediency. It is important politically, if for no other reason, to articulate an intellectual position upon which to base administrative actions in behalf of the whole. It will be in behalf of the more parochial but deeply felt interests of the smallest units that these actions will be opposed. Faced with rational appeals for unity, faculties will be more likely to meet such acts with respect, although probably with only slightly less opposition. The ensuing arguments will be at least better mannered. At the same

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time, a few faculty will usually agree with any administration and even support it at the expense of departmental autonomy. Sometimes these people are those the administrator would be just as happy to have against him.

Universities have become so large and diverse that articulation of intellectual positions in its behalf is often thought to be impossible. It is more likely, however, that administrators become so embroiled in matters of immediate concern that thoughtful statements of this sort simply are never quite uttered. This problem for administrators is connected to the next Principle.

As a result of Principle the Third, administrators and faculty might well examine organization to see whether a more even balance between allegiance to whole and to part might be achieved. It would be a neat trick to improve the situation but until it is turned, Principle the Third applies.

Principle the Fourth: The Luxury of Principle; or, the Third Law of Academic Motion. Simply put, this Principle asserts that *to every administrative action there is an equal and opposite reaction.* In every faculty there is a large number of people who take seriously the necessity of debating the matter of ethical principle beneath every act. This is natural, commendable and necessary if the institution is to remain open to thought. Still, the philosopher who insisted that one should beware the man who always stands on principle said something worth remembering.

In a group of intellectuals as diverse as a university faculty, virtually any position, particularly one espoused by administration, will generate a reaction founded on principle. A simple, perhaps depressing, generalization: An administration that takes a clear line on an educational issue will be countered by those who argue that administration should limit itself to carrying out faculty policy, while an administration that awaits faculty action will be declared, in time, to be indecisive and without principle. In any case, administration at every level can expect accusations of unprincipled behavior in equal reaction to action. This cannot be avoided, for several reasons. There are always a few people in the faculty who will regard any single issue as a problem to be worked

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out simply for the sake of the adventure involved. Faculties are, after all, composed largely of people who like problems, perhaps even more than solutions, and even to the point of actively seeking them where they have not been recognized. Indeed, some positively dislike solutions, preferring the deeper existential absurdity of the problem itself.

Also there is the Oedipal element in the relation of faculty to administration, which I conveniently wrench from its Freudian meaning to use as a catchword for a variety of rebellious motives. On the administrative side there is the Creon complex, which I employ to stand for a tendency of administrators to abstract from a mass of individual negative reactions the image of general bovine resistance to reason. Most administrators know that faculty and administration alike react to one another more negatively in the late months of the academic year, when patience is frayed. Therefore, a corollary to Principle the Fourth is that nothing should be done in May that can be put off to October.

Related to the Oedipal element is the protective reaction that a faculty will take against an administrative decree while at the same time breathing a sigh of relief at its issuance. This occurs occasionally with respect to such matters as the police, dogs, obscenity, and the like. These thoughts lead to consideration of the next Principle, which also involves the matter of self-protection.

Principle the Fifth: The Protective Coloration of Eccentricity. Eccentricity is not only to be tolerated in academic life, it is often a positive virtue. This Principle in one of its myriad examples was first reported by Mary McCarthy in her monograph, *The Groves of Academe*. She gives attention to the obnoxious and incompetent faculty member who so identifies himself with radical politics that it becomes impossible to dismiss him without appearing to have done so for political reasons. In academic politics this game has frequently been played, but it is merely a variation on the Principle, which also includes a curious twist on the Peter Principle.* For

* The Peter Principle, developed by Professor Laurence J. Peter, asserts that everyone rises to his level of incompetence. The exception to this rule is the person who cleverly feigns incompetence at a lower level in order to escape the ultimate fate. The exception is our concern here.

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example, one professor whom I know, a talented poet and teacher, was finally beseeched by his chairman to absent himself from campus during advising and registration period because his advice to students in bureaucratic matters was inevitably disastrous and time wasting to all involved in the registration process. He followed the chairman's advice, to everyone's relief. One imagines that this crafty poet may have acted by design. It was, in any case, accepted as having a sort of metaphysical fitness since, after all, poets *are* that way. Few people bothered to notice that another poet headed the department's advising program.

My Principle states that eccentricity is not merely tolerated, it is positively admired. The model for the researcher is the genius. Genius is eccentric. Therefore researchers should be eccentric. The model of political acceptability is thus very nearly turned on its head by academe. Even graduates recall eccentricities among their professors with bemused nostalgia. Occasionally someone will view an apparent diminishment of eccentricity among his colleagues with alarm. It is declared to be an unnatural, dispiriting trend.

With this force of sentiment behind it, eccentricity can be a defense against being drawn to committee work or a means of gaining a student following. It is often, in this case, a form of Oedipal revolt, and as such nicely illustrates Principle the Fourth.

At the same time, the administrator will often be judged negatively unless he sheds what eccentricity he had as a faculty member, or it turns miraculously into an acceptable charisma. Eccentricity is a symbol of the scholar's intellectual freedom, to say nothing of his stubbornness. The tolerance of eccentricity, although sometimes puzzling to outsiders, is inevitable in academic life, despite the range of irresponsibility it sometimes protects.

Principle the Sixth: The Necessity of Symbolism. While faculty members generally prize eccentricity and speak nostalgically of well-known eccentrics in the mythological history of their institutions, their intellectual predilections are toward abstract models of all experience and behavior. As a result, while they will defend eccentricity to the limit and eschew various forms of conventional appearance themselves, *faculties demand the proper maintenance*

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of the symbols of the institution. Within the university there is a scale of symbolic conventions of behavior and appearance reaching from the pure variable of the anthropologists (itself a convention of uniqueness), through the constant search for the fashionable radical style among certain social scientists, all the way across center to that badge of authority, the medical white jacket. A sociology of appearance and behavior obviously needs to be written to give adequate attention to the many grades on this scale and to the existential projections from various professional schools into the conventions of the community at large.

Most important, however, is the necessity of the president and perhaps dean as symbol of the whole institution. As long as the president is subject to Principle the First, it is important to the faculty—a matter of protection—that the president *seem* to exercise authority. Also, if he did not, Principle the Fourth, involving Oedipal reaction, would be no fun for anyone, and a valuable tension would relax into flabby elasticity.

The president must therefore be a role player, a supreme actor, judged as such by many faculty, some of whom are professional critics. Since often there is no script, the performance is of the *commedia dell' arte* type. The faculty does not hesitate to discuss the matter of "how he was today." The president must be capable of being regarded as somewhat *different* or aloof; yet on occasion he must be able to descend from his Olympian heights to demonstrate charmingly what was always really known, that he's a good guy after all. This may be accomplished in a variety of ways, including playing the clarinet, tossing the caber, or occasionally irritating the governor on television. It is always less effective when a political end is in mind, however. To accept a pie in the face at the spring carnival is, therefore, to go too far.

Some presidents, I am told, have adopted a continuous good-guy, jeans and hip jargon symbolism. Where this occurs, one can expect anxious searches for substitute symbols of respect/resistance and at least minor calamities.* I have not myself experienced such

* My position can be described as Heraclitan. It was Heraclitus who said Homer was mistaken when he prayed for the disappearance of strife from the universe. He did not know he was praying for its destruction.

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a situation but regard it as intolerable, since it represents the president's own Oedipal rejection of the Principles, and must be considered insincere. Such behavior should be delegated to the dean of students if it must occur.

II

Now, as I promised, I follow the Principles with the two Antinomies pertaining to administration's relations with faculty.

First Antinomy: The Faculty is the University; the Faculty are Employees of the University. This Antinomy was first publicly uttered at Columbia University while Dwight Eisenhower was its president. Unfortunately, only the latter half was uttered by Eisenhower; the first half was uttered by a faculty member. Both were right, both wrong, and the double utterance created an adversary relationship. That the faculty is the university is an idea hearkening back to the golden age before the fall. That the faculty are employees reflects the post-Edenic condition of public education and the growing call for accountability of public institutions to the people. I submit that neither concept alone is sufficient, either purity a disaster.

The public should recognize that for the faculty to declare itself to be the university is not necessarily an arrogance. It can be a commitment to the intellectual disciplines it professes, the end appropriately being the preservation in a state of development of those disciplines for the sake of the culture in general. Students understood this idea in a rudimentary way when they expressed outrage at university involvement in war research, which they regarded as inhuman and against any sensible cultural aims. Universities seen as faculties are both teaching and research organizations, inasmuch as research is a form of teaching in the larger sense and both are done in behalf of culture.

But the other view is equally true. Faculty are paid, and they gain the benefits that accrue to employees of large organizations. People paid are responsible to the people who pay, even though it is recognized by those who pay that in this case the relationship is a special one and that only limited control and interference is

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tolerable. This is the reason that the people set up a special body with its own constitutional independence to mediate between them and the university. By this act, the people officially acknowledge both sides of the Antinomy. Of course, some citizens do not understand this; but it is also true that some faculty do not understand it either and behave with undisguised contempt toward any public commentary or any questions at all about their activities. This is only to be expected, since all institutions are from time to time abused by individuals within them, their virtues made to appear as weaknesses by those who exploit them.

In the next few years we can expect that the latter half of the Antinomy will be in the ascendant, and much effort will have to be expended by administrations to explain the first half so that it seems at least sensible.

Second Antinomy: Administration is the Master of the Faculty; Administration is the Servant of the Faculty. This Antinomy is meant to summarize ideas already expressed in the Principles. I have already remarked that faculty wish and do not wish strong leadership. Their ambivalence is precisely the existential projection of this Antinomy and is an inevitable condition. Faculty and administration in their behavior recognize that *both* are true, each separately false. The appearance of control and order is important. The willingness to serve is equally important. But the administrator who believes that he exists only to put into practice what the faculty proposes is likely to be in trouble, and the institution to drift. Faculty members propose conflicting things; faculties find it difficult to act in concert. The administrator must anticipate faculty desires, or make the faculty think he has, and thus serve their interests in one way or another.

The conclusion of the Antinomy is that the administrator should have sensitivity to faculty feeling and to the idea of the disciplines that the faculty professes. This is most likely to be present in someone who has had considerable experience as a faculty member. There is no real substitute in formal training for this experience, wanting the extraordinary individual. Yet it is obviously only one of the requirements for success.

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III

To have cited the Principles of Faculty-Administration Polity and the Antinomies of Pure Administration at the outset is not by any means to have exhausted the fundamentals of academic politics, for the Principles and Antinomies do not deal with relationships between these groups and the other Estates, as I call them. It is clear that faculty-student and administration-student relations will engender further sets of Principles and perhaps Antinomies of equal splendor. A systematic induction of these Principles and Antinomies cannot be undertaken here. I leave room for further investigation; however, for the neo-Pandarians who doubtless will follow, I offer some comments that any further categorical analysis will have to take into account. Among the Estates are students, nonfaculty employees, the community, and again faculty and administration.

Students. Academic politics is heavily regulated by mass student behavior, for students are the basis for budgetary allocation. Faculties and all university services are affected by how many students enroll, the attrition of enrollment through the year, how many students major in a given subject, how many choose to live on campus, and so forth. All of this is a complexity of many individual choices governed by social and cultural dynamics. Only in recent years has an entity known as "the students" been regarded as a force in *academic* politics. Indeed, in the usual sense students are not such a force. They are either intensely individual, seeking educational and career goals, or intensely statistical, representing budgetary units worth so many support dollars. As academic political groups, their effect is evanescent over an extended period because their aims are divergent, their stay at the university is comparatively short, and their pursuit of career interests conflicts for the most part with commitment to academic political activity. As a result, students engaged even in the politics of student government represent a special group of comparatively small size. They are involved because the activity interests them or because they belong to a specific group seeking special reforms. On occasion, as in recent times, one can expect massive student activity,

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but this activity is rarely generated by the university itself or its internal workings. Instead, its sources are political or cultural forces in the larger sense.

It is possible, then, to isolate roughly three groups: first, there are the student politicians themselves, who are heading in the direction of careers somehow vaguely connected with such activity. Then there is the vast middle, who move through the university hardly affecting or being affected by student government and its politics, in spite of the fact that student government controls a sizeable budget provided by student fees over which there is often irresponsible haggling in a mad parody of whatever structure is sanctified by the student constitution. Deans of students tend to write these outrages off in the name of the education of those involved; faculty ignore the whole matter as much as possible; occasionally an innocent graduate student wanders into the miasma and returns stunned or ready to do moral battle to retrieve his registration fee. Finally there are the militant disaffected. These groups surface more rapidly now—the various minorities, women's libbers, homosexuals, et cetera. By no means all who could belong to these groups do, although they seek to speak for all who could. From time to time, when they find it to their advantage, they affect the workings of student government; but it is mainly in the larger sphere of student-administration affairs that these groups express their presence. That is a topic about which much has been said, the tactics of such groups being familiar by now, and I pass on to more general considerations.

Two attitudes toward students that I shall label "fallacies" ought to be mentioned here. First, there is the fallacy of student as "consumer" and the corollary of university as "supermarket." One could extend the analogy to the naming of the various courses offered, with disastrous results. The idea raises images of advertising, discounts and special two-for-one bargains, and there is nothing in the analogy that produces more profundity than the vision of an endless array of student overchoice and the consequent stomachache.

The second fallacy is the idea that the university exists "for the students." There is, of course, a sense in which this is true (I am

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inviting the establishment of an Antinomy here), but without very serious qualification, it is misleading and dangerous to everyone involved. It is too easily assimilable to the crude form of educational romanticism that emphasizes the unique preciousness of the student as child and the ends of life as purely individualized gratification. One suspects that this attitude undermines the very ends it would profess to serve, for the student is too easily in this vision the passive receptor, hedonist and egoist. On the ground that true self-realization (or some equivalent cliché) is achieved in creative work that carries one outside selfhood, it is perhaps best to describe the university as "for intellect and culture" and insist that faculty and students alike should live up to this ideal. Although many faculty and students recognize all this, there is a segment of both that does not, but for different reasons. There are the naturally egocentric and hedonistic young, and there are those faculty who indulge in adolescence wish.

That the students play less of a role in academic politics than might be desirable for fundamental change is something that many observers deplore and others regard as a saving grace in an increasingly depressing situation. The picture that I have painted in the Principles may compel some readers to savage rage against an apparently hopeless situation or toward seeking solutions, to an apparent stalemate in student activism. An increased student role, however, would merely generate a set of Principles declaring, for example, an even greater diffusion of powers, and so forth. And greater student involvement in academic politics would decrease student involvement in the intellectual life of the institution, where finally the institution can offer by far its greatest gift.

The Nonfaculty Employees. This large and diverse group of people is not, after all, a recognizable entity and therefore must be subdivided. First there is the large staff of office workers. For as long as anyone can remember, these people have largely been attracted to the university because of the comparatively less rigid, more enlightened working society that it is supposed to be, although shortly after arrival many suffer the disorientation of revised perspective. At the same time, universities have taken

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advantage of their so-called attractiveness and have paid at almost every level of responsibility considerably lower salaries than would occur in business. Universities organize in ways that would horrify any businessman, but this in itself often makes university work more interesting for the worker, if the unexpected and preposterous can be regarded as diversion. The staff is totally unenfranchised and, from the political point of view, a serfdom. They remain in a strange apartheid, often by choice as well as compulsion, the faculty seeming to many of them almost another species. Some staff members, however, develop considerable talent for faculty-keeping and herding, and become political powers behind the scenes.

Aside from the mass of such people, there are two subgroups who come closest among university employees to faculty and students and their immediate academic concerns. They are the librarians and those people involved in the general area now often referred to as "student affairs." I take up each separately:

1. Librarians. Of all nonfaculty employees, they seem to regard themselves as the most shamelessly exploited, and they perplex those functionaries who must create tables of organization. In many institutions their attitude is justified. Often their wages and prestige have been minimal in the light of the professional training required of them and the important functions they perform. Their unrest has turned into militancy, and it has become channeled into drives to unionize, sometimes in concert with faculty, as in some activities of the American Federation of Teachers. Indeed, the A.F.T. has swelled its ranks with librarians, who sometimes have been the base for A.F.T. organizing of the faculty. The fact is that librarians inhabit a shadowy ground between faculty and staff. Many hold advanced professional degrees, and many have considerable intellectual attainment and academic competence. Yet they usually have no voice of any kind in university policy. The joining of faculty and librarians and perhaps other staff in a single A.F.T.-style bargaining unit is viewed with suspicion by most faculty, who can see their own unique position and power in academe diluted. This is one of the reasons that the American Association of University Professors and local faculty groups have

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entered the organizing enterprise as counterrevolutionary movements, so to speak. Over the next few years academic politics will be monopolized by the issues that collective bargaining raises.

2. Those who are grouped around student activities and services—usually supervised by a dean of students or some like administrator—exist in another shaded area. While some librarians may be even more stringently committed to an ideal of the strict intellectual life of the campus than some faculty, this is rarely the case with the student activities people. Indeed, there is often an adversary relationship between faculty and these people, particularly when such people do not hold faculty appointments (but often even when they do). Often such people have given up graduate study for one reason or another and moved in another professional direction. In this group exist the common interests of psychological counseling and the congeries of fashions that seem eternally to surround the subject. The pressure from them is twofold: constantly to build up the area of student services and to enter into academic activities under the aegis of the various therapies of the moment. At one extreme, these therapies can be sharply anti-intellectual and the whole operation antithetical to dominating faculty attitudes and almost militantly adversary to the academic programs to the extent that the programs are perceived to be elitist, antiquated in techniques, excessively rigid in requirements and standards, and the like. At another extreme, the operation cooperates with or invades academic programs to offer situations in "experimental learning." At both extremes, tension is likely to arise and to stretch into the whole fabric of the institution. Student activities and services offices are frequently regarded as octopi, money wasters, game players, harbors for anti-intellectual failed academics, et cetera; at the same time, student activities and services people often view faculty as snobbish, elitist, behind the times, and uninterested in the "whole student." Many serious-minded people in these offices are puzzled and perturbed by this situation, and many faculty members angered by it. In between are the students, most of whom are directly affected by the student services operation via the health center, the dormitories and dining halls, but only a minority of whom are involved in the many other

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activities that it generates. It appears that in studying the relationship between faculty and this group, one is confronted by opposed types of personality equally suspicious of each other and with serious differences about educational policy. It may well be that a Principle lurks here. It would read that every act performed by the student affairs people in behalf of students is regarded as antithetical to student interests by faculty, and vice versa.

The Community. Academic politics is not, of course, a hermetically sealed affair. Outside forces recently have loomed larger in the internal affairs of most institutions. Does the analogy of politics allow us to think of the community under the heading "foreign affairs"? When one attends faculty meetings, one hears talk that clearly suggests the analogy. The outer world, sometimes referred to peculiarly as the "real world," is suspect; possibly it is an enemy; often it seems incapable of understanding academic language and in possession of quite different customs and values.* One imagines, after hearing enough of this, the faculty member going out into the community with attaché case and interpreter, and possibly well armed.

It is fair to say that the community does have an astonishing ignorance of the academic society, even though it is presumably the community that has sanctioned the smaller society's existence. The individuals of the community are, by and large, quite removed from the realities of the inner life of its sanctioned institutions. This state of affairs is one reason for the necessity of a buffer group such as a board of regents. The president himself and other members of the administration also play this role. They are regarded on the outside as protectors of the institution and from time to time on the inside as having sold it out. A Principle to be established here would be one based on the idea that faculties move back and forth between two poles in their attitude toward community relations. In their more depressed and paranoid moods

* To state that the nonacademic world is the real world is, of course, to imply that the academic world is unreal. Modern youth jargon, of course, refers to many things as "unreal," usually meaning that reality is very strange. The whole point of this essay is to assert that the academic world is, if you will permit a barbarism, very real.

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they claim not to understand how the community—given its apparent values—would tolerate for a moment what they do. Thus they advocate a strategy of secrecy and obfuscation. In their more missionary modes, they berate the apparent inadequacy of the university's public relations office in defining the university's role to the community. Of course, inside the faculty itself there is a tension between the view of the university and its community service role and the view of the university as a place set aside from the community for the purpose of thought. It is unlikely that the community would tolerate either extreme of this opposition, and thus one sees grounds for establishing an Antinomy here. A pure service institution would abdicate its teaching role and pure research. An isolated monastic institution would increase suspicion on both sides to intolerability.

The community, perhaps inevitably, has a respect-contempt attitude toward its university, which represents to it a certain expertise and the vision of an ideal of cultural achievement, while at the same time the university's isolation proves to the community the superiority of the tough "practical" values that it cherishes as its own.

Faculty. The Principles and Antinomies seem to imply that the faculty is, in fact, a cohesive unit. It is not. University faculties, as previously suggested, value eccentricity, or at least protect it, and divide themselves up by disciplines and units of various sorts, each of which is recognizable in academic political behavior. It is generally thought that with respect to national as well as academic politics various units occupy characteristic places on a scale ranging from liberal to conservative, although academic liberalism or conservatism seems not necessarily related to national political coloring.

Too, various disciplines tend to be interested at various times in specific issues of academic politics. Among physical scientists, particularly the physicists, there is considerable interest, amounting in some cases to anxiety, about how they as a group or the campus as a whole are regarded nationally. It is a matter of face and prestige. Perhaps there is pressure of this sort among these people

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because of the growing importance of other scientists, particularly the biologists, and a resultant shifting of the academic social hierarchy at the physicists' expense. Such concern annoys the humanists, who consider it bad style, but have their own worries brought on by the scarcity of jobs in their subjects and an increased anxiety over matters of tenure, due process, criteria for promotion, and the like. These concerns could be regarded as obviously appropriate human concerns, but the scientists, who generally take a more hostile attitude toward anything that smacks of unionization, look askance at such humanist humanitarian claims, tending to consider them blatant examples of self interest. Clearly the characterizations I have made here are applicable only to the present and cannot rise to the level of a Principle. Currently there is a sense of embattlement among professors of some disciplines as the growth of institutions ceases and enrollments in some disciplines actually fall.

Academic politics will surely be consumed for the foreseeable future not only with the issue of collective bargaining but also with struggles to preserve disciplines and competition for students. Much of this struggle will take place in terms of the traditional quarrel of the pure or theoretical with the applied fields. Particularly in the social sciences, an undefined and curiously unstructured area in the first place, there is a serious tension that has led to as many splinter departments and programs as has characterized the history of Protestantism. Most social scientists seem to agree that the theoreticians and the applied people simply can't get along, and that it is always a disaster to try to keep them together. In another breath it will be declared that these very differences are what prevents real progress in the field. In general it might be said that while scientists work in teams, and humanists, although usually independent scholars, have in common a certain style, social scientists, who study human group behavior to a great extent, are paradoxically the most anarchic of academic political groups. The theory-and-practice split also dominates politics in the area of the fine arts, where artists notoriously resent the assertions of critics and historians, whom they often claim hate art. One is tempted to discover an Antinomy

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where quarreling has become traditional. I have claimed, however, that my Principles and Antinomies either are in the nature of things or ought to be fictively so regarded. Further, I have claimed no cynicism for them and warn future investigators against asserting the inevitability or the advisability of separating theorists and practitioners.

There is little doubt that certain habits of thought and personality go together with certain disciplines, particularly when these disciplines are clearly defined and not in a dynamic state compellingly attractive to a greater variety of adventurous souls. This situation plays an immense role in the present structure of academic politics.

Administration. If the remarks I have made are true, it follows that an administrator is likely to be characterized in some way by the discipline from which he emerges, although his willingness to administer sets him apart at once from most of his disciplinary colleagues. Yet knowing that discipline best, he may bend over backward to be fair to others at the expense of his own discipline. In any case, emergence from *a* discipline is an advantage since it gives him an inside understanding of the commitments of a faculty member, which are sometimes mysterious in their manifestations to outsiders.

As I have suggested, one of the greatest dangers to an administrator is to become misanthropic with respect to faculty behavior and to begin to consider faculty the enemy or to treat them as if they were a large, inhuman abstraction. One check against this tendency would be periodic turnover or even terms of office, as is the case in some institutions at various levels. A danger emerging from this solution might be the tendency of the administrator to identify too closely with his subject and his research during the period of his administrative duties, to the detriment of effective administration. This is a preferable risk to that of leaving our institutions to professional administrators, however, although to take it means to edge up to a Principle asserting that the university must operate less efficiently at the administrative level if it is to operate more smoothly at the internal political level.

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IV

Fifty minutes being up, it was time to summarize before my friend could get out of the room. Still polite, as was required by our roles as emissaries of foreign powers, although perhaps perplexed and saddened by my exposition, he merely observed that what I had said explained a lot to him. Perhaps the reticence that I sensed in his manner and my feeling that he thought my remarks an elaborate defense against reasonable solutions or an expression of disillusion were only the product of the formality of our situation. Concerned, I declared that of course universities would change and that there had to be many internal reforms, that this was a time of crisis and that the whole of education was now problematic as it had not been in my remembrance. Yet deep down inside, although I recognized the Wildean tone of my Principles and Antinomies, I assented anew to them and satisfied myself that the reforms we achieve would best be worked out with the desirability of preserving the Principles in mind. I had by this time recognized my affection for them, since I thought they illustrated that the academic world was really like the life outside it, full of apparent incompatibilities that had to be made compatible by the art of politics. I suppose that is what I had really wanted to say to my friend—that my world was his, after all, that in some strange way my Principles were a construction designed to perform a positive act of communication, even of communion. In contrast to the self-conscious Stephen Dedalus, queried on his discussion of *Hamlet,* I had come to believe in my theory, a dangerous admission, perhaps.

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Woman in an Old House

MEREDITH FULLER-LUYTEN

My child is asleep.
My husband is somewhere
between nine and five
that vacant lot:
NO LITTER. NO LOITER.

The old house grows soggy
in the rain which squeezes
into basement and attic
like a scared dog.
The old alcoholic ghost
is restless, guilty
about the bare plaster
and rundown thresholds
shoddy plumbing. He stumbles
about in the eaves
hoping I'll think of branches
then we level our eyes
pale drinks rising.

I too drain bottles, radiators,
gutters, my thirst emptying
the house. I fool the night
with uncertain sounds.
And you have loitered for years
after the deed changed hands
among a litter of dry glass
bottles and breakfast dishes
which dead men leave behind.

✪ MEREDITH FULLER-LUYTEN's poems have appeared before in the SCHOLAR, as well as in other magazines and poetry journals. She lives with her husband and children in Falmouth, Massachusetts.

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Watergate: One End, but Which?

GERALD W. JOHNSON

WATERGATE WAS, IS, and as far as American history is concerned, will remain a terminus of some sort, but whether it is the beginning of the end, or the end of the beginning, will never be known with anything like certitude by the living generation, and only doubtfully by the next. The third will perhaps be able to assess the real significance of the thing with reasonable assurance.

Yet it is the hard fate of Americans now living to have to work in the dark, knowing that what they do will go far toward determining the eventual outcome. It is a particularly ruthless demonstration of Mr. Justice Holmes's observation that every year, if not every day, "we have to wager our salvation on some prophecy based on imperfect knowledge."

The government established by the American Declaration of Independence in 1776, and implemented by the Constitution of the United States in 1789, was precisely such a wager. Our ancestors explicitly admitted that they were staking "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor" on the success of an experiment testing the unproved theory that democracy is a viable form of government. The knowledge then available was worse than imperfect, it was definitely negative. Every previous effort to test the theory had ended in the same way—a reversion to tyranny, rarely blatant, but thinly masked by lip service to the old institutions.

According to John Adams, one-third of the Americans of 1776 did not believe that the experiment had a ghost of a chance. These were the Tories, thousands of whom left the country, while some of the bolder ones actually took up arms in support of the

✪ In "The Turkey-Gobbler Strut" in last Autumn's SCHOLAR, GERALD W. JOHNSON commented (prophetically, it now seems) on arrogance as an occupational disease among American politicians. His most recent book is *The Imperial Republic.*

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king, being less fearful of the familiar tyranny of the monarchy than they were of the imagined tyranny of the mob that they supposed was implied in the sovereignty of the people.

At first it seemed that they were right, because the hastily erected structure of government in the Articles of Confederation proved hopelessly inadequate, and within eleven years was visibly collapsing. But in 1787 a convention dominated by and substantially composed of the very men who had written the Declaration, produced, in the Constitution, a new structure which proved solid enough to endure, with occasional patching, for nearly two hundred years.*

But circumstances over which we had little or no control very suddenly altered the world status of the republic in 1945 and subjected our governmental structure to strains that were unprecedented and very severe. Some warps and cracks were to be expected and did occur, but they were far from serious enough to justify the spasm of terror that swept the country, producing the witch-hunts that subsided only when the excesses of the egregious Joseph McCarthy made them ridiculous.

The most blatant abuses of that unhappy era have been abandoned, or at least abated, but some of the effects of that period still linger, one of the most pernicious being a resurgence of federalism, not that of John Adams, but of Timothy Pickering. Adams's federalism assumed the inevitable dominance of superior men, but he, like Jefferson, based superiority on "virtue and talents." Pickering based it on power, whether acquired by the man's own efforts, or inherited in the form of property. Inherited status is, of course, the difference between natural and synthetic aristocracy. On the day when each was inaugurated president, Jefferson was a richer man than Adams, so it is preposterous to assume that the affluent Virginian thought it impossible for a man who was rich, even by inheritance, to be a superior man.

It is the Pickering brand of federalism that inevitably drifts

* Observers as different as Albert Camus and Sir Denis Brogan have overlooked this point in refusing to accept the American experience as a real revolution, in any wise comparable to the Russian and French. But it may as logically be argued that ours is the only complete revolution because it was finished by the same men who began it, and therefore followed one idea from beginning to end.

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toward tyranny. Dictatorship is not necessarily identical with tyranny. Cincinnatus was twice a dictator, but never a tyrant. Al Smith observed long ago that in time of war "we adjourn the Constitution," but Al had in mind hot war, shooting war, when concentration of authority is imperative. Furthermore, Al said "adjourn," not "abolish," implying that on the cessation of hostilities the Constitution would resume its sway. The sole excuse even for adjournment is what Justice Holmes called "a clear and present danger," emphatically not a supposed or imagined one.

But it is precisely the alleged danger to national security that has been advanced as the reason for the steady increase in the power of the executive for the past dozen years. Yet we have the word of no less an authority than Henry Kissinger that total national security is impossible in fact, from which it follows that no threat to it can be clear and present, therefore a valid excuse for denying or impairing the sovereignty of the people. But sovereignty is definitely and perhaps fatally impaired when the sovereign is denied access to the whole truth about the state of the realm.

This was the trend of American politics long before the first administration of Richard Nixon. It can be traced at least as far back as the temporary domination of the political scene by Joseph McCarthy. It became glaringly apparent at the beginning of Kennedy's tragically short tenure of office, when the Bay of Pigs folly revealed that our policy was dominated by what the second Roosevelt had called the only thing we have to fear, the "nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance." True, Roosevelt was not talking about fear of an invasion by an armed enemy, but he *was* talking about distrust of the competence of the people to cope with the difficulties of statecraft in the modern world.

Lyndon Johnson would have denied violently that the same distrust was what impelled him to use a very dubious incident in the Tonkin Gulf to wangle through Congress a permissive resolution that he used to justify escalation of the Vietnam War—a ruinous policy that was the fountainhead of a flood of woes that now torment us.

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Nixon, while he must be acquitted of having inaugurated the trend, consistently approved and encouraged it from the time of his first appearance in politics. If there ever was a "nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror" it was that of the Californians whom he persuaded to believe that Jerry Voorhis was practically a Communist and that Helen Gahagan Douglas was a "pink lady." He was a member of the administration while the Bay of Pigs fiasco was being organized, and if he knew nothing about it, it must be because he never read the newspapers, for they carried amazingly detailed information about it. Not until it proved so unpopular that it forced Johnson out of the race in 1968, did he, being then a candidate, disavow the Vietnam War and promise to end it, which he did by spreading it into Cambodia and Laos, and when his diplomatic agent, Kissinger, did negotiate a cease-fire agreement, the president—the election being safely past—tore it up and launched the disastrous Christmas bombing of Hanoi, which cost us more than a hundred airmen and $165 million worth of planes—eighteen B-52s at $5 million each and five of those swept-wing calamities at $15 million each, only one of which was shot down by Hanoi, four having simply fallen down without ever reaching the combat zone. Not three months earlier an unidentified Air Force officer had explained to the newspapers that we had not used the B-52s against Hanoi because they were too vulnerable to SAM missiles. Yet it was coolly explained to the public that the bombing had forced Hanoi to accept a much better agreement, although the newspapers were never able to discover wherein it differed materially from the original.

Nevertheless, Nixon was overwhelmingly reelected in November, 1972. The endorsement was the most emphatic since James Monroe was reelected by every electoral vote except one. It has since become apparent that the election was tainted with fraud, but that it was bought is an inference not supported by convincing evidence. The fact that a slush fund of at least $50 million was assembled supports the belief that every vote that could be bought was bought, but it does not prove that the venality of the electorate gave Nixon his victory, and it assuredly did not give him the landslide. Henry Kissinger's misleading

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announcement, made just before the voting, that "Peace is at hand" gave Nixon ten votes for every one that was purchased.

There is no evidence whatever that Dr. Kissinger knew that his statement was false. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that he spoke in complete good faith. His instructions had been to arrange for a cease-fire on the best terms possible, and he had done so. His assumption that peace would follow rapidly was unwise, but natural; in fact, it was what everybody else thought, except inveterate skeptics. Not until the election was over did Nixon tear up the arrangement and virtually throw it in his agent's face. If the learned doctor emerged with his reputation somewhat damaged, it is not because he knowingly lied, but because he did not instantly resign, instead of meekly swallowing the insult.

As it was, he forgathered again with Le Duc Tho, and the pair of them, the cynics aver, shifted a semicolon and dropped a couple of commas, whereupon Nixon, appalled by the wreckage of the Air Force, claimed that it was a new agreement, and signed.

But by that time the election was over and it was still some weeks before the lid really blew off Watergate.

Yet to this writing it is still questionable that anything like a majority of the voters have grasped the real significance of the affair. They are appalled and disgusted, of course, except for a minority of considerable size who believe that it is all a pack of lies invented by a depraved and dissolute press. They are not in the least impressed by the fact that the investigation and subsequent publication cost all the communications media, including radio and especially television, far more than they can hope to recoup, except in the nonnegotiable form of increased prestige for the performance of public service. But the unconvinced would not change even if Moses and Elijah rose from the dead to testify. Indeed, they can't believe, because to do so would be an admission that they have been played for suckers, and for a certain type of American to admit that he has bought a gold brick is a psychological impossibility.

But even the majority who are not blinded by their own conceit show little indication of having realized that something of this sort is to be expected whenever the people allow their

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sovereign power to be usurped by a dictator or an oligarchy. It is not always so crass. Indeed, Watergate seems to have come close to setting a record for what Whitman—I believe—termed "the audacity of elected persons." But however suavely it begins, it ends in the brutality of the barracoon, the pen of the slave traders.

It came as a traumatic shock to ordinary Americans to learn that the tenant—the people are the owners—of the White House was capable of associating and staffing the place with men of such character that they would defile the edifice into a thieves' kitchen where malefactors would gather to plot burglary, bribery, perjury, forgery and slanderous defamation of honest men, not primarily to stuff their purses, but to fasten their grip upon power that belongs to the people. Half a century ago Harding had smirched the premises with thieves, mountebanks and at least one man who had been tried for murder, but acquitted for lack of evidence, yet such commonplace rascals seem almost respectable by comparison with men who would forge letters accusing honorable men of addiction to dishonorable sexual practices.

The stench was powerful enough, in all conscience, to distract attention from other aspects of the situation that, while less noisome, are more sinister by far than the degradation of a mere building, for powerful disinfectants, lavishly applied, can make even a lazaretto safe for human occupancy. The realistic American should pinch his nostrils long enough to give consideration to what this implies with respect to the theory that democracy is a viable form of government.

Many of us are committed to the belief that it is more than viable, that it is the best form of government that it has as yet entered into the mind of man to conceive. We assume that Jefferson was neither drunk nor crazy when he asserted that a society of free men, given all the facts necessary to intelligent judgment, can govern themselves better than anyone else can govern them. Of course they cannot act directly, but only through agents of their own choice. They must, however, retain the power to veto any policy that they deem inconsistent with their safety and happiness, for it is the sovereign power, as every absolute ruler has recognized. Ivan the Terrible and Nero ruled through agents.

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Harun al-Rashid, in all his snooping expeditions, was attended by Giafar, the grand vizier, and Masrour, the sword-bearer, and they, not the caliph personally, attended to the disposition of expendable persons.

But Nixon is the twice-attested choice of a majority of the electorate for president of the United States, and Nixon chose to install a palace guard that has brought disgrace upon the nation. What does that suggest as to the ability of the people to govern themselves better than anyone else can govern them?

The prodigious clamor over whether he was acquainted with all, or any, of the details of his men's rascalities is really beside the point. He chose them, and the rascalities were committed. He, in turn, was unquestionably president by the will of the majority; therefore the final responsibility rests squarely upon the shoulders of the majority.

Of course there are pleas in extenuation. There always are. For four years the people had been consistently kept in ignorance of what was actually going on, and every realist knew it. Why was the war extended into Cambodia? The excuse that it was done to protect our men in Vietnam was serious enough, but only as a revelation of the contempt of the president for the intelligence of the American people. Is it protecting men to order them to attack an additional enemy on unfamiliar and difficult terrain? In any event, an army is supposed to protect, not to be protected by the nation at the expense of another war. Ho had answered that argument long before. Asked by a European war correspondent if he would attack the Americans if they started to withdraw, he replied, logically, "Attack them? I would throw flowers in their path!"

Even when Nixon adopted a policy that was obviously correct, as when he sent Kissinger and then went himself to Peking and Moscow to try to make somewhat more rational our relations with China and Russia, he concealed his intention not only from the American people, but also from our friends abroad, who were disconcerted by the surprise, especially those in Britain and Japan. We have since learned that part of the price for conciliating Russia is the sale of an enormous quantity of wheat just when we are threatened with a shortage. What Kis-

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singer offered China is still unknown. Perhaps it was nothing at all, but it is a credulous American who can believe that, in view of the administration's past record.

Whether or not he ever put it into words, as he is said to have done, his course of action is convincing evidence that Mr. Nixon believes that the masses of Americans are children and must be treated as such.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that he was the people's choice, and that raises a question, not about Mr. Nixon, but about the validity of the experiment we launched in 1776. It was undertaken to test the viability of democracy as a form of government, and, as tried on the national scale, it has been more than moderately successful for nearly two hundred years.

But our past record is no guarantee of the future because the conditions have changed. The New England town meeting was a success, too, when hardly more than a hundred people were involved. But it had to be abandoned long before cities of a hundred thousand and more dotted New England. The republic is fifty times as populous and more than fifty times as rich and powerful as it was in 1776. But in 1945 it emerged, willy-nilly, from national into imperial status, and new conditions imposed new responsibilities upon us, which we were in no wise prepared to meet.

Since then, we have been floundering, and a perplexed and uncertain people are especially vulnerable to the kind of fears that F.D.R. regarded as our only real danger, because they paralyze the will. If we remain much longer in that condition, we may be reasonably sure that our system is not viable in the new circumstances, and the adoption of a new one is imperative. For the experiment has failed, and Watergate was indeed the beginning of the end.

But we don't know. One is tempted to liken the present confusion to Balaam's time, in that any ass may speak, but prophecy is struck dumb. All that is certain is that the average American has suffered a terrific shock and, as regards individuals, when a patient is just beginning to emerge from such a shock, an honest doctor is wary of predicting what the permanent effects, if any, will be. They are unpredictable.

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It is by no means unheard-of for the permanent effect to be beneficial, especially if the patient had previously been subjected to a long, exhausting nervous strain. That is undeniably true of twentieth-century Americans. From the First World War through the binge of the twenties, the depression of the thirties, the great wars of the forties, the small wars ever since, with the possibly spectral but constantly present cold war looming over all, the average American has passed successively through every known state of mind with one exception—he hasn't been placid for fifty years.

The analogy with a psychiatrist's patient may be unscientific, but it is not irrational, for nations are composed of people, and mass hysteria is a well-recognized phenomenon. To people already under serious nervous strain the shock of Watergate was sudden, violent and brutal. It may also be ruinous. Mention has been made of the segment of the population that is determined to believe that the whole thing is a pack of lies concocted by those notorious Communists, the multimillionaire controllers of the *New York Times,* the *Washington Post* and the television networks. People who so believe have already gone into the screaming meemies, and it is possible that the rest of us may follow ere long.

On the other hand, it is equally possible that the very violence of the jolt may tend to restore our contact with reality, for instance, with a renewed appreciation of the truth in the old adage, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." In that case, Watergate may come to be recognized as only the end of the beginning, the point at which the old experiment entered a new phase, that of adjusting to a new state of affairs at home and abroad.

It is a possibility that may be faced with some satisfaction, but not with unalloyed delight, for the process of readjustment is pretty sure to be long, arduous, dangerous and expensive, with no guarantee of success in the end. That has always been characteristic of serious efforts to renovate long-established social and political institutions, and for that reason, now as ever, the most formidable of all threats is fear itself, for timorous men who undertake such a venture are doomed to failure from the start.

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Nevertheless, a certain number and perhaps a sufficient number of Americans will pursue the quest through the years immediately ahead. Not rejecting the phrase that Dr. Milton Eisenhower picked up from the Cubans, "The wine is bitter, but our own," they will counter with the cynics' boardinghouse motto, "Only the brave can stand the fare," and they will proceed with the endeavor to establish Watergate as the end of the beginning and the opening to a possibly stronger and better republic in a possibly better and stronger world.

Win, lose, or draw, their effort will be the most interesting thing in the world in the years immediately ahead. For if they conquer the fear of fear itself, they will lose nothing that cannot be replaced.

Autumnal

MELVILLE CANE

These leaves, once filled with chlorophyll,
must soon submit to Nature's will,
and with the earliest deadly frost
their verdant color will be lost,
to be replaced by carotene
as well as anthocyanin.

In other words, more simply told:
Wake up some day and you'll behold
the maples, proud in rose and gold.

✪ MELVILLE CANE is completing a new miscellany of prose and verse, *The First Firefly.*

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Black Studies: Phase Two

S. JAY WALKER

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO INTEGRATION. In the mid-1960s the nation's white colleges suddenly not only abandoned their quota systems, but also, for the most part, went out actively recruiting black students. The traditional second-generation highway to upward mobility, a college degree, was suddenly thrown open to sixth-generation Americans, with green lights, in the forms of scholarships, tutorials and "enriched programs," flashing all over the place.

And the black students flooded in. Dartmouth College, as a case in point, presently has more black students enrolled (approximately three hundred) than it has graduated in the entire 204 years of its existence.

Then suddenly the smooth scenario broke down; rather than demonstrating the expected gratitude, the black students began making rude sounds about the content of the education that was to put them on the high road to success. They began asking embarrassing questions about the tone and contents of their textbooks: why the image of America that they learned in their classrooms and were expected to reproduce on their examinations had so little reference to the America in which they lived; why history texts were replete with *Gone-with-the-Wind* images of Reconstruction; why "World Literature" seemed to mean "European Literature," and "American Literature" seemed to mean "White American Literature"; why it was more important for them to learn the philosophy of Thomas Carlyle than that of W. E. B. DuBois.

What they had done, of course, was to state loudly that the American educational empire was naked; that it had been, for

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more than a century, devoted not so much to truth, as to grinding out praises of the *status quo;* and if, in order to praise, it had to distort the truth or ignore the truth or reverse the truth, so much the worse for truth.

It does some credit to the institutions themselves that, faced with demonstrable fact, they admitted its existence and, for the most part, set about the attempt, no matter how haphazard, to realign academic priorities. The difference between the history and literature textbooks of the late fifties and the late sixties is the difference between day and night—night being the admission of a great deal more blackness than had previously been evident. The scholars themselves—and I speak here of all white scholars and most black scholars—came to recognize that in fact they knew little or nothing, factually, of black America; that there was a pressing need for a systematized, organized study of what was actually (as opposed to what Walt Disney told us) the experience, culture and aspirations of blacks.

I realize that the last paragraph may be taken as indicating that black or Afro-American or ethnic or Africana studies courses were instituted by acclamation in every college in the land, and of course nothing of the sort happened. The very nature of their profession makes scholars the most tradition-haunted of individuals, and there is probably scarcely a campus in the nation, including black campuses, where the voice of the dinosaur—"we never did it before"—was not heard.

Of course there was pressure, sometimes violent pressure, from the black students themselves. But as anyone with any experience of the academic world will recognize, a determined majority, or even a sizable minority, of tenured professors can and will block any academic innovation that they have a mind to. Some members of the academic establishment were hostile, some were indifferent, some were resigned to the regrettable fact that 1966 was not 1926, and others were genuinely and sincerely troubled about the advisability of hastily instituting an entire new discipline. But a large number recognized that the colleges had shirked their responsibilities. They were attracted by the notion that increase of knowledge could bring increase of

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social justice, and by the idea that a new era of scholarship might liberate them from the stale mythologies of their own disciplines.

And so black studies, phase one, came to be.

Perhaps nothing comparable had happened in American education since Edmund Ware and his cohorts swept into the South a century before to plant full-fledged universities—Fisk, Howard, Atlanta—among a people only months removed from slavery. Again, there was a call to create from virtually nothing. No one knew quite what a black studies program was supposed to be; as in the case of Victorian railroad stations, there simply were no precedents: no one had ever built one before. Texts were beginning to appear, slowly at first and then, perhaps even worse, in a mind-numbing flood. But most difficult of all, practically no one was trained in the new field.

I had myself gone through eight years of college and graduate school, majoring in literature, without ever once studying a black author in class. And this held true in virtually all disciplines. History majors have told me they'd heard of Thaddeus Stevens only as a boogeyman, John Brown only as a madman, and David Walker not at all. For sociologists the black family was whatever Daniel Moynihan chose to say it was and black beliefs were whatever Nathan Glazer chose to say *they* were.

In addition to lack of specific training, there was a clear shortage of black personnel. With the best will in the world, the academic community could not simply stamp black Ph.D.s out of the ground now that they needed them. Many of the already established black professionals, having devoted a lifetime of scholarship to, say, the Congress of Vienna, were reluctant to switch suddenly to Reconstruction now that it had been decided that the Sea Islands were in and Waterloo was out.

The attempt was made to press on regardless. Summer seminars, workshops, grants for independent study, flourished like ragweed. There were some black scholars who had, practically as an avocation, built a competency in black studies courses and were teaching them. They were naturals for the programs, and, when they were teaching at small southern colleges, they were sought out and urged northward in what was probably the largest

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black migration since World War II. Others, some of them kicking and screaming, were bribed or flattered or shamed into retooling their disciplines.

Where black scholars could not be found, white liberals, particularly sociologists, the "wild men" of the universities during the fifties and early sixties (when, at the very least, they managed to implant in the minds of their students the idea that all was not totally perfect in America) enthusiastically filled the faculty slots.

And naturally there was an infusion of white opportunists, noses twitching at the scent of the latest fashionable—and potentially profitable—academic area. One former colleague asked me one day if I had ever heard of a woman called Phillis Wheatley. I told him I had and gave him her dates and a reference to her poems. He must have been a quick study; within six weeks he had proposed a new course, "Black American Poetry."

Across the nation, the most unlikely collection of jerry-built programs wobbled off the ground, and somehow most of them, however erratically, at whatever low altitudes, managed to fly. And it is obvious that they at least began the task of reshaping American scholarship, as witness the fact that the works of W. E. B. DuBois today sell in greater numbers than at any point during his lifetime.

Then, in 1968, American society abruptly changed direction. Within seven horrible months, Martin Luther King was killed, Robert Kennedy was killed, and Richard Nixon was elected president of the United States.

For blacks, particularly for young blacks and for some not so young, those months were traumatic; they represented the end of hope, the end of the expectation that America could—or even had any desire to—live up to its promise to all of its citizens. They heard the ill-repressed sounds of satisfaction at the death of King, they saw the one powerful white who seemed genuinely compassionate laid in Arlington Cemetery, and they knew, despite all pious disclaimers, that they had, for the first time in most of their lives, an open enemy in the White House.

The first reaction in the black studies programs was to make

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the position of white faculty virtually untenable. It became a careless, although highly touted, slogan that no white man was to be trusted, that the only difference between a white conservative and a white liberal was the difference between an overt enemy and a covert one, the former bent on physical and the latter on cultural genocide. The whites who withstood those pressures best, predictably enough, were the opportunists. By the most cynical display of sycophancy, the shouting of genocide and institutional racism in season and out, the call for abandonment of all but the most *ad hoc* standards, and the semipublic announcement that they could not, under any circumstances, fail a black student, they succeeded in electing themselves honorary soul brothers and not only, for the time being, maintaining their own positions, but also undercutting the ground of those seriously interested in the welfare of black students.

As the hope of America diminished and the pull of some form or other of separatism grew, many black studies programs came to be thought of no longer as academic agencies—indeed, "academic" had come to mean white academic and thus culturally genocidal—but rather as agents of revolution. Some took on anti-intellectual overtones; others maintained intellectual content, but narrowed their concerns to the modern revolutionists, for example, Malcolm and Fanon, omitting even DuBois and Douglass from their canon. Still others flaunted "pork chop" courses in the faces of their academic communities.

("Chitterlings 100" and "Quilting 101" was, in the sixties, a joke among those concerned with black studies. In the spring of 1972, one of the largest of the California state colleges carried in its bulletin a three-credit course entitled "Preparation of Soul Food." One might speculate upon the contempt for the academic senate that must have underlain the submission of that course for approval, and speculate even more upon the contempt for the college's black students that must have underlain the senate's approval.)

Actions such as that approval indicated that the programs, at their turn-of-the-decade state, were no longer being taken seriously on large numbers of campuses. Still, there was no talk of

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scrapping them. Most campuses still did not want trouble if they could possibly avoid it; money was reasonably plentiful, and, in any event, if a course in denunciation could produce as many full-time equivalents as a course in physics—with an instructor drawing a much smaller salary than a physicist—who was being hurt? Certainly not the academic senate. So a "give 'em what they want; just keep 'em quiet" syndrome took over. The programs were moved, bodily in some cases, out of the mainstream of academic life. Even when they remained physically in that mainstream, they were separated psychically. Black studies were here and the college was there, and never the twain met, save in the registrar's office, where totally worthless academic credits were totted up for black students.

In 1973, however, this situation indicates that many of those rickety crafts that struggled off the ground in the mid-1960s are in imminent danger of crashing. Phase one of black studies is over; phase two, the weeding out of many programs and the survival only of the fittest, is about to begin.

It is a rule of thumb in academia that a department is eternal and a program temporal. There are, of course, exceptions: departments go to the wall (classics is one example) and some programs last for decades. In the case of black studies, though, it makes little difference whether the organization is that of a department or a program. The discipline is simply too new, too untraditional and still too controversial to be anything other than an endangered species.

The danger is three-pronged: there is, first, a simultaneous depression and inflation that affects every institution from the wealthiest of the Ivy Leagues to the most obscure state college in Arkansas. When the budgetary ax begins to swing, it is likely to aim directly at those areas that are least traditional or that are bringing least prestige (and therefore money) to the institution. Black studies are no longer modish. Women's studies, Chicano studies, Indian studies (all of which have followed the pattern and avoided some of the pitfalls of black studies), are newer and therefore more "progressive."

The second danger is that the dinosaurs are gleefully roaring

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"I told you so," and pointing to all-A grade lists in "Chitterlings 100" to prove their point, while many of those whites who wished the programs well have been pushed out and given to understand that no concern is wanted.

Half a decade ago, both factors might well have been countered by coercion, by the implication if not the statement, that were the black studies program abandoned, the black students would take the institution apart, stone by stone and board by board. The threat carries little weight in the year five of Richard Nixon. We, as a nation, used to think it disgraceful to shoot students; the evidence of Orangeburg and Kent and Jackson and Southern is that we no longer do; and fortunately, call it cynicism or realism, the black students know that every urban police department contains at least a few officers whose most blissful dream is that of catching a black student in the act of burning a university.

Paradoxically, the third danger to black studies is also the best harbinger for its future. That is that black students themselves are beginning to question the programs. The dashiki-clad shucking and jiving, the revolutionary rhetoric, the signs and symbols: all these are *déjà vu* to today's black student. He is no more integration-bound than his brother of the class of 1970, but he has come to realize that he *is* being shortchanged, even by the automatic passes; that no matter what society he is going to build for himself, no matter where he is going to build it, he is not going to be equipped by a *summa cum laude* degree in "Preparation of Soul Food." He has no objection to denunciation as such, but he is unwilling to settle any longer for rhetoric alone; he wants intellectual substance and standards that will allow him to go beyond that denunciation into meaningful action.

Thus phase two of black studies, like phase one, must, it seems to me, follow the instinctive correctness of the best of black student thought. The students have got their identity crisis together. What they seem now to be saying is that they want the tools, they want the disciplines, to recapture control of black scholarship. They have learned that it is not enough to call Edward Margolies a cynical exploiter for his work on Richard Wright, or William Styron a conscious racist for his fictionalization of Nat Turner.

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Quite apart from whether the charges are true, black students are beginning to understand that the reactions have been inadequate. No determined scholar is going to be scared off a project by name-calling—particularly when the name-calling is going to reach only a fraction of those who have read the original; the only real response to him is a *better* study of Richard Wright and a *better* study of Nat Turner.

It is the production of that capacity toward which those black studies programs that are going to survive must strive. And that means that the students in those programs must be trained by the best scholarship available. Black studies can no longer afford to attempt to implant ideologies: integration, separation, liberation, nationalism, revolution, pan-Africanism, what have you. They must, rather, give the student access to, experience with, criticism of, *all* these doctrines, with the assurance that if he has also been given the scholarly capacity to make a wise and independent choice, the program has done its job.

This, however, institutes another set of problems. As long as we were in the period of "pork chop" courses, black studies programs could and did get along with untrained or marginally trained personnel, who could be hired economically, were rarely if ever given tenure, and were replaced casually.

The production of scholarship, however, requires scholars, scholars who have the moral strength—and the moral right—to push black students into the upper levels of their potential. These do not come cheaply. It requires, further, continuity—faculty who remain at an institution long enough to see students through by the generation, to encourage and guide and direct their growth from freshman through senior year. This, obviously, is a more expensive proposition, and one that comes up just at a time when budgets are tightest.

The only viable solution, it seems to me, is that of shared resources. Since the very concept of black studies—that is, a study of the black experience—is of necessity interdisciplinary, ranging through both the social sciences and the humanities, it seems in most cases pointless for black studies programs to attempt to "upgrade" themselves into departments. Rather, black studies should

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use their share of the faculty budget to make joint appointments of black scholars with existing departments, and to spread those scholars as widely over the various disciplines of the college as their resources will allow.

Obviously there are risks: divided loyalty, divided control; the contractual process must be very carefully defined so that the black studies programs maintain an equal voice in hiring, promotion and retention. It involves cooperation and negotiation with the departments, and indeed, keeping a finger in the stews that are simmering from one end of the campus to the other. It requires cooperative long-range and short-term scheduling, seeing to it that the necessary courses for black studies rotate as needed, and seeing at the same time that five of them are not being taught on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from ten to eleven.

But if there are risks and bureaucratic problems, the independent black studies department faces peculiar problems of its own. Only the largest and wealthiest of such departments could have the economic muscle to hire full-time scholars trained in history, literature, sociology, government, theater, anthropology, geography, psychology and foreign languages. And if the department *did* swing that kind of economic weight, it would still have difficulty in attracting the kind of personnel it wanted.

We may be, generally, in the years of the Great Teacher Glut, but black Ph.D.s are still not to be found beneath every bush, and the report that one of the major foundations is phasing out its program to support minority-group Ph.D. training indicates that the black scholar is likely to be dealing in a seller's market for some years to come.

We must accept the fact that, given a choice, the black Ph.D. is likely to choose the department of his discipline rather than a black studies program. He knows the fields of history, or sociology, or anthropology; he knows the literature and he knows the techniques, and he may well not feel as comfortable in the multidisciplinary reaches of black studies. Further, he has invested—and all of us should know at what likely cost—years of his life in preparation for a career. He knows that in searching for another job in history, a three-year contract as an assistant professor of his-

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tory is going to look better on his dossier than three years as an assistant professor of black studies. And he knows that even if he does not decide to move, there *will* be a department of history five years hence; it would be difficult to give the same assurance of black studies.

Some may call these selfish, but they are very human considerations and we would do better not to pretend they do not exist.

In addition to personal considerations, the black scholar may decide that he can do a better job for black studies in his own discipline—working from within its structure rather than from without. If you are going to convince a colleague who has been teaching American literature for the past thirty years that Ralph Ellison belongs in his course, then you had better be prepared to cite chapter and verse on Ellison's symbolism, his treatment of the *Bildungsroman* theme, and his use of Shakespearian punning, and to cite them in the only language that he can understand. If he's a dinosaur, he's not going to listen; if he isn't, he may listen, but only if he knows you as a scholar.

That, of course, raises another question: Is it essential, or even important, to "integrate" the white courses of a white college? The answer is that it is, both to prevent reinforcing the already distorted ideas of white students and also because the college's black students cannot live on black studies alone; they are going to be in that American literature course also.

Black studies courses per se should be kept as few as possible: perhaps an introductory course to attune the students to the various themes of black studies, preparatory courses for off-campus experiences (community work, black institutes, study at African or southern colleges), the off-campus experiences themselves, and a senior seminar that would allow the student to correlate his educational experiences and produce works of black scholarship. Other black courses (history, literature, drama, et cetera) would be taught in the departments.

What, then, becomes of the relationship of the black faculty to the black studies program? It is a relationship that must be intensified rather than diminished. The black faculty must, *de jure* or *de facto,* become the trustees of black scholarship within

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the college. Black faculty and black students, meeting regularly, must plan and shape the individual departmental course offerings into an integrated whole. To this planning the black faculty would bring its own personal experience as well as knowledge of the activities of other institutions. The black students would have a regular forum in which to communicate directly, to those most concerned, their own perceptions of the way in which their education is working and failing to work for them, the strengths and weaknesses of the studies offered by black and white faculty alike. The black faculty member, then, can turn back to his individual discipline and, with the weight of the college's black community behind him, utilize his votes and his influence in the individual departments and in the academic machinery as a whole to make the institutions more responsive, and responsible, to black studies. This group must also reach out to make mutually beneficial contacts and alliances with other minority groups—Chicanos, native Americans, women—and also with those whites who have demonstrated a *genuine* interest in and sensitivity to black students.

Obviously, this is no easy task. At the very least it gives to the black faculty member committee responsibilities that are heavier than those of his colleagues. Still more difficult is the fact that it calls for unity—not necessarily unanimity—of the campus's black community, but only that kind of unity, that kind of effort, will keep white colleges from drifting back into that all-is-for-the-best-in-this-best-of-all-possible-worlds attitude that black studies were designed to break down in the first place.

Again, it may be asked why we ought to care about what goes on at white campuses. Students at southern black colleges have sent out a "come home" call to their "brothers and sisters on foreign soil," which, presumably, would include faculty brothers and sisters; and recent black colleges (Chicago's Malcolm X is just one example) have been established or revitalized with stunning effect on the academic ethos as a whole. Yet the fact remains that, just as Meharry and Howard cannot alone produce doctors in the quantity desperately needed by black America, black colleges simply do not have the physical capacity to educate fifty percent of the black students now undergraduates across the nation. And

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anyone planning to talk George Wallace or William Waller into massive expansion of Montgomery State or Alcorn A. & M. had best carry a long spoon. For the foreseeable future, the majority of black youths is going to be educated in predominantly white colleges, and it is the job of the black studies program to see to it that there is an acceptive and meaningful black environment in those colleges.

To make certain that that environment is of the highest quality, that black students in white colleges have an opportunity to develop into black scholars, that they have the skills and tools to serve whatever they rationally see as their best long-range interests —this must be the function of black studies.

And for that reason, black studies must plan to survive phase two by toning its own muscles, by meeting the traditional standards of scholarship, intellectual honesty and mental discipline of *all* universities, from that of Timbuktu onward. It must maintain its own integrity while ending its self-imposed isolation, joining with those who have mutual concerns, cooperating freely in those areas where cooperation is possible, finding the routes around those areas where it is not. It must give its fair share to the communal life of the college and demand its fair share from the college. It must learn to work the power lines of administrative offices, curriculum committees and academic senates, and it must make its voice heard on all issues that affect the college as a whole, not only those of its parochial concerns.

We have had a period of rather lazy luxury in which we could sit in a corner and do our own thing, supported by the college with the tacit understanding that they wouldn't bother us if we wouldn't bother them. Economically and intellectually, that period of luxury is over.

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I Shall Not Return

Robert Simeon Adams

I shall not return
To that old house
Where I am ghost.

I do not yearn
For the touch and burn
I knew but once.

I have perished
In an hour
More than thrice.

I have been torn,
And reborn,
And have been bare,

And shred by winds
As sharp as thorn.

The swift engaging hinds
With whom I raced
Held up my face;

And greatly passed
Was all I was.
I am replaced
By brighter stuff.

I shall not return
To die. Anywhere
Will be enough.

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Visit

(for R. S. A., 1897-1950)

Hazard Adams

When we came back to Richwood in 'thirty-eight
it was August: The corn swam gold through the fields
and the sun sank all day in the vat of the land.
As the month held the air down thick over Main Street
my grandfather strode toward us, waiting on a corner
a block from his boardinghouse room.

His horses had all ambled somewhere as far
as Boise; the lambs were all fattened, sheep shorn.
Another man's dogs had hurried in the cows.
In these afternoons summer slowed, almost stopped.
His wife had been years in the grave at Radnor.
There were strangers on the farm.

My mother was observing only yesterday that
for a moment at least he seemed to see me
in the long-shadowed light that filtered the dust
perhaps an explorer worth an investment
of some vague message he might offer softly
to a world he would not know.

Cocking his eye and ironic with questions
of Indians and bears, Clark, Lewis, Jim Hill,
he watched me straw a soda, straddling a coke chair,

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then talked slowly, aimless, of men moved or dead
outnumbering those, sitting, smoking, watching
from benches the shadowing sun.

Next we sat some minutes, embarrassed perhaps,
but the sun dipped sharp under a great green awning:
having come from the West, transplanted and changing,
breathing again the musk of this season,
hand on my arm, rising, you found
that goodbye was a summary phrase.

Late in the week in another county
we rummaged antique shops, back rooms, and lots,
you busy scraping old paint down to maple.
We garnered a chair badly sat-through and painted,
a Hepplewhite table with drop leaves intact
and good blown-glass bottles.

The Richwood *Gazette* recorded that week
amidst news of auctions, the Grange, and the races
its passion for all of Main Street's traffic,
that Simeon Adams, born and raised here,
and his son had visited Frank L. Adams,
a lifelong resident of our county.

The fields are still sere in the summer suns,
which still stripe the street through great sailing elms.
A large neon sign marks the drugstore's front.
New faces watch from the street's wooden benches.
Those obsolete coke chairs from which we rose
have accrued antique value—

like my grandfather's meanings, for which I search
amid old kettles, kitchen tables, cracked bowls,

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thinking there may be out there in the back room
an occasional desk where some scrap of paper,
some message remains undelivered in a drawer
ghostly with words.

Back at Radnor the grass is trimmed and edged.
There are thicker maples and many more graves,
among them my grandfather's, his wife's, and yours.
Oh yes, in the drugstore where we had sat
there are no chairs, no sodas, no cones.
It is modern and strictly self-service.

✪ From 1934 until his death, ROBERT SIMEON ADAMS was headmaster of the Lakeside School in Seattle, Washington. His poems appeared in many periodicals, and a collection of them, *Poems,* was published in 1952 by Bobbs-Merrill. HAZARD ADAMS, his son, is vice-chancellor for academic affairs at the University of California, Irvine. His latest novel is *The Truth About Dragons.*

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Reminiscences of a Print Collector

LESSING J. ROSENWALD

SHORTLY BEFORE WORLD WAR II, I received a letter that is typical of many communications—often from perfect strangers—that I have had over the years. This one said simply:

My Dear Mr. Rosenwald:
Would you like to buy my father's collection of prints?
Sincerely,
Walter Aufhäuser

In this case I replied that in all probability I would not be interested, but that I could not give him a definite answer without knowing what his father collected. Months passed before I received a long list of the prints his father owned, together with all known reference numbers. It was staggering—fifteenth and early sixteenth-century woodcuts and metalcuts. These were all *Einblattdrüke,* prints done on one side of the paper with no typographical text appearing on either side. Almost all of them were of a religious character, so it is probably safe to assume that they were sold to pilgrims for a few pennies, in much the same way that picture postcards are sold to tourists today. In a similar fashion, most of them disappeared in a short time. Those that survived were preserved only because they were pasted on the inside covers of books. All of them are of the greatest rarity.

My correspondent's father, Martin Aufhäuser, was a well-known German-Jewish banker in Munich, who had been buying only this type of print for a great many years. Patiently, one by one, he had bought these whenever they came up for sale. Martin

✪ This article includes three sections from LESSING J. ROSENWALD's memoirs of more than forty years as a collector of rare books and prints. Specimens from his collection can be seen in the Library of Congress and the National Gallery of Art.

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Aufhäuser always used the same agent, and in these transactions the buyer's name was never disclosed. The prints were never exhibited, and were never even shown; in fact, his immediate family was unaware of the collection. One may well imagine that such a group of prints represented the investment of a sizable fortune.

When Hitler came to power, Mr. Aufhäuser felt that the time had come to ship his prints out of Germany. But this would be no easy task, because he would have to get an export license and pay a tax. When he had the prints appraised by a German official, he was greatly surprised at the low value placed on them. Fearing that this might be a trap, he took the precaution of notifying the appraiser that he had actually paid more than the appraised value. The reply was, "If you paid more than the value I put on them, you were just stuck." The tax was paid and the prints were shipped to Holland, where they were at the time of Walter Aufhäuser's letter to me.

Upon receiving this list, I immediately wrote to Walter Aufhäuser expressing my keen interest. I explained that I could not tell him definitely whether or not I would buy the prints until I could see them; I knew that in many cases, prints were so damaged or so dirty that they were of little value. I added that I hoped it would be possible to ship the collection to the United States and said that if this could be done, I would welcome the opportunity to see them.

During the summer of 1939 a young man arrived at my home carrying a parcel which in shape and size resembled a package he might have picked up at the delicatessen. Walter Aufhäuser introduced himself and said, "Well, the prints finally arrived." He took me by surprise, and as I welcomed him, I looked at the bundle with fear and trepidation. My anxiety proved groundless, however, for inside the package each print was carefully enclosed in its own glassine bag.

I could hardly wait to look at these treasures, and when I did look at them, my excitement mounted. I could not believe what I saw; I doubted my own expertise. How had it been possible to assemble such a great number of splendid prints—three hundred

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Christ on the Mount of Olives. Anonymous Upper Rhine. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. Rosenwald Collection. This fifteenth-century woodcut and the one on the opposite page are in the collection that Mr. Rosenwald bought from Martin Aufhäuser.

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Christ at the Column with Saint Bridget. Anonymous Suabian, fifteenth century. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. Rosenwald Collection.

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and seventeen of them, all of the utmost rarity, and in impeccable condition? A truly remarkable achievement.

And how was I to go about negotiating for such a prize? I thought that my wisest procedure was to be forthright and to tell Walter Aufhäuser that I believed this to be an almost unique collection, and that if his father wanted to put a price on these prints consistent with their true value, I could not afford to purchase the collection. The younger Aufhäuser had no more idea than I did what price his father wished to ask for them. I told him to find out, but to make it clear that I did not wish to bargain. I felt that his father had had more than enough trouble already.

We decided that I would keep the prints while he obtained the information. In the meantime, I would examine the prints carefully and determine what my limit was. There was no possible way for me to proceed by analyzing each print. I therefore used the very poor and unorthodox method of dividing them up into large, medium and small, and putting an arbitrary value on each size. I was truly ashamed to use such a system on such valuable examples, but I could devise no better way. I arrived at a sum that I knew to be too low, but that I felt was my limit.

When Mr. Aufhäuser returned, I learned that his father's price was rightfully much higher than my figure. We tried by all manner of means to come to some arrangement through which I could purchase part of the collection within my limit. Nothing offered a satisfactory solution.

Finally I suggested that the only possible way out of the impasse was to settle on a price midway between our two figures. If his father would come down to this figure, I would have to stretch my limit to meet it, providing that my opinion of the collection was confirmed by Paul Sachs, codirector of Harvard's Fogg Museum, a longtime personal friend and an avid collector himself. (He was a world-recognized authority of the highest integrity.) Walter Aufhäuser accepted this proposal at once and went off to cable his father, who was then in Holland.

I called Paul Sachs at his summer home in the Adirondacks and told him that I needed his advice. As was his custom, he told me to come right up. I left on the night train and arrived at Elizabeth-

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town early the next morning, and by ten o'clock Paul and I had the collection spread out in the summerhouse where we could talk and look undisturbed.

Paul was, by nature, an enthusiast. In this instance he could hardly contain himself and finally blurted out, "Lessing, there just isn't any such thing. In all my years nothing like this has ever come to my attention. It is simply marvelous; if you never buy another print in your life, you *must* buy these." I felt that my judgment was more than vindicated when I left that evening for New York.

On my arrival I found that Martin Aufhäuser had accepted my proposal and I wrote out a check immediately. They were mine—what a thrill and what a coup! I had each print marked on the reverse with a special collector's mark that included both Mr. Aufhäuser's initials and mine, thus keeping his collection intact within my own. With this purchase added to those I already owned, I now had one of the largest and most important group of prints in this category—some six hundred examples.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Aufhäuser had been forced to flee Germany in fear of their lives. They were unable to bring anything with them. At first they settled in Holland, where they were when the Nazi hordes invaded that country. From then on they were among the countless emigrés fleeing the advancing armies. They barely managed to escape, and under frightful difficulties finally reached Lisbon, where they were able to get passage to the United States. En route from New York to California, they stopped off in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, as our houseguests. Mr. Aufhäuser was tremendously pleased to see that his collection was being maintained intact by means of the special collector's mark.

Of all the Aufhäusers' wealth, the only thing they salvaged was the sum that I had paid for the fifteenth and sixteenth-century woodcuts and metalcuts, and this, fortunately, was enough to maintain them in moderate comfort. Mr. Aufhäuser died three years later in Los Angeles.

*

One fifteenth-century woodcut of mine has been a puzzler from many angles, particularly as to the place of origin. It has been

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shown to many experts both here and abroad, and there has been no unanimity of opinion. I believe that the matter has been settled finally, and it seems appropriate to tell here how the mystery was solved.

Although I refer to a single piece, there are actually two woodcuts that were printed from the same block, but they are not identical. They were preserved by being mounted on the inside covers of books. They are large: one measures 341 millimeters by 251 millimeters, and the other measures 332 millimeters by 242 millimeters. The reason for this is that the cover of the book was smaller than the prints, and so they were trimmed to fit. By good luck, one is cut off at the top and the other at the bottom. With the two taken together we know that the originals were 371 millimeters by 265 millimeters. These cuts are colored, as is usual with prints of this period. In this instance, however, they were colored by stencils rather than by the usual one-by-one method. I know of only three other examples: two at the Metropolitan Museum and another illustrated in a 1955 catalogue of H. P. Kraus.

One of the tantalizing features is a prominent shield with a picture of a two-handled saw. On either side of the shield are the initials J—CRO, which could stand for many things, for example, Jesu Christo, or Juan Cromberger, a well-known early Spanish printer. Because of the religious nature of the print, it seemed likely that the initials referred to Christ. The shield with the saw did not suggest anything helpful; nevertheless, it had to be taken as a clue.

It happened that one day I was going through a book catalogue and found in it a printer's device showing a madonna and child. Strangely enough, the Christ child was holding a saw just like the one in my print. The woodcut in the catalogue was in a book printed by Juan Luschner, who had a shop in Montserrat in Catalonia, Spain. Upon investigating this unusual device, I learned that there was an old legend that when Christ was born, he sawed the mountain into serrated peaks, and that this was how Montserrat got its name, "Sawed Mountain." This lead seemed too good to be overlooked. Since my wife Edith and I were going to Madrid, we had a good excuse to visit Barcelona, near which the Monastery

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of Montserrat is located. Through the good offices of President Hesburgh, of Notre Dame, I obtained an introduction to the abbot of the monastery. Prior to my departure I sent full-size color transparencies of both versions of the print, outlined my problem and supposition, and gave the approximate date of my arrival.

When we reached Barcelona, I learned that the abbot had left for Rome about two weeks earlier. This was explained in a story that I cannot vouch for. Barcelona is the capital of Catalonia, and its inhabitants are all intensely chauvinistic. To them, Catalonia is a distinct, old area, with its own language, newspapers, books and traditions. They do not like to be considered Spaniards, and in many respects they are hostile to the Spanish government. I went into a large bookstore and found practically everything there to be in Catalan. The abbot, so the story went, was the epitome of this chauvinism to the extent that he would not read any communication addressed to him unless it was in the Catalan language. For this reason he was a thorn in the side of Generalissimo Franco. At last Franco had taken steps to have the abbot invited to visit the Holy See, and it was generally believed that his visit would be a permanent one.

In spite of this, we went to the monastery. Its location is fantastic, and it is hard to believe that this great edifice, perched high up in the mountains, could have been rebuilt after its complete destruction during the Napoleonic wars. The "sawed mountains" are a sight never to be forgotten. We were most courteously received at the monastery, and they were fully prepared for our visit. All of my papers had been turned over to Father Anscari Mundo, who joined us in our preliminary meeting in the reception room. Father Mundo and I then went to the library together, and Edith waited for us in the reception room. (That room and the chapel are the only places where females are allowed.)

Father Mundo convinced me immediately that the saw in my print could not indicate Montserrat because that tool was emblematic of the monastery only when it was pictured in the hand of the Christ child—never alone. The only possible religious symbolism of the saw was that Saint Joseph was a carpenter.

But this did not satisfy the good father; he was an excellent

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scholar and very well trained. My problem had become his problem. Because the saw was inscribed on a shield, we thought that it could be connected to a crest of royalty. Father Mundo showed me all the royal crests that might be applicable, but none of them satisfied either of us. Still, he was not discouraged in the least and felt confident that further study would result in an answer to the problem. We said goodbye in a spirit of mutual friendship, and, on my part, with great respect and admiration.

Toward evening, just as we prepared to return to Barcelona, a heavy fog drifted down over the mountains and settled over the monastery. We couldn't see twenty feet before us. This was no time to descend the steep and winding road down to the sea, so we decided to stay in the charming little hotel that forms part of the complex. It was a great experience. We visited the little museum where I was surprised to see Riguad's portrait of La Fontaine, which has been made famous by the much-cherished Fermiers Generaux edition of *Les Contes*. At vesper services we thoroughly enjoyed the Gregorian chants sung by the chorus of priests and acolytes. The following morning was bright and sunny, ideal for the spectacular trip back to Barcelona.

After my return home, early in the summer, I received a letter from my friend Father Mundo. Because the scholarship is so evident and the result so excellent, I quote the pertinent extract verbatim:

> I am not yet quite sure on the attribution of the xylographic of the saint Franciscan preacher. No doubt the philacteries of the four Evangelists are from an Eastern Provençal country (especially the form "Matiu" is neither Catalan, nor French or Italian).
>
> I should say the landscape is a fluvial one, and the two rivers would be the Rhone and the Saone at their confluence in Lyon. The old city of Lyon was in a peninsula with some hills: Croix-Rousse, les Terreaux at the right side, and the mount of Fourvières at the background. A

Saint Bonaventure Arriving and Preaching at Lyon(?) Anonymous Lyon or Savoy France(?) National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. Rosenwald Collection.

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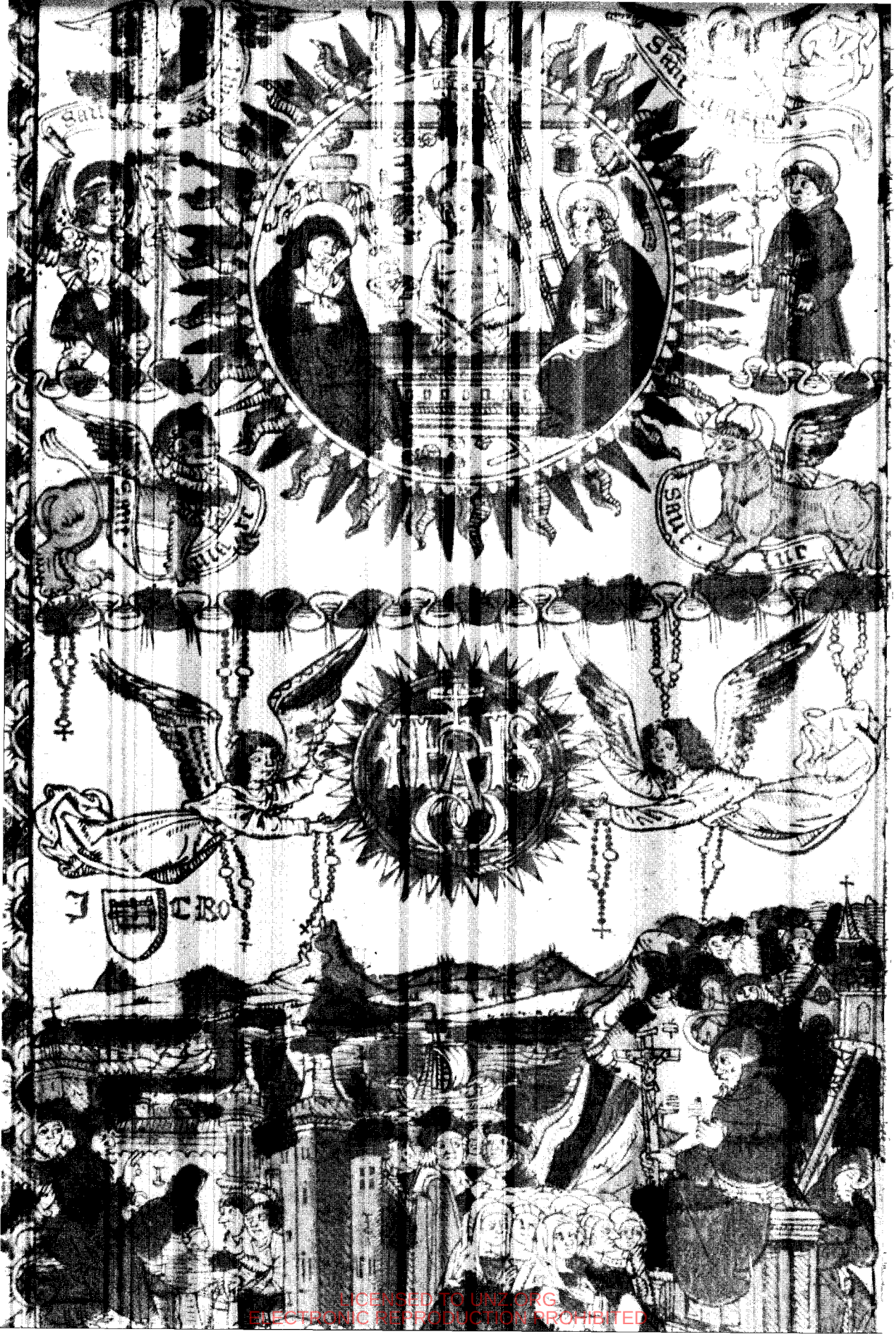

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church with two round windows at the front is to be seen on the right side: it is probably the Gothic church of Saint Bonaventure. The door of the city was the top of the long bridge "de la Guillotière," arriving from Savoy and Italy.

I venture to say the Franciscan saint at the right above is Bonaventure. He preached at Lyon on 1274 and he died there July 13 of the same year, during the II Council of Lyon, the XIV ecumenical. The scene below represents probably the saint arriving and preaching in Lyon. I would not be surprised if this incunable leaf has been printed after the St. Bonaventure's canonization (April 14, 1482), perhaps around 1485 at Lyon itself. The church represented at right side was formerly named by St. Francis; but after the canonization of Bonaventure it took his name.

Referring to J—CRO, perhaps it is possible to find a clue. In the sixteenth century there was a family of printers in Lyon called (Jacques) Crozet, and another one called Jean Assoult, dit Crotton (Croto, Crouthon). See H. Baudrier, *Bibliographie Lyonnaise.* Recherches sur les imprimeurs, librairies, relieurs. . . . de Lyon au XVI siècle, lère série, Lyon-Paris 1895 p. 12-13, 109. Another printer, Jean Faure, dit Farfant, used to have a Saint Bonaventure with the same attributes there are in your print (Baudrier, Xe série, 1913, p. 331).

It is all I can say on your very fine incunable print.

Yours sincerely,
Anscari M. Mundo

It is very difficult for me to believe that this exposition is anything but logical and correct, and I accept it as conclusive. It is still difficult for me to comprehend how Father Mundo, a monk in an almost isolated monastery in southeastern Spain, could possess the knowledge and imagination necessary to solve a riddle that has baffled many of the most competent art historians.

*

In 1938 I received a letter from an old friend, Dr. Erwin Rosenthal, from Lugano. I had known him for years when he and his wife were living in the United States, and from him I purchased most of my miniatures. He was not only a dealer of long standing and high repute, but also a recognized scholar of international standing. His letter stated that he was sending on approval

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an exceptionally rare book; he was not the owner of it, but was authorized to dispose of it.

The book arrived. It was both rare and important. The title: *Monte Sancto di Dio,* by Antonio Bettini. It was printed in Florence in 1477 and it is important because it is the first book that we know of to contain engraved illustrations—three of them. It is possible that the original drawings were made by Botticelli. I knew the book well, because I owned, unfortunately, a very poor copy, with restored engravings and "sunburned" paper. (It is rare that I acquire such a miserable copy and I did so in this case only because I did not believe that I would ever find a good one.)

The copy Dr. Rosenthal sent me was in pristine condition and was a joy to behold. The only difficulty was the price—it was, to say the least, exorbitant. I replied that I already owned a poor copy and would like to buy the one he sent if I could get it at a reasonable price. Would he please ask the owner if he would sell it at a substantially lower price? In due course I received a reply that the price quoted was the lowest possible. In any case, whether I purchased the book or not, I was to hold it for the owner until conditions in Europe improved.

I wrote that I would be glad to keep it, as requested, but that I was not going to purchase it at the quoted price. I would give it the same care as I gave my own books, but I would not, under any condition, be liable for it. This was thoroughly understood by all parties concerned.

I wrapped the book carefully and placed it with materials that others had sent to me for safekeeping. There it lay for several years, untouched. One day I was looking through a catalogue and saw a description of this book together with a plate of a page of text. In this illustration, I noticed in the lower margin a penciled letter *t*. I went to the book that I held in safekeeping and turned to the page that I had seen in the catalogue; wonder of wonders, there was the penciled letter *t* in the exact same spot. This, of course, identified the owner. The book belonged to Tammaro De Marinis of Florence.

De Marinis was well known as half dealer, and half collector—there was no real distinction. He would sell willingly any book

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from either his commercial venture or his collection, if he could get a high price for it. I do not like these dealer-collector books because they are always tainted by the price tag.

The discovery of the owner's identity put me in a very unpleasant and embarrassing position. De Marinis was an Italian citizen and therefore, at that time, an enemy alien. Under ordinary circumstances I should have reported my custodianship much earlier to the alien property custodian. I thought that I was in a sorry plight. I called a lawyer friend in Washington who was in the government service, told him the story, and asked what I should do. He told me that he would have a representative of the alien property custodian come up to see me and that between us we could determine the proper course to pursue.

When the gentleman appeared, I showed him all my correspondence, described how I had accidentally discovered the book's owner, and assured him that I had taken prompt action as soon as I knew that the book was the property of an enemy alien. He explained to me that because Italy was by this time out of the war, I could legally do one of two things. I could turn the book over to the alien property custodian, in which case he would advertise it for sale, and unquestionably, I could buy it for a fraction of the asking price. On the other hand, I could continue to retain it for the owner. I chose the latter course, partly from a sense of integrity and also because I thought that my having saved the book for De Marinis would make him amenable to selling it for a reasonable figure.

It was not until 1948 that Dr. Rosenthal visited me while he was en route to Europe. I told him the whole story and asked him to use his good offices to convince De Marinis of his obligation to me. Shortly thereafter I received a cable: "Price originally quoted is the lowest that can be considered. If you do not wish to purchase, return immediately." I was furious—not one word of thanks for saving his book and caring for it for ten years. I packed the book immediately and sent it air mail, insured, collect, at a cost of one hundred forty dollars. I never did get over my bitterness. De Marinis was known to be very wealthy, and it was rumored that during the German occupation of Italy, he lived like royalty. I had no reason to sympathize.

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Several years later, when Edith and I were in Florence, the United States consul asked if he could give a cocktail party for us. We were delighted to accept. When we arrived we were surprised to see that almost everyone in the book field was there and that the United States cultural attaché had come up from Rome. In the receiving line, who should be introduced to us but Signor and Signora De Marinis—heretofore perfect strangers to us. I gave them the most frigid nod I could summon, a noticeable brush-off.

As I was talking to one of the guests, Signora De Marinis came up to me and said, "The Maestro would like to talk to you in the other room." I excused myself and went to see him. I could not speak Italian, nor he English. We had to compromise on French, but I knew that I could never convey what I wanted to say to him in that language. I impressed into service the cultural attaché, briefly explaining the circumstances. I asked him to translate to De Marinis *exactly* what I said, which I am sure—for good reason—he did not do.

The thrust of my statement was that if he appreciated what I had done for him, he would quote a reasonable price, and that if he still adhered to his initial offer, I would consider him nothing more than a bastard—net. He chose the latter. I never got the book, but I never regretted my decision to conserve his book for him. I still had to live with my conscience.

This was the only unpleasant experience I ever had in collecting. Since the occurrence, I have never purchased knowingly any book that originated in the shop or collection of De Marinis, and I never will.

I had one slight, doubtful pleasure from a rumor that I could never verify, although I hope it is true. As I heard it, a "runner" from a dealer called on De Marinis to ask if he had any books for sale. De Marinis pointed to the corner and said, "There are some odds and ends you can have if you wish." The runner purchased them for a song. One of these "odds and ends" turned out to be a Bible that was printed in Ferrara about 1485 and had all its margins filled with manuscript commentary. This book proved to be the Bible that had belonged to Savonarola, and the marginal comments—approximately twenty thousand lines in his

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own handwriting—formed the basis for many of the tracts he published in the following decade in Florence. This Bible reportedly was sold in Ferrara for thirty-five thousand dollars.

A postscript: Edith and I had been members of the International Society of Bibliophiles for several years, and had attended their meetings every other year. In 1969 the society met in Venice with Signor De Marinis as honorary president. At the opening session, Signor De Marinis went out of his way to make complimentary remarks about me. After the session, several of the members, who knew the whole story, urged me to bury the hatchet. Grudgingly, I did so. De Marinis died the following year at the age of ninety.

One of the exhibitions at that convention was the library of Count Cini. There, once more, I had the pleasure (or aggravation) of seeing "my" *Monte Sancto di Dio* in the splendid company of a superb collection.

Monte Sancto di Dio. Antonio Bettini. Florence, N. Laurenti, 1477. Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. Rosenwald Collection.

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The Image of Man in Encounter Groups

SIGMUND KOCH

MANY SOCIAL CRITICS HAVE BEEN CONCERNED about the tendency of modern man—especially American man—to prize images, pictures, more than the realities for which they "stand." Some fifteen years ago, I had the melancholy accident of falling through a then prevailing picture of psychology—one that contained some of the cant premises of what I now think to be the bad metaphor of "psychological science." Like most images, this one got out of phase with reality, and with its initial intention, almost as soon as it was formed.

Scientific psychology was stipulated into life in the late nineteenth century. That intensely optimistic age, understandably dazzled by the apparent cognitive and technological fruits of the natural sciences, decided to try out a hopeful new strategy: that of extending the methods of natural science to all human and social problems. At the very beginning, there was some degree of realism about the magnitude and difficulties of such a task. But the *image* had been created, and in almost no time at all the ever-autistic character of man under challenge asserted itself. The hypothesis was soon prejudged! The *hope* of a psychological science became indistinguishable from the *fact* of psychological science. The entire subsequent history of psychology can be seen as a ritualistic endeavor to emulate the forms of science in order to sustain the delusion that it already *is* a science.

As a result, the inability of anyone—whether psychologist or

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his grateful lay victim—to fix the limits of the metaphor known as "psychological science" has, in my opinion, been close to catastrophic throughout the century. Strange things happen when image is seen as fact! Numbers are assigned to hundreds of millions of people in the line of intelligence, personnel, or educational "measurement" with little regard for their meaning and none for their effects on the dignity, self-image, or practical fate of the victims. Vagrant guesses about the importance of permissiveness, fondling, breastfeeding, social reinforcement, and the potentialities of teaching machines or computerized instruction, are allowed to influence whole eras of parental and educational practice. Dime-a-dozen "breakthroughs" are applied wholesale to the "cure" of the mentally disturbed: exotic little interventions like partial destruction of the frontal lobes with an ice pick, malarial-, insulin- or electro-shock. For the less refractory disorders, or just for soul-expanding kicks, psychological "science" has available its endless armamentarium of "psychotherapies," most of them devised with minimal concern for whether the presumably neurosis-free or expanded person who emerges has not also been freed of large areas of his personhood.

But what is perhaps worse than any single symptom of psychological science, is the demeaning image of man himself at the basis of its presumably tough-minded conceptualizations, an image that mankind cannot but accept and strive to emulate because of its association with the iconology of science. In its austere form, it depicts man as a stimulus-response mechanism or, worse, a mere mathematical point of intersection between stimulus and response processes, and steered by socially "manipulated" rewards and punishments. According to this form of the image, the laws of human and social "behavior" can be derived from rigorous study of the variables controlling the rate at which a hungry rat in a small, dark box presses a lever to obtain tiny pellets of food. The more sophisticated and recent form of the image holds man to be an information-processing entity operating on the principles of a binary digital computer programmed to conform to payoff criteria similar to the rewards of the previous case.

Both of the "images of man" that I have just sketched (and other slightly varied ones) are products of the tradition of *behav-*

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iorism, which for sixty years has maintained hegemony, especially in this country. The first of the images mentioned is representative of what might be called *explicit behaviorism,* while the second—which is now beginning to supplant older forms of behaviorism—might be called *crypto-behaviorism.* The behaviorisms are an especially pure assertion of man's reality-defiling propensities in that they achieve (by arbitrary stipulation) the complete liquidation of psychology's subject matter: the elimination, as legitimate or even meaningful objects of study, of both experience and mind. Even the brain is proscribed, as unclean and somehow fictive, by certain long-influential forms of behaviorism, including Skinner's. The computerized version restores a brain in some sort, but tidies it up by insisting that it be reduced wholly to transistors, magnetic "cores" and miles of interstitial wire.

By the mid-fifties, an appreciable number of psychologists had become restive over the behaviorisms and were searching for more significant professional and human commitments. At about this time, Abraham Maslow, who had long complained about the "means-centeredness" and scientism of psychology and who was discovering existentialism, called for a "third force" in psychology. Fairly soon, such a group—calling themselves "humanistic psychologists"—began to emerge. Initially, it seemed a motley group with heterogeneous interests.

By a process that no one has yet chronicled in a coherent way, the interests of this group soon began to concentrate on various of the approaches to group therapy, which had been multiplying profusely since the twenties. The pre-"humanist" tradition in group therapy took its conceptual inspiration primarily from psychoanalysis and various of the "depth" psychologies. By the mid-fifties, however, a number of group approaches to therapy (or therapy-like changes of individuals and groups), based on principles of "group dynamics" and other nondepth psychological schemes, were in the air. Drawing their ideas from these and other scattered sources (especially, a variety of loose interpretations of existential philosophy, but also client-centered therapy, psychodrama, sensitivity training, dance therapy, Gestalt therapy, relaxation methods), the humanistic psychologists proceeded to experiment with an ever-widening range of eclectic mixes.

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Today the group movement has become the most visible manifestation of psychology on the American scene. Carl Rogers has said that the encounter group may be the most important social invention of the century. Within psychology, it has captured the interest of an overwhelming majority of the students and investigators who wish to maintain contact with a human subject matter. It is tremendously important that we assess its message, impact, meaning—its "image of man."

It is my assessment that the group movement is the most extreme excursion thus far of man's talent for reducing, distorting, evading and vulgarizing his own reality. It is also the most poignant exercise of that talent, for it seeks and promises to do the very reverse. It is adept at the image-making maneuver of evading human reality in the very process of seeking to discover and enhance it. It seeks to court spontaneity and authenticity by artifice; to combat instrumentalism instrumentally; to provide access to experience by reducing it to a packaged commodity; to engineer autonomy by group pressure; to liberate individuality by group shaping. Within the lexicon of its concepts and methods, openness becomes transparency; love, caring and sharing become a barter of "reinforcements" or perhaps mutual ego-titillation; aesthetic receptivity or immediacy becomes "sensory awareness." It can provide only a grotesque simulacrum of every noble quality it courts. It provides, in effect, a convenient psychic whorehouse for the purchase of a gamut of well-advertised existential "goodies": authenticity, freedom, wholeness, flexibility, community, love, joy. One enters for such liberating consummations but settles for psychic striptease.

There is no question of *proof* in relation to such matters. It is a question of *seeing,* of the fidelity of our perception of the human condition—and this kind of question is as old as the history of man and will never be finally resolved. But the history of the humanities has already given us many differentiated, sensitive, ardent visions of the human condition. All of us, I think, are capable of significantly sharing in, and even extending, this noncounterfeit kind of vision—but that only comes the hard way, the way that involves fear, trembling, loneliness, discipline, gallantry, humor and a loving, if ironic, sense of the dimension of human imperfectibility.

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The autisms of those who want it the *easy* way have put them out of touch with the differentiated content of the significant visions in man's heritage; worse, they are out of contact with the intricate and delicately contoured meanings of some of the best—as well as some of the plainest—words in our language. They nevertheless use these words incessantly, with the best of intentions, but in debased, vulgarized, schematic ways. For them, words like openness, honesty, awareness, freedom, trust, growth, feeling, experience, form a simplistic conceptual abacus which they manipulate and apply in mechanical, repetitive, incantatory fashion. To convince people who reside within this framework of its impoverished character is like asking for a change of sensibility.

I *could* start with a collection of horror stories about the grave human crises, indeed tragedies, that have been precipitated by membership in one or another kind of "human potential" group, but that is not my main concern. In "Group Therapy: Let the Buyer Beware" (one of the most reasonable articles about the movement I have seen), one group leader, E. L. Shostrom, presents a roundup of representative suicides, breakdowns and divorces precipitated by injudicious shopping. He proceeds to develop seven guidelines for the floundering shopper in the form of specific "nos" that should discourage him from either joining, or remaining in, an encounter group. These "nos" cut a very wide swath indeed, and call for exceptional discriminative powers, if not prescience, on the part of the intending grouper. One of the "nos," for instance, "Never join an encounter group on impulse," explains to the shopper that any "important crisis in your life . . . deserves reflection" and enjoins him to be "doubly cautious" if "you are sanely suspicious of your grasp on reality." To apply such a rule effectively presupposes a remission of the condition that invites its application. Were such a criterion met, I would still doubt that the shopper, or even a committee consisting of his mother, psychiatrist and priest, could make this discrimination with accuracy.

What concerns me about the group movement far more deeply than its toll in human crises is the image of man it has purveyed to man. The central horror of the history of psychology is that distorted images of human reality are soon accommodated by the reality that the images distort. Perhaps more frightening than the

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failures consequent upon participation in groups is the rich reported yield of "successes." The principal toll of the movement is in the reducing and simplifying impact upon the personalities and sensibilities of those who emerge from the group experience with an enthusiastic commitment to its values.

Perhaps the best way for me to explicate this judgment is to present excerpts from a vignette of my impressions upon accidentally wandering into a national meeting of the American Association for Humanistic Psychology in 1968. I had left psychology for foundation work some four years before and had not kept in touch with the group movement. I included this vignette as a coda to my article on the general plight of psychological science, which was published in *Psychology Today:*

I caught up with the "humanistic psychologists" last fall at the annual American Psychological Association meeting in San Francisco. Here scholarly exposition must give way to reportage. . . . A bit of investigation established that these were members of the Association for Humanistic Psychology, which had been holding its own pre-convention for two days. I learned further that the Association now has some 1,500 members and that there are no professional requirements for membership. The humanistic fervor of the group has been channeled into one activity, variously designated as group therapy, sensitivity training, encounter groups, human potential groups, et cetera. . . . With curiosity thus reinforced, I attended all the humanists' activities that I could at the A.P.A. Convention proper. [I had arrived at the very end of the humanists' separate meeting.] It was not easy because every humanistic audience spilled over into the corridors, unlike the sullen, spare audiences at the non-humanistic events.

By far the largest audience showed up at a symposium in which Paul Bindrim, the originator of "nude-marathon group therapy," spoke and showed a film. Reprints of a magazine report on Bindrim's "breakthrough" were made available. Bindrim had wondered whether what he calls a man's "tower of clothes" is not only a safeguard for privacy but a self-imposed constraint to keep out people he fears. If so, a man who disrobed physically might be better able to disrobe emotionally. The modest Mr. Bindrim refuses to take sole credit for this hypothesis and wishes to share it with Abraham Maslow. Dr. Maslow had speculated that with nudity in groups, "people would go away more spontaneous, less guarded, less defensive, not only about the shape of their behinds, but freer and more innocent about their minds as well."

Bindrim's methods, for the most part, are the standard devices of

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group therapy. He was enthusiastic at the symposium, however, about a therapeutic intervention of his own inspired coinage that he calls "crotch-eyeballing." The crotch, he notes, is the focus of many hang-ups. In particular, three classes: (1) aftermath difficulties of toilet training; (2) masturbation guilts; (3) stresses of adult sexuality. Why not blast all this pathology at once! Thus two group members aid in (as Bindrim says) the "spread-eagling" of a third member and the entire company is instructed to stare unrelentingly and for a good long interval at the offending target area. Each group member is given an opportunity to benefit from this refreshing psychic boost. . . .

Admittedly, Bindrim's is only one of many approaches within the group movement. But all these methods are based on *one* fundamental assumption: that total psychic transparency—total self-exposure—has therapeutic and growth-releasing potential. More generally, they presuppose an ultimate theory of man as socius: man as an undifferentiated and diffused region in a social space inhabited concurrently by all other men thus diffused. Every technique, manipulative gimmick, cherished and wielded by the lovable, shaggy workers in this field is selected for its efficacy for such an end.

This entire, far-flung "human potential" movement is a threat to human dignity. It challenges any conception of the person that would make life worth living, in a degree far in excess of behaviorism. . . . The "human potential" movement obliterates the content and boundary of the self by transporting it out of the organism—not merely to its periphery, but right out into public social space. The force of behaviorism is merely to legislate the inner life out of existence for *science,* while allowing the citizen to entertain the illusion, perhaps even the reality, of having one. Even Skinner gallantly acknowledges a world of "private stimulation."

The "human potentialists," however, are saying in effect that a world of *private* stimulation is unhealthy. They generate a militant rhetoric of anti-rigor and are derisive about the "up-tight," whether in scholarship or life. But as fix-it men to the up-hung, they have a passion for the unending collection and elaboration of group engineering *methods.* They have a barrel of them for every type of hang-up. Have hope!

The moral and logic of the foregoing vignette are too obvious. "Humanistic psychology" started as a revolt against . . . fifty years of reductive behaviorism. In no time at all it achieved a conception of human nature so gross as to make behaviorism seem a form of Victorian sentimentality—which perhaps it was. We have come farther than full circle.

Note that this brief characterization uses a strategy that verges

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on caricature. But let there be no mistake about what "caricature," when responsibly practiced, is: it seeks to reveal *essential* characters of its subject by selection and even exaggeration; it is not a *literal* mode; indeed, it seeks to be in some sense more "true," more revealing, than literal representation. I was certainly not attempting a *summary* of the mountains of prose generated by groupers about their rationale and practice. As I read that literature, I occasionally run into isolated, *en passant* warnings about "overexposure." But very seldom. What I do run into, however, on almost every page, are recommendations, advertisements, celebrations, hymns about the cosmic values of openness, disclosure, exposure, honesty, directness, "letting oneself be known," transparency, and so on. The force of most of the theoretical rhetoric, of virtually *all* of the group-engineering devices, of the experience-protocols of group leaders and members, creates an inescapable conclusion that a belief in the growth-releasing potential of self-exposure *is* a dominant and pervasive premise of the movement. "Self-exposure" *functions* very much like a therapeutic absolute in the work of the movement.

An article in *Psychology Today,* "The Group Comes of Age," by Carl Rogers, which seeks to focus on "certain threads that weave in and out" of "the rich, wild, new tapestry that is the intensive group experience" is an impressive case in point. The threads that he singles out and presents in the rough order of their emergence within the rich, wild tapestry of a group's life (for example, Milling Around, Resistance, Recalled Feelings, Lashing Out, Revealing Self) make it quite clear that in the mind of the thread-unraveler the group process is seen as a kind of Pilgrim's Progress toward the stripping of self. Many of the other "threads" identified by Rogers either have the character of basic changes that are consequent upon the process of psychic stripping (for example, Cracking Masks, Basic Encounter, Positive Closeness), or facilitate the stripping performance (Here-and-Now Trust, Feedback).

I find this same iterative and echolalic concentration upon self-disclosure as the hub, nub, pivot, and growth-releasing agency of the group process in the writings of other leading encounter theorists such as Frederick Stoller, Jack Gibb or William Schutz—in fact, in all accounts of encounter rationale, or method, that have

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come my way. Indeed—if one disregards terminological embroidery and differential turgidity—most accounts of the therapeutic rationale turn out to be remarkably uniform. Growth toward freedom, autonomy, authenticity, spontaneity, expressiveness, flexibility or realization is released by self-disclosure in a group situation in which all of the atmospheric variables militate toward mutual self-definition and the "direct" expression of response (whether hostile, loving or other) by all members to any given member who is in the process of disclosing. When theoretical analysis is attempted, it is customary to point to the joint interplay of reinforcement and feedback in shaping each individual's movement through the group experience. Such variables may be supplemented, in some accounts, by postulating natural healing tendencies that are liberated in individuals by the group process. That is about the size of the rationale, whatever the yardage in which it is conveyed.

Some idea of the fruits of facilitating these growth-releasing dynamics may be derived from Rogers's description of that tapestry thread of his called "Cracking Masks":

> In time, the group finds it unbearable that any member should live behind a mask or a front. Polite words, intellectual understanding of each other and of relationships, the smooth coin of tact and cover-up—amply satisfactory for interactions outside—are just not good enough. . . . Gently at times, almost savagely at others, the group demands that the individual be himself, that his current feelings not be hidden and that he remove the mask of ordinary social intercourse. In one group there was a highly intelligent and quite academic man who had been rather perceptive in his understanding of others but who had revealed himself not at all. The attitude of the group was finally expressed sharply by one member when he said, *Come out from behind the lectern, Doc. Stop giving us speeches. Take off your dark glasses—we want to know YOU.*

Rogers reports that this man looked on the verge of tears during the lunch hour. Then triumphantly: "When the group reconvened the members sensed this and treated him most gently, enabling him to tell us his own tragic personal story, which accounted for his aloofness and his intellectual and academic approach to life."

Is it too much to hope that some may see something frightening

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going on here? Is not the group a bit lecherous in its pursuit of its payoff? Is it not possible that this "perceptive" and contained man was pressured into relinquishing something gallant and proud in his makeup? Is it not conceivable that even *if* disclosure had made him *feel* somewhat better, he had *become* somewhat less?

Some profound questions are raised by this example (incidentally, an innocuous one in comparison to many in the group movement literature). Are all so-called "facades" phony and psychically crippling accretions? Are all surface traits facades? If there is a distinction between a surface trait and a facade, who is to make it? Is every individual or reference group equally competent to do so relative to a given case? Who is qualified to tell Proust to get rid of his fur coat and his hypochondria; Eliot to ditch his reserve; Mann his rather bourgeois surface rigidities; Gide his exhibitionistically asserted homosexuality; Joyce his propensity for occasional fugues of high living; Dylan Thomas his alcoholism and arrogant scrounging? Is the "facilitator," "change agent," "therapist" to be the chap who shouted, "Come out from behind the lectern, Doc"? Is it to be Carl Rogers?

But there are deeper problems here. The concept of *transparency,* as applied by our promoters of human potential, serves grotesquely to mask certain of the most pervasive and potent conditions constitutive of value. Total transparency is constitutive only of nullity, and human beings in the process of approximating or sustaining transparency are among the most boring phenomena in creation. We all have run into those bores who want to apprise you of the entire content of their souls, not to mention the consistency of their feces and their taste in deodorants, within five minutes of having met them. We usually feel guilty over such boredom, for we know that they are sick. Or again, what could be more boring, and even sordid and life-denying, than a spouse, lover or friend who wishes to pass half of each day in salubrious examination of "our" relationship? But the point I am trying to get at is far more subtle and important than such illustrations convey.

We often talk about prizing "depth" rather than "transparency" in people and their artifacts, and elsewhere. But "depth," too, is a rather coarse-grained and unilluminating concept, as gen-

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erally used. A little reflection will show that what we tend to prize maximally in our perception of people, or of art, or the natural world, is a special, difficult-to-specify relationship between surface qualities and interior or depth qualities. Really a *class* of such relationships, for there can be all kinds of complementarities, interactions, stresses, distances, degrees of clarity or of ambiguity in the surface-to-interior relations. Whatever the ultimate analysis of such matters, we are so constituted perceptually and affectively as to derive intense and differentiated value from carriers of such relationships. To take a simple perceptual example, most of us differentially value a color that somehow mysteriously emerges from the depths of an exquisite gem (say a fine tourmaline) as against a color of similar spectral properties in the form of a pigmented surface patch. In every form of art, what we maximally respond to—when we respond competently—is a set of special and complex relationships between surface and interior properties. The much prized "ambiguity" that has been a dominant (but inadequately explicated) aesthetic canon over much of the century probably points to a particular subset of such relations.

Until recently, most of us recognized such qualities of human beings as the charm of certain forms of reticence; the grace of certain kinds of containedness (which need not mean stiffness or rigidity but which *can* be definitive of dignity); the communicative richness of certain forms of understatement, allusiveness, implicativeness; the fetching quality of the kind of modesty that is the outward form of the capacity to prize personhood and to love directionally rather than diffusely. Some of us even used to be charmed by the kind of "openness" that is not transparency (a quality that renders even glass only utilitarian) nor yet hearty and robust explicitness (which is superficial) but, rather, a capacity to focus sensitively, precisely and even vulnerably upon value-laden human and natural objects, and an analogous gift for allowing the self to emerge into focus, without surrender of dignity or modesty, for valued others. When I attempt such baroque specifications of the ineffable, the encounter groupers I know have a propensity for saying, "That is precisely what we mean." They will never convince me—for everything they *do* with groups can only obfuscate, belie and ultimately destroy such distinctions. In

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this endeavor, they can count on plenty of support from other agencies in our culture.

The pursuit of "openness" via self-revelation before an adventitiously assembled group of strangers centers the process of individual self-definition much too heavily upon group response. We have here a simplistic and crass "solution" to the immensely complex and delicate question of the relation of man and society, one which (despite all loving intentions to the contrary) assigns as much weight to the *social* shaping of the individual as do the most rigid theories of social determinism. I suspect that lurking under all this is a deep misconstrual of the concept of democracy—a perversion of it which is widespread in the culture at large. This is the sense of the democratic process as an egalitarian merging of happy, well-met, mutually voyeuring "people," rather than a system of agreements guaranteeing maximal dispersion of social control and minimal invasion upon both self-determination and privacy.

The tendency of encounter groupers to engineer individuation via "feelingful," "direct," and "honest" feedback has already been illustrated by Carl Rogers's description of the archetypal professor who was savagely denuded of his lectern and then gently restored to "health." As another example, I quote an instructive paragraph from an article, "Marathon Group Therapy," by Frederick Stoller:

> When time is compressed as it is in the marathon, the consequences of one's behavior are placed in greater contiguity to the behavior itself. Both the individual and the other with whom he is involved have the opportunity to specify why he invites his particular fate. The assumption is made that the marathon group represents a sample of the world, and one's behavior within the group represents a sample of one's behavior in the world.

This differential assessment of the force and value of real life experience as against encounter group experience is frequent in the group literature. Up to a point it is correct, but this constitutes one of the very grave threats of the group movement. What Stoller says about the force and immediacy of group feedback, under the prevailing conditions of member motivation, group

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objectives, and the leader's structuring, cannot be denied. But it is a dangerous thing for an adventitiously selected group to have this degree of force in controlling the individual's self-image. As we have already seen, the assumption seems to be that any old kind of feedback is fine—regardless of the degree of sensitivity, general quality of sensibility, et cetera, of the feeders. The literature is not encouraging concerning the evidence for such qualifications, whether of the member-feeders or the leader-feeder. The chances for simpleminded, callow, insufficiently considered or reductive shaping of the individual are high.

The obvious defense against this argument is: Are the chances any better in actual life? This is superficial. The chances of winning sensitive "feedback" (I loathe the word) are probably pretty meager, at best, in any context. But in "ordinary" life we are most of the time recipients of multiple and disparate feedbacks; we are protected by this very dishomogeneity from the sense that our essence has been caught and fixed by our assessors. Besides, any given assessment is less likely to be perceived as peremptory; we tend more readily to assess our assessors. We do not "enter" ordinary life, as we do an encounter group, with pat and virtuous expectations of self-clarification or improvement; usually we are merely *there*. In life we may pay for our follies, but we do not commit the folly of buying feedback, at so much per yard, from our friends. Indeed, the dynamics of friendship are such that people receive much of their feedback from individuals of comparable or higher sensitivity, rather than lower. Most persons need heroes in their lives, and there is at least a faint correlation between admiration and admirability.

However inefficient the ordinary conditions of character formation, it is diabolical to make these contingent on group engineering. Moreover, it is the very "effectiveness" of the group situation that is its great danger. The ambiguities and delays in feedback in normal, nonengineered life are safeguards—guardians of the significant (not nominal) form of authenticity that can only be achieved by allowing intrapersonal factors the fullest possible play in development. The capacity for individual transcendence of the group is perhaps the most value-charged gift of the human station.

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I have repeatedly made reference to the gross and debased ways in which encounter groupers use certain humanly precious words of our language. I hope it can now be appreciated that this deficiency is no mere matter of literary or conversational inelegance. If an image of personhood be specified in coarsened terms, then that image is a coarsened one in comparison to the image that might be specified via more sensitive (thus richer) use of the self-same terms. When this degraded image now becomes criterial with respect to the desirable directions of personality change, we can anticipate only a degrading of personhood in the course of efforts to move the person toward such "ideal" qualities.

The words of our natural language stabilize hard-won insights—sometimes extraordinarily salient and delicately contoured insights—into the universe, both the inner universe of experience, and the outer universe. The discriminations preserved and transmitted by natural language form the matrix of all the knowledge that we have. Even the technical languages of science have grown out of natural language, and their interpretation continues to depend on discriminations within the natural language. From such considerations it follows that if a word has stabilized a salient, delicately bounded and humanly valuable discrimination with respect to the universe, then a coarsening or degrading of its usage will entail a loss of actual knowledge. An individual's conception of the application conditions for a word is a fact of sensibility. Coarsening of language means coarsening of knowledge, and a language community that uses language in a coarsened way is a community of coarsened sensibility.

The low-level, mechanical way in which the groupers use glitter-concepts like authenticity, love, autonomy and the rest in the inflated rhetoric that passes for their theory, but that nevertheless controls the selection of their methods and practice, at once reveals and promotes a serious impoverishment of sensibility.

I will conclude with one final example of such crippled and crippling uses of language. In encounter group parlance, "trust" is that homogeneous, gelatinous enzyme secreted by a group that catalyzes the process of self-exposure by decreasing the apparent risk-contingencies. The person will "let himself be known" because his share of the collective ambience of trust gives him a sense

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of safety. And our perspicacious savants have developed certain subtle laws of trust: for instance, if X trusts Y, Y is more likely to trust X, or if X trusts Y, Y is more likely to like X, or again if X trusts Y, Y is more likely to please X (whether by services rendered or in some other way).

I will spare the reader a serious analysis of "trust" and merely indicate that it is no simple notion. Even in the sense that our groupers have somewhere in mind, "trust" (a dictionary form of which is "to do some action, with expectation of safety, or without fear of the consequences") is not an undifferentiated, global matter. I can *trust* someone's good intentions, or his friendliness, or that he will not steal from me, or poison my shredded wheat, or that he will not covet his neighbor's wife, or covet mine, yet *distrust* his capacity to perceive me, or him, or them or it with clarity, delicacy or precision. Again, I can trust X's ability to see me with nicety and in depth, but (perhaps) not his ability or disposition to respond in a way congruent with his perception, or to use his perception of *my* trust in any way that may be congenial, constructive or safety engendering from my point of view. Again, I can trust X to be generally, or in the long run, or fundamentally, decent (or honest), but not that he will not try to work me for all sorts of short-term and local advantages. "Trust," when asserted as between X and Y, is not truly a two-termed relation; when the word is used sensitively, there is actually a third relatum that may appear explicitly or be implicitly conveyed by context. This reflects the human reality that when X trusts Y (and assuming that X can satisfy some weak criterion of rationality), he does so with respect to some finite class of Zs.

More revealing, however, than the groupers' *general* theory of trust is their understanding of it as signalized by one of their favorite "nonverbal communication methods." You all know the device: "trust" is presumably instilled by asking members of a group to fall backward on the assumption that another member stationed behind the faller will catch him. Now, to my febrile mind, this may instructively serve as a screening device for detecting whether the presumptive catcher is a psychopath, but it has nothing to do with trust. Any designated catcher who played the wry practical joke of allowing the faller to crack his head on the

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floor could justly be thought the owner of a character defect. A catcher, however, who did carry out the prescribed function of catching could only be thought, by any intelligent faller, to be a man capable of playing a meaningless game according to prescribed and easily applicable rules, or one minimally equipped with concern for the survival of his fellows quite outside the context of those rules, but the faller would have no warrant for regarding the receiver trustworthy as a recipient of psychic confidences.

The "operational" (or essentially mechanical) definition of trust conveyed by this example exhibits, in especially witless fashion, the deficiency of most so-called "operational definitions." These are essentially definitions by "symptom," and cannot be expected to hold for the relational pattern of symptoms actually constitutive of any reasonably abstract or general concept. All other methods in the copious armamentarium of the encounter groupers have this same garbled relationship to the notions of which they are the purported realization, and thus to the states of affairs that it is hoped they will bring about.

The encounter process is in fact an *extraordinarily ritualized kind of game*. The attempt to accelerate, in the artificially engineered ways at issue, what in real life might be the inefficient but *meaningful* process of self-definition imposes on leader and group members alike a tendency to perceive (that is, to interpret and assess) psychodynamic and internal states in essentially *symptomatic* modes. The range of "evidence" afforded by this artificial situation over its limited time course, and upon which the group must base its shaping and modulating influences, is so *thin* as to enforce the rapid adoption of a crass and simplistic lexicon of symptom-meaning (or phenotype-genotype) correspondences. The essential complexity, indeed ambiguity, of the meanings of human actions and expressions, thus of personhood, is damped out.

Such "simplistic lexicons" may vary in content from group to group, but there are many broadly constant lexical units. Thus, in many encounter groups *joking* or *wit* may automatically be seen as *evasiveness; sleepiness, boredom* or *torpor* as *withdrawal;* a *raised voice* must mean *hostility* (rather than, say, passionate concern); *blocking* must be *defense* (rather than the stumbling

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desire to achieve a clear articulation of the complex). More widely, *abstract statement* must mean a form of *intellectualistic concealment* or "mind-fucking"—despite the fact that a responsible abstraction can be seen as a perceptual disembedding of a *highly specific,* if widely instantiated, character from the concrete (a point recognized in much Western philosophy and in most of the great Eastern systems of thought). Still more widely, *love* may be seen as a *barter of reinforcements; honesty* as *transparency,* and so on.

This "most important social invention of the century" that we have been considering carries every earmark of a shallow fad. Yet the impetus behind it is poignant and powerful, and permanently embedded in man's condition. Man's search for egress from the cave, platonic or other, is rendered especially frantic in such times as ours. However compelling its impetus, this fad will soon—as historic time is measured—fizzle out. But its *effects* need not.

When value-charged discriminations drop out of man's ken, there is no certainty that they will be rediscovered. We transmit to the future what we are. We may be what we eat, but we are also what we image. If what we are has been reduced by shallow or demeaning images, that impoverishment will persist in the world long after the images that conveyed it have gone their way.

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A Postcard from Delphi

MADELEINE DORAN

IT WAS A POSTCARD FROM DELPHI in the spring of 1968 that began this rumination. The postcard had on it a view of the ancient ruined Temple of Apollo set in the rocky fold of Parnassus, and my correspondent wrote that on the day of his visit eagles were soaring above the cliffs and thunder was rumbling in the gorges below. He could not help being moved, as if the place had never lost its holy mysteries.

That same spring, I, too, paid a holiday visit to a place of harsh and splendid mountain scenery—to the "ghost" mining town of Oatman in the Black Mountains of northwestern Arizona, a range running parallel to the Colorado River for about ninety miles south from the Hoover Dam. I had come to Oatman, as I had come several times before, for a certain kind of refreshment. It is a good place for my kind of idling—rambling about looking for rocks and birds and flowers, or gathering bits of geological and mineral and historical lore from my miner uncle. I find it pleasant to sit on the terrace toward evening watching the sunset glow deepen the reds and purples in the surrounding mountains and, for a few moments of startling clarity, bring every contour and hollow close. I probably should not have thought of Oatman in any special way except for the postcard from Delphi.

The Black Mountain country is beautiful in a stark way. It is a volcanic landscape, formed for the most part of several Tertiary lava flows of different mineral composition, and much altered by erosion between these events and afterwards. Oatman lies along the winding Gold Road after it has dropped from the pass over the range into lesser hills. The buildings of the town, strung along the road and scattered about the hillsides, are set against an immense

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backdrop of reddish brown rock, weathered into irregular ridges, peaks and buttes. One of the things exposed by erosion is an intrusive rock of different color, a great pointed crag, pale and buff colored, thrust up against the skyline. This, the Elephant's Tooth, is the dominant feature of the place. The curving and descending road leads out of the town, through lessening buttes, past the cusp of the Boundary Cone, and down the long detrital slope westward to "the River."

The vegetation on valley and hillside is desert vegetation—sparse, scrubby, prickly, and gray green in exposed places, brighter green and denser along the watercourses. Life is lived by both plants and animals under what seem to us to be harsh conditions. But the house finch, building her nest within the spines of a teddy-bear or "jumping" cholla (which has the most cruelly efficient spines of any cactus), is as unconscious of the harshness as a robin in the Midwest is of the precariousness of her nest on the ledge of a second-story window. Living things in the desert, although spaced out, are few neither in kind nor in number. There is as much variety of kinds of living things and as many individuals as the environment will sustain and as are sufficient to ensure the continuance of the species. This means, in fact, an abundance in the desert, even in a more formidable desert than Oatman, always surprising to a green-land dweller. My essay, however, is not about the wildlife of Oatman, except as it is part of the landscape.

The fierce wild beauty of the natural landscape has a special interest in this place because man has tampered with it in a special way. In the years before and after the First World War, men came in the thousands to dig for gold, and although the miners have gone except for a handful, the country outside the town is strewn with their leavings: half-ruined, eyeless cabins, with dark sockets for windows; a fenced graveyard with rough board markers at the two score or so of weedy mounds; yellow tailings at the mouths of mines; sudden deep pits with treacherous, caving sides; old headframes, derricks, trolleys; and lying all about a detritus of rusting iron and old rubber, resistant to decay and absorption. Away from the town there is a great stillness. A guy-wire creaking in the wind, a loose roof of corrugated iron suddenly reverberating, are startling

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and spooky. The wild things, both animal and vegetable, are at home again. In the spring, all sorts of yellow composites, desert dandelions, orange poppies, apricot mallows, purple phacelias, magenta and chartreuse cactus blossoms ornament the tires and the gasoline drums with incongruous vitality. Among rocks and shrubs, birds sing and nest—cactus wrens and rock wrens, Scott's orioles, ash-throated flycatchers, Say's phoebes, hummingbirds, mourning doves, house finches, desert sparrows. Gambel's quail crow in alarm and race with their queues of chicks into the heaps of ruins.

Not least at home in these littered places are the small native burros, once the prospectors' indispensable pack animals, which have returned to their natural wildness and multiplied. They thrive on the scant browse. All day and all night in the spring the raucous braying of the jackasses echoes among the tailings and the buttes. You may see a little herd of eight or ten on a hillside moving deftly in single file along a narrow trail, or otherwise going about their spring business—the jennies grazing while a loudly complaining jack is driven off by the new lord of the herd. Or you may hear them at night quietly walking past the window to drink at the little sump made by a dripping pipe behind the house. They are more often, however, the observers than the observed. You may happen to look up and see along a ridge above your head a line of gray, white-ringed muzzles, sharp eyes and sharp ears, all focused (for who knows how long?) on yourself. They are beautiful creatures in their wild state—well fleshed out, with sleek coats, ranging in color from light gray to black, but all with light bellies and the wide white ring around the gray nose, and nearly all marked with a dark cross on their backs. They step along briskly and are wary and independent, not at all like the poor depressed creatures, small, thin, and half-asleep, which one sees in Mexican border towns, where they stand at a corner all day suffering their pictures to be taken with American tourists on their backs.

> Who hath sent out the wild ass free?
> Or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass?
> Whose house I have made the wilderness,
> And the barren land his dwelling.

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He scorneth the multitude of the city,
Neither regardeth he the crying of the driver.
The range of the mountains is his pasture,
And he searcheth out every green thing.
—Job 39:5-8

This, then, is the look of things around Oatman.

The town has a past—therefore a "history"—very close to the present. The people in the town live in abandoned miners' houses or in new ones often partly built of salvage from the old. This kind of assimilation is of course a process often repeated in history—one Troy, one Jericho, one Verulamium or Bath overlaps the preceding one, built from it and upon it. Many a medieval European villein used Roman bricks to build his cottage or his byre. In Oatman one has a chance—in a modest way, to be sure—to see the tearing down and the building up. There is, of course, a radical difference between an economically vital city and a "ghost" town which is not quite a ghost—a town that people keep alive for the sake of health or remoteness from commerce or old habit or who-knows-what idiosyncrasy. Apart from this, the important difference of Oatman from these old cities is that all the history of the Arizona town has occurred just now; there is no perspective distance to it, no continuous past stretching back through a long history to a time before history.

The importance of this fact can be understood if one thinks of the landscape of a country such as Ireland. There, every few miles, as one drives along, one glimpses through hedge openings or across moorlands the ruin of a round tower, a castle or a church. The commonest ruins belong to a well-defined time and cause, the Cromwellian campaigns and occupation of the mid-seventeenth century; from the European point of view these are recent ruins. But from much older times, from the early centuries of Irish Christianity (the fifth to, say, the tenth), there are also abundant relics—the stone beehive houses of the first monastic communities (as at Clonmacnoise or on the Skelligs off the Kerry coast), the ruins of hermit cells on the western islands, the high crosses standing in still-used graveyards or marketplaces. And beyond these yet again are the remains of pagan times, themselves stretching from the

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foundations of the great banqueting hall on the hill of Tara (the Irish Mycenae, the center of the principal heroic legends) back to the standing stones and burial mounds of early Bronze Age people in the Boyne Valley, and further still to Stone Age graves as old as 6000 B.C. Although anthropologists have little to go on in interpreting these most ancient prehistoric cultures, one is not conscious of a total break between them and historical times. The interesting thing is that there is continuity in decorative design between the art of the ancient inhabitants and the art of the Celtic peoples who came, apparently, in the first century A.D.; perhaps less unexpectedly, there is continuity also between pagan and Christian Celtic designs. Consequently, Irish Christian art touches hands with a very ancient past. At the near end of the long vista of the past, the physical evidences of very recent history—the Easter Rising of 1916 and "the Troubles" of 1919-1922—are also sometimes visible, at least in monuments, and are anyhow strong in memory, ready to be recalled by every Irishman. There has been a continuing tradition of saga and legend, even to the present; ancient beliefs and half-beliefs are still alive in folklore and in poetry. Such a tradition is cumulative. The long past is caught up in the present; old and recent things, the reminders of which are visible side by side, seem almost contemporaneous. The driver on a tour bus will describe to you with equal immediacy of detail the fighting at the Post Office in Upper O'Connell Street in 1916 and the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. His interest may flag a little when you arrive at the tenth-century high crosses of Monasterboice or at the four-thousand-year-old tumulus at New Grange in County Meath. There is nothing "ghostly," however, about any of the past, and the long-continued turbulent history has not ended, is not just now even quiescent.

After Ireland (or Britain or Greece or Asia Minor) the history of a small western American desert town seems slight indeed. I am not forgetting that in the lower Colorado basin there are prehistoric remains, too. Human occupation did not begin with the American miners of the late decades of the last century. There were Indians there, the Mohaves and the Yumas (whose people still live about the country in greatly diminished numbers), and before them there had been others, perhaps more than one people, leaving

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behind them signs of occupation in arrowheads and shaped stone tools; metates (mortars) and manos (pestles), where on the surface of a boulder or stone floor of a cave they had ground mesquite beans; graves containing beads, broken pots and bits of chewed yucca fiber; petroglyphs and pictographs on rock faces. By some unknown people, immense human effigies were scraped out on the surface of the mesas to the east of the Colorado in southwestern Arizona, and were only within recent years discovered from the air. Without a view from above, indeed, their form cannot readily be apprehended. But all these signs of Indian occupation have to be looked for; unlike the ruins of Irish buildings, they are nondeclarative, invisible to the casual traveler. These Indians lived lightly on the land, in tune with it, changing it little. And between the Indians, even those still living, and the American white men, there is complete discontinuity. The study of the Indian remains is an antiquarian interest for archaeologists, anthropologists and amateur dabblers in these subjects, things far away and long ago and having nothing to do with us. What the prehistoric Indians of this region have left behind is little indeed, and very hard to interpret. Moreover, the living Indians know as little of these earlier cultures as we do. They cannot read the geometrical designs carved on the rocks, know nothing of the great figures spread out on the mesas.

Hence, in a place like Oatman, a sense of antiquity is almost absent. It is not true that a sense of "history" is absent, because a small group of people living there are intensely interested in the events and personalities of the mining days. What they have to go on is only partly reliable. Anecdotes, sometimes true, sometimes not, and improving in the telling, abound. Outsiders, especially, have sentimental notions about old miners, and there is always an old-timer willing to embroider a tale to suit his listeners. Surviving objects, such as a miner's candlestick or pan, are given exaggerated importance and sought for as collectors' items. In the center of town, a post with a lateral braced arm at the top, from which as a kind of emblem a miner's bucket hangs, can readily become in the imagination a gallows where bandits were strung up. But Oatman has no history of banditry; nothing in its past resembles Tomb-

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stone, where the Earps flourished. When the history is factually accurate, gathered from mine records, old newspapers and the like, it is all centered about the mines, lost mines or the takings of actual mines, hence about the marketplace and about personalities. It is immediate, everyday stuff and can be lively and interesting. But naturally enough there are no causes in it, no religion, and little if any poetry. The immediate past is all there is, regarded with either a historian's or a storyteller's eye. The western American imaginative genius is for the prose anecdote and the tall tale, as important to the cultural history of a place as factual event, and it takes time for these to gather around a node to form a legend. Given the modern pace and the modern temper, it may be too late for legends anyhow—as much too late as for mythology. In any case, a poetic idiom is not available in our day for the legendary and the heroic.

But human beings seem to need a past and one that has in it something that can be romanticized and glorified. Perhaps this need for something more remote and more romantic is what lies behind the importation of London Bridge, recently rebuilt over a diverted channel of the Colorado at Lake Havasu.* The immediate aim of the bridge is of course moneymaking; Lake Havasu City is a multimillion-dollar promotion scheme, an "instant city," and the resort on the lake is the last word in commercially slick holiday-making, everything about it unrelated to the stern landscape.† The

* The relatively modern nineteenth-century structure, which has now been "relocated at a cost of $8.4 million," is of course not the old bridge of the nursery rhyme.

† In the *Milwaukee Journal* for January 6, 1970 (and doubtless in newspapers all over the country on that day or another) appeared a half-page advertisement inviting its readers to "Fly to the wonderful small world of Lake Havasu City, Arizona . . . without cost to you! Leave your 'Big City' problems behind you. Brighten and broaden your horizon . . . see a golden, fertile land of new opportunity! *Be our guest.* . . . See America's Home for the Legendary London Bridge. . . . Just mail coupon or phone . . ." et cetera, et cetera. Lake Havasu City is planned for more than a resort, and a sizable settlement, spread over several square miles, has already been built. It is being developed by McCulloch Properties, Incorporated, as "a light-industry center, a sportsman's mecca, a vacation resort that will provide service to millions of visitors in the years to come, and a retirement haven," with "a projected population of 60,000 residents" (from the Honorable Paul J. Fannin's speech in the Senate, October 21, 1965; reprinted from the *Congressional Record,* and mailed with an advertising brochure by the development company). After a reading of Senator Fannin's eloquent speech on the future of this "instant city" (his phrase), this essay of mine seems to me as archaic as a prehistoric Yuman's geometric symbols carved into the desert varnish.

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bringing of the bridge to this place is incongruous and absurd in the last degree. It would be comic if it were not so shockingly impertinent. History, or romance, cannot be brought with the stones, even if they were the right stones. As if this ancient living river and more ancient rocks needed more than their own dramatic history! Anyone who has the knowledge can read the steps of the history with special clarity and fullness, because in this place until very recently men had done little to alter or to overlay the natural features of the country and hence to obscure the geological story.

Yet the question teases. Would this particular form of advertising even have been thought of if there were not felt some vague sense of inadequacy—the thing that makes Americans abroad so taken with the mere age of things, to the amusement of Europeans? It may be that in places of such formidable scenery (and only scenery), where the contours are angular, and where green, the fruitful color, is largely absent—it may be that in such places we miss something, perhaps the sense of a lived-in land. When we are not awed or exhilarated by such an impersonal landscape, we may find the emptiness in time as well as in space disturbing.

Or perhaps what is lacking is the numinous. The white man feels no mysterious otherwordly presence at Lake Havasu or Oatman. Special features of landscape like river gorges, caverns, or mountain peaks have always been terrible and holy—Delphi, the grotto at Lake Cumae, Croagh Patrick, Mount Sinai. Oatman is set in a country like Seir or the Sinai Peninsula. In the part-circle of rusty mountains, the great pale rhyolite column stands up to mark the place. It takes on different configurations and hues at different times of day and night. In some seasons the full moon rises directly behind it, and at all times it has a special affinity for the white radiance of moonlight. In another country and time it would have been a fane for Sin* or Phoebe. We do not know whether a divinity made it his dwelling and spoke from it to the Indian peoples, although we suppose that one did, or that spirits to be feared and propitiated lived about it. Certainly

* The moon god in the cosmology of ancient Mesopotamian peoples, with centers of worship at Ur on the lower Euphrates and at Aramaean Haran (both cities associated with Abraham—Genesis 11:27-32). The name of the god probably appears in Semitic place-names like Sinai and the Wilderness of Sin (Numbers 33:11, 12).

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to white men it is cold and silent, beautiful to some, to others only eye-catching, a geographical marker, a reference point.

I am not talking about religious "belief," precisely. A modern man who is a believer will in some sense find God's presence in all his works. What I am talking about is the numinousness of a particular place, not the vague "religious" emotion with which we may respond to something beautiful or grand in nature. That is a pleasant and expansive feeling. Numinousness is to some degree mysterious, awful in the precise sense, whether it seems to bode well or ill. There is something besides "belief" that makes this feeling about ancient holy places still possible to a modern man. Even a Christian, an agnostic, or an atheist may feel, in the great mountain amphitheater, the rumbling thunder, and the circling eagles, the numinousness of Delphi. Why? Because the place itself is invested with ancient myth and the enduring poetry that has celebrated it. Delphi has a poetic history, as Ireland has a poetic history. The Elephant's Tooth has none—none, at least, that we know. Therefore the white man's Oatman, the only one we can experience, has no history but the thinnest sort. It has little accumulation of human experience, none of mythology, nothing therefore to have been clothed in poetic vesture. To an old resident of the town, especially if he is a miner, this judgment may well seem not to be true; for his memory will be furnished with a rich history of his own and others' making. But I am speaking for anyone, relatively and in a larger sense; for all of us when we let our minds range over places and times, remote and at hand.

Besides, the comparison is not deprecatory. Places are only partly what they are by virtue of their history or lack of it. Therefore, to say so much is not to say that Oatman is not capable of moving us in other ways, or that it is without meaning, even profound meaning. What it has for us is its own severe beauty, a visible record of planetary upheaval. It has its special mark of that upheaval in the Elephant's Tooth, the day-by-day expected feature of the landscape, yet the endless source of discovery in the changing light of daybreak or sunset or moonlight. Oatman has, for wonder, its desert contraries—the conserving toughness of root, stem and seed through long seasons of drought, the renewing

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prodigality of fragile bloom at the touch of water in a brief and occasional spring season. It has, too, for the long reach of the imagination, its unobtrusive and mostly illegible signs of earlier men who, like the desert lilies, the rock wrens and the jackrabbits, lived for countless generations on its scant provisions and its seldom rains. But in our times Indian artifacts do not flaunt themselves, as do the white man's rusting iron and rotting boards; they belong to a past that can only be imagined.

I have a special memory of Oatman. Once, when I was climbing with a companion up to the base of the Elephant's Tooth, a great hawk rose from her aerie on a cliff high above us. She screamed at us as she hovered and circled. So Job's hawk and eagle screamed on Mount Seir in Edom:

> Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom,
> And stretch her wings toward the south?
> Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,
> And make her nest on high?
> She dwelleth and abideth in the rock,
> Upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place,
> From thence she seeketh her prey,
> And her eyes behold afar off.

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Signs of the Times

THOMAS W. MOLYNEUX

I analyzed the composition of the barricade nearest me and found two ashtrays, ceramic, one dark brown and one dark brown with an orange blur at the lip; a tin frying pan; two-litre bottles of red wine; three-quarter-litre bottles of Black & White, aquavit, cognac, vodka, gin, Fad #6 Sherry; a hollow-core door in birch veneer on black wrought-iron legs; a blanket, red-orange with faint blue stripes; a red pillow and a blue pillow; a woven straw wastebasket; two glass jars for flowers; corkscrews and can openers; two plates and two cups, ceramic, dark brown; a yellow-and-purple poster; a Yugoslavian carved flute, wood, dark brown; and other items.

—Donald Barthelme, "The Indian Uprising"

I said, then Max said. . . Max was saying, and Sleek added.

—Leonard Michaels, "Mildred"

We fill in the blanks. We know, that is, that the contents of the barricades are the appurtenances of a certain kind of life—indeed, of the life that we are living, or a number of our friends, or at least some people we went to college with. We know, too, that what has been left out of the conversation doesn't matter anyhow, that what Max said and what Sleek added is secondhand, trivial, accepted and acceptable—dull. We know because we recognize the signs and we recognize the signs because we already know. The passages are a kind of shorthand—brilliant, incisive, witty, devastating. We wish we'd thought of them; perhaps we'll tell someone about them. They sum it all up so well. They sum it up about as well excerpted from the stories as they do in context.

Think now of a line from a Frank O'Connor story or a John Cheever story. Eudora Welty? Peter Taylor? Chekhov?

Well, look one up then.

The lines aren't especially memorable. Even when you look one up, you find that it isn't especially clever. Taken out of context, it's likely to be banal. It's likely to be a little ho-hum. We all know, after all, about loneliness and that stuff. Nothing that Cheever or Taylor or Chekhov—or, for that matter, any of the people whom, until perhaps ten years ago, we thought of when we thought of the short story—ever wrote is meaningful or memorable or moving except as it relates to one of their characters. Those characters are what we remember, their hopes and accommodations, triumphs and failures, their ways of making do and, with the best of them, of salvaging; as Faulkner might

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have it, how they endured. The characters are the subject, and when we talk of Chekhov's peasants, Maupassant's whores, Cheever's upper-middle-class suburbanites, we aren't so much defining the subject as particularizing it.

That was ten years ago. When we thought of the short story then, we were apt to think of Cheever, Welty, Taylor, O'Connor—of writers, that is, who work in a form that derives clearly from Chekhov and Maupassant, depends upon character, is structured by a plot in which one action follows sequentially and, presumably, meaningfully from another, and uses for its surface the surface materials of day-to-day life. When we think of the short story today, however, other names crop up—Michaels, Barthelme, Gass, Paley, Coover. And when we think of their stories we are likely to think not of characters and situations as we used to do, but of fantastic images, puns, parodies, phrasings. The adjectives we think of to describe their stories are *clever, witty, brilliant. Brilliant* has always seemed to me a curiously inappropriate word for a Chekhov story.

These are terribly clever men—I mean both words—and they write clever, openly artificial, sometimes doggedly brilliant stories: stories that read like essays; or that have no recognizable plot, but instead are broken into short, often ironically labeled sections, sometimes just a numbered list of facts, events thus rendered disjunctive, time discontinuous. If there is a plot, probably it stops and starts and shuffles, is chaotically interspersed by another unrelated plot or two, broken by wild *non sequiturs,* interrupted by the author's abstract notions. Characters are likely to change names and characteristics arbitrarily, or, equally arbitrarily, to lack both. Instead of descriptions we may get lists; disparate matters may be disconcertingly yoked together. Stories may begin with such absurd, trivial, sophisticated conceits that even if the narrative surface were maintained, we couldn't take it seriously. They are likely to be riddled with arbitrary images, to resolve—or fail to resolve—into baffling metaphors, to blur back and forth into fantasy, to be self-conscious, brittle and parodistic in their language. It is all very brilliant. It all makes us tremendously aware of the author.

There has been, then, a radical shift in purpose, subject and technique in the short story, so that the best young writers today are writing a different *sort* of story from what people ten and fifteen years older than they write and wrote. For the best of them, for Michaels and Barthelme, for instance, these are not modish changes. They are changes that are generated both by the society they are writing about and by their own aesthetic needs. One thinks, in this connection, of the group of post-World War I writers—Joyce, Lawrence, Woolf—in whose behalf Virginia Woolf pled: ". . . in or about December, 1910, human character changed."

Clearly the changes that have influenced these younger writers and the changes that, thus influenced, they have effected in the story form are too complex to be dealt with at less than book length. But I think that starting with Michaels and Barthelme, certain general things can and ought to be noted—things that might make clearer what they are doing and what the possibilities and limitations of their approaches are likely to be.

Perhaps it is best to begin where they do, which is a place that Chekhov's and Cheever's characters—and their authors as well—came to only ambiguously, kicking and fighting, with their finest parts reserved. That is to say, Barthelme and Michaels assume a great deal. They assume, for one thing, despair. They assume defeat. They assume hopelessness. They assume, more importantly, sameness. And they assume it all on behalf of their characters and of their audience. Probably what Max was saying was something about the lack of new frontiers or viable goals in today's technological society; probably what Sleek added was some agreement and some example. They assume, then, meaninglessness, and their power and poignance, when such emerge, stem from the persistence of human emotions—of love and guilt and terror and hope and greed in its best sense—across a world where all these

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frightening and leveling assumptions are so old hat as to be fodder for talk.

But the power and the poignance rarely do emerge, and I think that two other assumptions are largely responsible for this. One is that they assume irony. In such writers as Cheever and Taylor, irony is a moderating and humanizing influence. It insinuates a complexity that forestalls easy judgments and elicits compassion. There is a gentleness and ambiguity about it. No longer come to but begun from, it is deprived of that ambiguity; it becomes savage and complacently bitter, facetious. It becomes not a way of seeing but a way of speaking.

The other is that they assume a kind of general or collective man. Barthelme, for instance, speaks of childhood as "drek"; Michaels has a character "pretend to individuation." Again, this is not a modish view, but at once an interpretation of the world they are writing about and a result of what they are looking for. The vision of the modern world that they seem to proceed from is one in which men have become uniform, predictable, nearly interchangeable, and one in which man's particular individual actions are apt to amount to very little. The first part of that vision is a product of commonplace and fairly inarguable assumptions: the media *do* inundate us, leveling our diction, values and aspirations; our mobility, both social and geographical, *has* tended to a similar uniformity; we *do* know too much, at least so long as we continue to know too little; eccentricity *has been* explained, *does become* co-opted or institutionalized, et cetera, et cetera. You know them.

The second and more important part of that vision stems from the fact that we are a society that has come, consciously or not, to judge individual man by his direct effect upon his society. Perhaps a main source of this is that we have recognized that each of us has so many possibilities and alternatives that all our decisions are (or seem to be) arbitrary, and so we have ceased to believe in final consequences and have put our faith in the second chance; we seek our meanings now not in accommodating but in altering. This leads to a highly political vision. I, for one, can think of no surer route to despair than such an order of values; nor to sameness; publicly we are each, after all, about the same.

That substance—what they see—predominates because of the aesthetic—what they look for. To understand this we must go back to some of the technical changes I suggested earlier as characteristic of this fiction. The most important changes—and the consequent changes in what the writers look for—follow from the initial rejection of conventional plot. Many of the new writers have recognized such a plot, with its characteristic beginning, middle and end, its sequential ordering, its implications of coherent cause and effect, to be a metaphor for a sensibility that believes in order and consequence and sees them to be interdependent—a sensibility that they do not share. In the changes they have made—jumbling several ongoing plots across each other, for instance, or breaking up stories into lists or sections, labeling these sections, intruding self-conscious asides—they have had several goals: to approximate more nearly than a conventional plot can the scattered ways we perceive our world, especially under the barrage of experience to which we are subjected today; to reject any implication of a coherent cause-and-effect pattern; to underscore the idea that what order is possible today is new, artificial and imposed from without.

But in rejecting conventional plot, they have rejected as well the narrative surface by which conventional stories have been organized. Faced, then, with the need for new ways to structure their stories, many have found them—or at least have sought them—in the patterning of their images. This, in turn, has rendered the purpose of an image more direct and the reader's comprehension of it more important than formerly. Gatsby's shirts and pink suit are plainly chock full of meaning; fiction, that is, has always been highly imagistic. But the shirts and the suit seem part of a more complex texture. It is possible to enjoy *Gatsby* without understanding about the shirts and suit. Perhaps more important,

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it is possible to understand them without knowing that you do.

At the same time, the abandonment of day-to-day, surface reality, which was the material from which a conventional plot was worked, has left the image more arbitrary. The shirts and suit seem to grow out of a full, textured world. The reader is asked to believe in them. Their primary function is *in* the story's surface; that is, it is physical, not metaphysical. But in a story in which surface has been abandoned, an image is primarily important for what it means, rather than for what it is.

Almost everything in such a story becomes a kind of image. When, to stay with *Gatsby*, Fitzgerald has a man walk across the street, at least one of his purposes is likely to be to get him to the other side. This is now less likely to be so. Now actions become images, and images become metaphors. Again and again, time is stopped, an action frozen; it is held, later repeated; variations are worked intricately upon it. Significance is insisted upon.

Certain things happen when images—and, as images, actions—are used this directly. They tend to be openly imposed by the author. They tend, consequently, to become disparate. Their representative function being cavalierly considered, they tend to become surreal. They tend to be chosen for some sameness.

Think back to the barricades and to the conversation. They are typical. The ceramic ashtrays and Yugoslavian flute have been chosen for their typicalness. The words of the conversation have been omitted not only because they are likely to be banal, but more importantly to indicate and to emphasize their typicalness. They function as signs.

One thinks in this connection of Flaubert's advice to Maupassant that, if he wanted to describe a cab horse standing in a line of fifty cab horses, he must search until he found the one word, and with it the one detail, that would make that cab horse stand out from all the other forty-nine. That advice seems reversed now, so that we see Michaels and Barthelme searching not for the word or detail that would, as Flaubert wanted, particularize, but for the one that will generalize, not for what makes the horse stand out, but for what makes him the same.

All of this tends, then, to a concern with ideas, to a desire to say something (preferably something Big and Meaningful) about society, to a reliance upon wit and metaphor, to a series of brilliant variations on a theme. It tends as well to a different sort of pleasure for the reader. It is a pleasure marked by recognition. The reader recognizes that the Comanches against whom Barthelme's barricades have been erected are the forces of chaos and barbarism, and that the contents of the barricades are slight and superficial, themselves representative of directionless and disordered lives, hollow like the birch veneer door, veneer themselves for a life as barbaric as what the Comanches represent—inadequate to the assault. He recognizes further that the jumbling of plots, the arrayal of *non sequiturs*, and the wonderfully inappropriate juxtapositions all reflect the dislocations of our times, the leveling of our values, the random and discrimination-defying pace at which life is thrust at us. He recognizes the signs, and he is confirmed. In this same connection one thinks of Michaels's brilliant final image in "Sticks and Stones": "At last my arms disappeared and I was a head on legs. Running." What more brilliant metaphor for the self-conscious intellectual protecting himself from love by all that he knows? But again the pleasures are of recognition, and they derive from how cleverly it's all done. For all the brilliant variations, the basic message is the same. The message is the same because the vision is the same. It is one long, barely differentiated howl of pain.

I used to have a friend who, when something bad happened—when he shut his hand in a car door or spilled his drink or dialed a wrong number or broke his kneecap—called out at the top of his lungs A—GO—NEE. He had a huge wavering voice and when you first heard the cry you dropped everything and came from wherever you were to see. After a couple of times,

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though, you learned what he was about and after that you only went when you were bored and wanted some diversion.

This seems to me a tremendous diminishment of the possibilities of fiction. It springs, I think, from a vision rooted in an equal diminishment of the human condition. To be sure, if our goals are worthwhile, we will fall short of them. We will in countless ways flub our lives. We will go astray in our loves, be rejected by our children, tell tales on our best friends, covet, look the other way, wonder about our courage, walk for days in the world without recognizing it. All people will. But the same people—or some of them anyhow—will renew those loves, forgive those children, sustain those friends, will come out of a quiet house at dawn after a troubled and sleepless night and stop still at the thin precision of the low moon, the biding steadiness of an elm, a mysterious and solitary light in a neighbor's window.

So long as the subject is people, or particular people, those contradictions are possible, and with them the splendid ambiguity and complexity and wonder that they generate. Such contradictions have traditionally been fiction's province and it is by such contradictions that fiction has extended and altered our lives. Once the subject becomes ideas, or parts of ideas, all that is lost.

There is a further limitation built into this new fiction, and that is a limitation upon the growth of the writer. We grow, if we grow well, in understanding, in courage, in compassion, in acceptance; we grow toward serenity and complexity. We are unlikely to grow in brilliance. We are as brilliant at twenty as we are at forty, probably more brilliant than we will be at sixty. Think how many great mathematicians—Russell, for instance—peaked in their twenties, then moved in their thirties away from mathematics and into philosophy.

Or compare sometime Chekhov's "The Lady with a Pet Dog" with his early story "A Calamity." Both are about the same situation. Obviously Chekhov's craftsmanship improved between 1886 when he wrote the latter and 1899 when he wrote the former. You have only to compare the opening paragraphs to see that. But those advances in craftsmanship are minor compared to the human growth that is reflected in "The Lady with the Pet Dog." "A Calamity" is a fine psychological study; in the nuances of its dialogue we can recognize the Chekhov who will later write those extraordinary plays. But its main concern is will she or won't she? Its judgments are conventional and bourgeois, lacking any of the compassion that a truly moral imagination generates; the title gives it away. By the time he comes to "Lady," though, his concerns are no longer to expose his characters but to discover them, no longer to judge them but to understand them; the judgments are there but they are not conventional and they cannot be abstracted; they are in Gurov's and Anna's lives, as they are in all our lives, and they have to do with cost.

This is a kind of artistic growth that seems to me cut off from the writer who works primarily in metaphor and who permits his vision to become public, his despair at the effects of society to cause him to discount or belittle the possibilities of individual action. It is not only the irony that I mentioned earlier that becomes, in the presence of these two conditions, a way of speaking instead of a way of seeing. The way of speaking becomes such a writer's whole concern. People and actions and details are seen as signs. As such they are never permitted to grow into symbols. Jung wrote: "A sign. . . becomes a symbol when it is read as pointing to an unknown." Signs then are dependent on the reader's conscious recognition in a way that symbols are not. And this is another assumption that Barthelme and Michaels make: they assume the reader's assumptions. They assume that he will recognize that ceramic ashtrays and purple and yellow posters are characteristic of a certain kind of life and that certain sorts of conversation are unproductive and repetitive. They assume that he, as they do, sees people as types.

For all the cynicism from which it proceeds, this seems to me a tremendously

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sentimental vision. It is sentimental because it merely confirms. A Hallmark card or a Rod McKuen poem is sentimental because it counts on predictable and simple responses. The rose on the card says nothing, but it relies on a set pattern of responses that we have come to think of as sappy or pollyanna. It triggers them because it is so typically a rose. The essence of such sentimentality is jingoism. But is it any less sentimental to trigger sophisticated and cynical responses, to confirm sophisticated and cynical simplifications, to rely on sophisticated and cynical patterns? And yet, so long as the characters—like the rose—are typical, isn't that simplification inevitable? So long, then, as Barthelme and Michaels accept the prevailing view that society dominates man and its concomitant urge for big answers, for statement, aren't they, for all their brilliant craft, doomed to brilliant repetition?

Earlier I made two lists, one of writers whom, until about ten years ago, we thought of as in the mainstream of the short story, and the second of writers who seem best representative of the new sort of story that I have been concerned with here. Although there was no attempt to make those lists comprehensive, two omissions, one from each list, seem to me to stand out. They are Ernest Hemingway and William H. Gass, and I would like to suggest that, not altogether arbitrarily, we can see the trend that I have been talking about come full circle between these two men.

For, at least among major writers, it is in Hemingway that we first see manifested the cause-and-effect relationship that I have been concerned with. The cause is the vision that, no matter what you do, society or nature will get you. The effect is the fairly logical view that in that case what you do and who you are—that is, individual action and individual man—don't especially matter. What I am thinking of is the degree of arbitrariness in the outcomes of even Hemingway's finest work: the unexpected death of the major's young wife in "In Another Country"; Catherine Barkley's death during childbirth in *A Farewell to Arms;* the arrest of the nameless hero of "A Revolutionist." These are fates that seem autonomous, seem to come from outside and, consequently, are of a different sort from, say, Butler's death in "My Old Man" or Harry's in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," which grow out of the plots. They represent a different vision. In his finest work—and I, for one, can think of no finer short story by anyone than "In Another Country"—Hemingway gets away with this vision because it doesn't dominate that work to the point of oversimplifying it; there aren't the assumptions.

Or if there are the assumptions, the major doesn't share them. They dominate the plot, but not the character, and not the characterization. Because of those assumptions and the despairing vision from which they generate, the major's wife—whom he has carefully and protectively refused to marry until he was invalided out of the war—dies unexpectedly and arbitrarily from pneumonia. The vision that I am concerned with—that no matter what you do, the world or nature will get you—determines this turn in the plot. But although Hemingway's experiences in World War I and then in postwar Europe had thus embittered him, he often nonetheless retained an old-fashioned and seemingly irreconcilable respect for the individual, so that many of his characters, alive in a world in which they are doomed, rebel against that doom. The despair and its leveling assumptions are, then, only one aspect of Hemingway's vision. There is opposed to it a deep respect for the individual human being.

When, for instance, the major, having learned of his wife's death, exclaims bitterly to the narrator of "In Another Country," " 'He cannot marry. He cannot marry. If he is to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose. He should not place himself in a position to lose. He should find things he cannot lose,' " we recognize that although the despair of the vision is at work in the story and has a major effect upon the plot, Hemingway has not yet given over wholly to that vision. He has exempted the major from it. And it is the major and not the

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major's wife or some assumed futility with which Hemingway is concerned in "In Another Country." The major does salvage, does endure, and the final images of him "carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both his cheeks and biting his lips" as he leaves the hospital after learning of his wife's death and then, three days later, wearing the black band on his arm and looking only out the window while the machine he doesn't believe in flaps his withered hand, are images we can talk around and around without ever summing up. They do not confirm; they drive us past our conventions, past the best and the worst that we would like to believe; they are too human and particular ever to be generalized. They are profound images and, each new time we come to them, they leave us shaken, a little frightened and a little proud, wondering and altered.

In such stories, in which Hemingway respects his characters and permits them some autonomy, he is wonderfully successful. In those stories, however, in which he subordinates character to plot he fails. He fails because then the vision takes over completely and all of its logical consequences—that who you are and what you do don't matter, for instance—obtain. Think, for instance, of "Hills Like White Elephants," in which a nameless, faceless young man imposes an abortion on a nameless, faceless young woman in a nameless Spanish train station. What we abstract from that story—that the young man is a callow son of a bitch, that he doesn't love her, that she knows it, that to impose yourself on another human being is mean, brutal and probably evil—is all true and all worth knowing. But that is all we get from the story. Once we know it we needn't go back to the story. There is nothing new left in it because there was little human or particular in it to begin with.

Come forward then and roundabout to Gass's "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country." It begins: "So I have sailed the seas and come to B." There it is, in that first line, the absolutely bald statement: This is going to be a brilliant story; this is going to be clever and self-conscious and you better know some things if you want to get it. Just as the title does, that opening line functions on three important levels: B. is literally a town in Indiana—in the heart of the country—where the narrator has come "in retirement from love"; the first pun on B. (be) should embarrass an Irishman but it is crucial to the story; the reference to Yeats's "Sailing to Byzantium" is equally germane; the story is mock-heroic—is about, for the narrator, who has been a poet, the inadequacy of his poetry and of all else ("childhood is a lie of poetry") to combat his rage against sexual and emotional sterility and death.

Almost all of the devices that I find characteristic of Barthelme and Michaels are at work in this story. It begins—read the sentence again—in an irony so assumed that it borders on facetiousness. There are lists, catalogues, as Gass would have it, of stores and organizations and people. The story is broken up, seemingly arbitrarily, into discontinuous, titled sections. Time is jumbled. There are outrageous puns; literary allusions; self-conscious, sometimes precious language ("their feet dangling just inside the narrow shelf of shade the store has made, staring steadily into the street"); fantasy. It relies heavily on patterns of images and they are often public in their concern ("how would it feel to nurse those strange tentacled calves with their rubber, glass and metal lips, their stainless eyes").

What distinguishes it then? What distinguishes it, I think, are three things, passion, voice and most importantly, character. What Gass has done—and it is something that Michaels and Barthelme seem to me never to do—is to let his character get away from him. The despair in Gass is perhaps more dominant than in Hemingway. What was a personal perception to Hemingway has become a public commonplace in Gass's world and ours. But at least in this one story, the character has sprung so vitally into the story that he has refused to be dominated. Despair dominates plot in this story as it does in "In Another Country"; the speaker rages against it as the major does in "In Another Country." Some

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of Michaels's characters seem also to rage. But their rage is mere gesture; they are patently subordinated to the plot and to the vision. Implicit in the rage of the speaker in "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country," however, is hope: hope persisting, to be sure, against all that he knows, but persisting nonetheless. Because of it, he cannot acquiesce in what he merely knows. This changes the story utterly. The despairing vision becomes only an aspect of the story. We can trace its effect in the plot. But it is opposed by a second vision, and that opposition generates the tension that provides the power of the story. The story doesn't merely illustrate and, consequently, doesn't depend upon its clever devices.

Because of the character, those devices are used instead of relied upon. The irony, the puns and the lists are not the author's but the character's. They are his barricades and in his angry lapses from them we have indices of the depth and complexity of his hope. He is a particular man in a particular situation, lamenting a particular girl and a particular life, and although we are told little explicitly about these things, we are told enough. There is nothing arbitrary in this story. None of the details are merely typical because they are refracted through the character's turmoil. The signs accumulate and become symbols. He may know about hopelessness and futility and meaninglessness, but he doesn't assume them. He can't accept them. And the human struggle between his superb mind and his superb heart is Gass's subject. It is a human and particular story. Nothing is simple or summed up in such a story. It is a story that we go back to not to be diverted or amused—although, going back, we are both—but for deeper, harder reasons.

What I have come around to saying, then, is that in talking about any art we talk first about technique. That is what we can describe and be concrete about. But that is not enough. It is the way of seeing that is finally important, not the way of speaking. It is the vision that is crucial, and there are particular sorts of vision that are appropriate for particular art forms. The vision that is appropriate for fiction is intensely and particularly human. It sees the world with such wonder that it senses all statement to be inadequate. Being given over to seeing more than to speaking, the variations on a theme that it works are in the subject not in the artist, although the theme itself may be in the artist. It believes against all popular urgency in the ultimate value of particular human action and in the details by which that particular human manifests his failure, endurance or triumph, or, more likely, all three.

For Paula

FREDERICK MORGAN

Behind the Elizabeth Perkins House at York
marigolds glow against a weathered fence.
Bright chilly air of an October morning:
we hold life cleanly at our fingertips.

✪ FREDERICK MORGAN'S collection of poems, *A Book of Change,* was a 1973 National Book Award nominee. He is the editor and founder of the *Hudson Review,* which is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary this year.

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FILM AND THEATER

Costume and Convention

ANNE HOLLANDER

The epidemic of Elizabethan extravaganzas has now subsided, leaving a cloudy memory of red wigs, stately pacing and endless conversations conducted by people who couldn't move their necks freely. The artistic media have varied, but one thing remains clear: you cannot do Queen Elizabeth, filmed or live, without those clothes. Never have so many ruffs been worn before the public at one time as during the last season or two. The complex reasons for the present excessive popularity of Elizabeth I and Mary, Queen of Scots, have been discussed in different places; but indeed their popularity has always been a viable theatrical entity, and movies have given them an airing many times over. The present moment, however, has permitted a unique opportunity for enthusiasts of historical costuming to compare the different conventions used for representing the same characters and adapting the same source material in opera, theater, television and film. Their aims appear quite different, while each maintains some clear relationship to the schematic image that everyone recognizes. Dr. Roy Strong, director of the National Portrait Gallery in London, expresses the significance of this image in the title of one of his important books on Elizabethan portraiture, *The English Icon*. He shows how an Elizabethan portrait, of the queen or any of her noble subjects, was a rigidly formalized image made up chiefly of elements of clothing and surmounted by a mask. The completed picture, whatever the variety in the details of face or embroidery according to the individual sitter, was recognizable as a proper portrait because it had the proper formal elements of dress—the beard or the wig, the ruff and the sleeves—that have appeared ever since on the stage and the screen. Costume designers, who may delight in consulting hundreds of these extremely detailed portraits, must yet end up scratching their heads over the problem of transmuting such icons into persons able to move and speak believably while dressed like that. The results are predictable. The details of the clothes may resemble those so excruciatingly clear in the paintings, but the icon will usually have had to be scrapped. The actual living actor who eventually wears the clothes will instead satisfy one of the costume conventions of the current theatrical moment.

Queen Elizabeth was known to care a great deal about clothes and cosmetics and to relish compliments—a lady uncertain of her beauty unless it was very well fortified. She had a strong theatrical sense about her own appearance, and seems to have known that her actual physical looks had less charm than her extraordinary mental force, which she clothed in an abstract splendor as if she were an Idea rather than a woman. Modern actresses never have to resemble Elizabeth physically—all that is required is the forceful manner and the clothes. Glenda Jackson has lately appeared as two quite different Elizabeths, wearing different hair, noses and breasts in the two versions, neither of which resembles the queen's portraits. Bette Davis has been the queen twice, once in the thirties and once in the

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fifties, looking utterly unlike Elizabeth each time, but very satisfyingly providing the characterization the public would naturally expect from the Regina of *The Little Foxes.*

In the movies the public has always accepted historical characters wearing the faces of favorite stars, providing the clothes gave the right idea in at least a few scenes, or perhaps only in a few particulars. Queen Elizabeth is always recognizable because of the familiar image; but for many others less easily schematized, specific costume conventions have long been established (originally for the stage, but lately adapted for the cinema) that now serve to signal the person or period in question without resembling anything actually worn at that date. So we had Norma Shearer as Marie Antoinette, and we knew it was she because she wore a very shiny, wavy white wig in most scenes. This particular kind of wig is a tried and true cinematic (and incidentally operatic) property of long standing, absolutely necessary to all films set in the eighteenth century in any country, although it does not faintly resemble anything worn in the eighteenth century itself. This same shiny wig tells us that Marlene Dietrich is meant to be Catherine the Great in Joseph von Sternberg's film, *The Scarlet Empress,* or that Lucille Ball is Madame Dubarry, because without it we couldn't tell from the other things she wears. This customary and familiar glossy headpiece may from time to time take on the flavor of its wearer's own day, but its silvery sheen and curl on one shoulder remain constant, to remind us of where we are.

Authenticity, even on the serious legitimate stage, is an elusive and tricky matter, partly because of purely theatrical conventions that the public has long come to think of as correct—like the flourishing, hat-sweeping bow, which was never executed except on a stage, but which has come to seem an acceptable, courteous obeisance appropriate anywhere from 1500 to 1800. Stage habits in historical costuming have long clouded any public judgment of authenticity, since they are better known than the facts. A fitted dress cut on a modern pattern, with a square neckline and a frill, has passed muster for decades as an authentic eighteenth-century costume, even in Williamsburg. The same dress will also do perfectly for the whole seventeenth century, and even for the sixteenth, if it doesn't have the frill. Curls and a cap (any style) go with it, but omit them too, please, for the sixteenth century. It all looks quite right and satisfactory, but like nothing except itself. Of course, careful research may yield to a designer a wealth of information that simply cannot be acceptably presented on the stage. For example, eighteenth-century men's clothes had absolutely no shoulder shaping, and with their long vests and coats their torsos came to resemble wrinkled string beans, and no such shape could be worn by a modern actor without some modifications. It would *be* right but *look* wrong, unless it were stylized out of its correct appearance and into something acceptable to prevailing taste, not only in clothes but in art and design. When crisp outlines, smooth surfaces, and sharp color contrasts are fashionable, costumes from those periods in history when clothing was dim, subtle, frothy or murky-looking must be smoothed and sharpened up before they will seem acceptably elegant.

The four kinds of Queen Elizabeth that the New York public has lately seen exemplify what the different media require in the way of imaginative adaptation for an authentic look. They were all meant to be realistic, without any exaggerated stylization. *Roberto Devereux,* Donizetti's opera at the State Theater, had Beverly Sills as a larger-than-life queen in harsh, strong colors, including a magenta never used in clothes before 1860. Her dresses were meant to be read from the last row of the fifth ring, and so the pearls were as large as grapes and the rows of trimming were thickly edged in black. Elizabeth's tiny, straight, flat-chested torso was translated into a bosomy, statuesque and massive shape, her pallid, bony face into a fierce mask with deeply shadowed cheeks and pouchy eyes. The red wig was ferocious, further exaggerated by a line of pearls

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along the edge against the face, a detail entirely invented for operatic emphasis. Most noticeable was the prime necessity in opera for enough costume to balance the voice. A singer's body may very well be tall and substantial, but even if it is quite small, it will need to be clothed suitably for a strenuous stage existence, visually speaking. The requirements of operatic dress, quite apart from any historical or specifically operatic tradition, begin with a kind of massiveness and substance, even if the costume is meant to be rags or a nightgown. This substantial quality, besides being necessary for the beating the clothes take, provides an appropriate visual counterpart to the sustained musical utterance and broad acting demanded of the performer. The operatic stage is usually large, and when one or two singers occupy it alone, they must wear compelling garments upon which the eye can rest with a satisfied sense of their harmony with the strength and size of what is heard. Along with a great deal of yardage, strong ornamentation or arresting color and texture usually seem necessary to help fill the eyes while the voice fills the ears. These effects are often at variance with history, but so much in accordance with opera habits of long standing that they seem quite accurate to an opera audience: that wig, for instance, is indispensable for the Marschallin in the last act, and an enormous, flowing robe unlike anything worn to bed by girls in the seventeenth century is nevertheless acceptable dress for Lucia's mad scene. Norma and Adalgisa wear more yards of fabric than could possibly be natural to their circumstances, but we seem to need those yards for our proper appreciation of their feelings.

In the production of *Roberto Devereux,* characters other than the queen, and the chorus en masse, managed to look exactly like nineteenth-century historical paintings —actually a style quite appropriate to opera, since such paintings often had an operatic flavor, with gestures and groupings drawn from stage tradition.

"Elizabeth R," the BBC-TV series with Glenda Jackson, showed a view of historical dress exactly opposite to the operatic one. The six episodes were meant to be nontheatrical, extremely naturalistic representations of events in the period, and particularly of the character and views of specific personages. No "spectacle" was relevant to them, and settings were minimal in scope, although complete in detail. But at the same time the actual dress of the individuals in question was known to have been extremely rich and elaborate. Because of the closely focused, rather archaeological method of presentation, no broad generalizations of costume elements were permissible to convey this sumptuousness. All the clothes were copied from actual portraits, with no liberties taken or details glossed over. The exact patterns of lace, embroidery, and even fabric were reproduced to perfection. Television cameras, resting intimately on a character speaking, thus permitted a viewer to appreciate his clothes just as he could have done in actual life. One could imagine an Elizabethan courtier following the interlacings of sleeve embroidery while politely enduring a lengthy utterance, or counting the number of ribbon knots around an armhole in order not to lose his temper.

Wearing such garments appeared, at such close range, more difficult than designing them. Glenda Jackson did better than most of her court in managing to look not only at home in them but happy there, particularly since the bizarre, awkward and abstract quality of the Elizabethan costume was wonderfully transferred from the paintings into action—vitalized icons, all of them. Apart from the thousand details, the odd shapes and quirky proportions that appear in the portraits were also adhered to in spite of modern concepts of grace. This attention to the possible true flavor of the Elizabethan style in dress was one of the best aspects of this excellent series. Hair and beards were as carefully copied as the clothes and jewelry, and Mary, Queen of Scots, wore the frizzy wig that appears in her portraits, even though it looked strange, unromantic and a little ridiculous to modern eyes.

Costume design for the proscenium stage,

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in contrast to the demands of the camera, has the opportunity to fill a frame with a picture that will always be in the same focus, safely guarded by footlights from the most minutely attentive gaze. Historical drama, which similarly puts a frame around events, seems best served by clothes and sets that form a picture very like the real ones from the period—at least with some of the same unified visual tone, which helps to authenticate the action of the play. When stylized inventions form the contents of the stage picture, there is as much room for ludicrous mistake as there is for dramatic power—Greek helmets looking just too much like diving gear, for example, or furniture like pretzels. Designers in any historical mode, abstract or literal, often tend to get carried away by their talent, so that the characters look as if they couldn't understand how they came to be dressed like that. Ideally, an actor should wear his costume as if he had put it on in the morning when he got up, even if it is plastic snakes sprayed gold or fifty yards of purple burlap. Good designers can make an actor look that way, even if he doesn't feel it himself. The insufficiently praised costumes for Peter Brook's famous *Midsummer Night's Dream,* for example, had just that natural, accustomed look, with all their strangeness.

The importance of what actors actually wear is singularly unrecognized by critics or audience. Costumes are so thoroughly identified with bodies that the messages they send are received without acknowledgment, even though an extraordinary emotional power can be generated by the use of very specific, noticeable things—the right use of a black cape, a white scarf, or a pair of bare feet. Audiences and critics will remember general sumptuousness and general bizarrerie, like nudity or rehearsal clothes for Shakespeare, but rarely anything specific, good or bad. Mistakes are not chastised any more than strokes of genius are praised. For example, in Robert Bolt's *Vivat, Vivat Regina!,* the past season's stage version of Queen Elizabeth's problems with Mary of Scotland, the designer dressed all those familiar people in simplified, well-shaped Elizabethan costumes taken from all the same paintings—but he chose to put Eileen Atkins, as Elizabeth, into a glittering black ruff for her last scene. This instantly turned a reasonable, simple set of stage clothes into the stuff of musical comedy. Black frills around the face are attractive and expressive, but they have no place in serious, realistic stylizations of Elizabethan dress, however dramatic, although one contemporary document mentions them. Without visual evidence one must invent, but to fly in the face of evidence is ridiculous, unless that is the point, which it wasn't in these costumes. They were broadly generalized, with little ornamentation—a good theatrical method and well suited to this particular play, which collapsed events in similar fashion. Nevertheless, what decoration there was had the flavor of modern trimming, stylish and elegant at best but unrelated to Renaissance modes of embellishment.

The Queen Elizabeth whose clothes were seen by most people during the last season was naturally Glenda Jackson's, in *Mary, Queen of Scots.* This film had little history to tell, but a good deal of sensational gossip to illuminate—chiefly by means of spectacle at all costs, or rather at great cost. Vanessa Redgrave, starring as Mary the passionate and doomed, could be dressed in a whole range of doomed-and-passionate outfits, very becoming but all invented out of whole cloth, as it were—because the necessary historical signals were helpfully conveyed by the tights on the gentlemen and, once again, the red wig and ruff on Glenda. This film follows the long traditions of cinematic period costume, which require: (1) that history take place in many changes of clothes, preferably in luxurious surroundings with plenty of eating done; (2) that armies be clearly distinguishable (as Ours and Theirs) by some very visible difference in their gear or its color; and (3) that the stars look sexy and terrific by modern standards. The last stipulation is, of course, the key to all historic costume in the movies, except for certain British films, Zeffirelli's Shakespeare films, and Visconti. In French and American movies, erotic and

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fashionable taste can require, for example, that a blond, washed-out Eva Marie Saint, dusty and exhausted from years in the desert as an enforced Indian squaw (in *The Stalking Moon*), appear before Gregory Peck in complete and perfect eye makeup—shadow, liner and black mascara. Even in David Lean's *Bridge on the River Kwai,* the grubby native girls had uplift bras under their tunics—a mistake fortunately now obsolete. These two examples were the more striking because the clothes in those films otherwise reeked of sweaty efforts at grim realism. On the other hand, Edwige Feuillere in *L'Aigle a Deux Têtes* wore elegant 1870s dresses copied from those of Empress Elizabeth of Austria—except that they all had to have great big shoulder pads because the movie appeared in 1947. The French are bad about makeup, too.

Glenda Jackson in *Mary, Queen of Scots* has the ruff and big sleeves, but her hair has been becomingly teased and smoothed, and indeed all the clothes in the movie have a slick, synthetic look. They also look incorrectly physically comfortable in the modern way. High Renaissance court dress, without the resources of modern technology, was precariously maintained in a state of elegant perfection by pounds of stuffing, starch, wood and steel. It undoubtedly weighed heavily and chafed considerably, but it was psychically rather than physically comfortable. Those who wore it believed in the importance of such dress as a necessary sign of rank and a reinforcement of personal power. They knew how it looked and what it meant; how one's clothes felt was irrelevant to an exalted position and was only the proper concern of laborers. Movie costumes are supported by nylon, aluminum, foam rubber and styrofoam, and they are cut to suit the modern idea about the action of bodies. When the camera can focus very minutely at the clothes worn in close-ups, it shows the plastic-looking nylon ruff that can never crush, or the bodice of unbelievable flexibility, molded and stiffened by elastic and aluminum springs instead of a rigid wooden busk.

The prevailing mode dictates the style in which movie costumes will depart from fact, so whereas the real Queen Elizabeth apparently had no eyebrows, or shaved them, Bette Davis wore penciled ones from the thirties in *Elizabeth and Essex,* and Glenda Jackson kept her own, dyed red, in *Mary, Queen of Scots.* Besides the female face, the female torso has always been the field for exercising the greatest distortion through fashion. American cinematic convention demands that all movie actresses wear the face and torso of the current moment, whatever the century in which the film is set, presumably so that they are believable as real women to a contemporary audience. When big, firm breasts, a tiny waist, and a straight back are fashionable, all historical characters have them, whatever style of clothing is worn, including otherwise archaeologically correct flapper dresses. When slouching shoulders, no waist, and low, soft breasts are the thing, everybody wears those even with Elizabethan ruffs or Civil War hoopskirts. This often makes it easier, when flicking on the TV, to tell when a film was made than when it was supposed to take place, unless of course we have a few unmistakable signals, like a shiny white wig.

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The Revolving Bookstand . . . . . .

Eight New Feminist Books

FLORENCE HOWE

THE NATURE AND EVOLUTION OF FEMALE SEXUALITY. *By Mary Jane Sherfey. Random House. Paper, $1.95.* WOMEN AND SEX: Sexual Experiences of Thirty Women As Told to a Female Psychotherapist. *By Leah C. Schaefer. Pantheon. $8.95.* FREE AND FEMALE: The Sex Life of the Contemporary Woman. *By Barbara Seaman. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $6.95.* VAGINAL POLITICS. *By Ellen Frankfort. Quadrangle. $6.95.* WOMEN AND MADNESS. *By Phyllis Chesler. Doubleday. $8.95.* SEXISM IN SCHOOL AND SOCIETY. *By Nancy Frazier and Myra Sadker. Harper & Row. Paper, $2.95.* UNLEARNING THE LIE: Sexism in School. *By Barbara G. Harrison. Liveright. $6.95.* WOMEN, RESISTANCE AND REVOLUTION: A History of Women and Revolution in the Modern World. *By Sheila Rowbotham. Pantheon. $7.95.*

In the spring of 1970 I went to see a number of people in publishing with an idea. Why not begin to produce a series of biographical pamphlets on women in literature and other arts, in history, science, medicine, law and politics? For format, I had in mind the Minnesota series on American writers. For audience, I envisioned the slow but steady growth of women's studies courses like the fifty I knew about then. There were no biographies at all for such significant women as Antoinette Brown, Maria Mitchell and Rebecca Harding Davis, a trio of nineteenth-century Americans in the fields of religion, science and literature respectively. Given a burgeoning women's movement, I added, the prospective audience might be very much broader than high school and college students.

Polite skepticism greeted me everywhere. "A good idea—ummm, interesting," went the refrain, "but there's no money in it." "We've signed all the women's books we're likely to do," one editor told me. "It's Indians now." And another said that his company had mistaken the size of the audience for black studies—they were "losing their shirts"—and they weren't going to make that mistake twice.

Obviously, I was both premature in my request and conservative in my vision. In the fall of 1973, there will be 2,000 to 2,500 women's studies courses on campuses and another 300 to 500 in high schools. *Ms.* has, in one year, accumulated 350,000 subscribers. The skepticism that greeted my proposal back in 1970 led to the founding of the Feminist Press, a tax-exempt, nonprofit education and publishing corporation that has been producing a series of biographies (*Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Constance Markievicz,* and

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Approaching Simone [Weil] thus far) as well as children's books, reprints, teachers' kits and the *Women's Studies Newsletter.* Other women's presses—Lollipop Power in North Carolina, KNOW, Incorporated in Pittsburgh, Daughters, Incorporated in Vermont, and Wollstonecraft Limited in California—have also begun to produce books for that new audience out there created by the women's movement.

That movement has been, from the first, a teaching movement, aimed at reversing deep, widespread, and allegedly irreversible assumptions about the inferiority of women. With the official press, the media and book publishing closed to them (except for sensationalism), the schools and other institutions hostile, new feminists in the sixties turned both to consciousness raising and to organization building. To maintain communication and gain and educate new recruits, in the ten years since Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique,* the movement produced enough written material to fill a small library (2325 Oak Street, in Berkeley, houses the Women's History Research Center, the only near-complete collection of such material in the country). At last count several years ago, there were two thousand magazines and newsletters in circulation aimed at this new audience of women. That women should see as their chief responsibility the teaching of other women is taken for granted inside the movement but is not widely known or understood outside.

The major teaching device has been the group, the initial focus each individual's particular experience. But to describe sexual or parental activity before ten other women is to learn that others have shared your pleasure or discomfort. Thus, individual, allegedly psychological "hang-ups" or neuroses may be revealed in the group as social problems for discussion or action. The dissemination of such information by study groups, task forces or committees, by researchers and teams both inside and outside the movement, has resulted in an atmosphere novel in my lifetime. Perhaps the chief accomplishment of the new feminism thus far is an explosion, if not in knowledge about women, then in questions.

To know your own body, to question those who define and control it, has been a primary goal. This is not surprising, since it has usually been on the alleged inferiority of women's bodies or the uncleanness of their sexuality that patriarchal ideology has hung. One of the movement's first "underground" mimeographed essays was Anne Koedt's "The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm." And the movement's first "best seller" was a lengthier, illustrated pamphlet of physiology, medical information and women's experience called *Our Bodies, Ourselves,* produced by a group of Boston women who began by studying their own lives. The recent publication of *Our Bodies, Ourselves,* in an enlarged and glossy format by Simon and Schuster this year, signals the movement's interest in reaching a still broader audience of women—and men. Five of the eight books I shall consider here are also concerned with the physical and mental health of women. These form part of the record of a feminist sexual revolution that disputes the early media image of "libbers" as disappointed or rejected, frigid or homosexual man-haters.

Psychiatrist Mary Jane Sherfey's brief but technical *The Nature and Evolution of Female Sexuality* (a reprint, revised and with an interesting autobiographical introduction, of a study first published in a 1966 medical journal) begins with the finding of Masters and Johnson that the vaginal orgasm as such does not exist, and that the clitoris, a rather complex organ, is the chief source of female sexuality. Masters and Johnson's second and more startling finding follows from the first—the relative "insatiety" of female sexuality evident in women's ability to produce "multiple orgasms," even to bodily exhaustion. To the work of Masters and Johnson, Sherfey links recent biological research that has, thus far, received even less publicity. "The innate femaleness of the mammalian embryo was firmly established," Sherfey writes, "between 1957-8 (with, of course, over fifteen years of prior research); but the biologists recorded the fact with little comment." This research reversed Freud's view of sexual differentiation, in which the embryo,

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allegedly undifferentiated or bisexual to begin with, achieves "full" development if male, limited or "infantile" if female. On the contrary, Sherfey quips, "In the beginning, we were all created females. . . ."

Why does this new biology matter, especially to feminists? It is not, I would agree with Sherfey here, in order to reverse chauvinistic and anachronistic psychoanalytic theory. It may be pleasantly startling for women (and simply startling for men) to find the penis described as "an exaggerated clitoris" and the scrotum as "derived from the labia majora," but Sherfey urges that sexual differentiation functions "to insure species survival" and not to establish "innate female superiority." Indeed, the chief point of Sherfey and others writing of female sexuality is simply to confirm the primacy of the clitoris and thus, hopefully, to deal a death blow to those Freudians who for most of this century have viewed "The majority of women . . . [as] biologically inferior, retarded in their psychosexual evolution." Despite the common sense of their own experience, women have also believed this nonsense about their bodies. Now the scientific evidence Sherfey has synthesized serves to confirm new reports from women's own experience.

Reporting such experiences, two authors write reassuringly of female sexuality. Their books reveal the intensity, variety and precocity of women's (and girls') sexual lives—and the anxiety and guilt felt by many of them still, especially about masturbation (a common practice). Of the two, Leah Schaefer's *Women and Sex* is more narrowly focused. Like Sherfey, Schaefer is a practicing clinician, interested in women's health, whose book makes earlier research available to a new audience. She organizes into readable units selections from lengthy interviews conducted a decade ago with thirty white, married women between the ages of twenty-five and forty. (There is also one interview printed whole.) Despite the homogeneity of the subjects, a complex portrait emerges of varied sexual preferences and practices. Schaefer's conclusions deliberately raise more questions than they solve. Is orgasm a learned or automatic response? Why are women, sexually untaught by their mothers, still incapable today of teaching their daughters? How is it possible to rid women who enjoy masturbation of the anxiety and guilt that accompany such pleasure?

The second book, Barbara Seaman's *Free and Female,* is the best single antidote to scores of sex manuals. An editor of *Family Circle* magazine, Seaman is a popularizer who summarizes Sherfey, Schaefer and others; a reporter who surveys the lives of "103 relatively independent and sexually oriented contemporary women"; and a proselytizer. She treats a massive quantity of evidence and experience with intelligence, honesty, taste and good humor, never forgetting that she is writing for the unconvinced or the uninitiated. While she is sensitive about and sympathetic to homosexuality, her subject is heterosexual women. They and their sexual partners need to know the physiology of the clitoris to appreciate the beauty of women's "natural bodies . . . [as] great instruments of pleasure"—for themselves and their partners. Unlike men, women's sexuality increases both with age and practice; it typically increases also after childbirth. A woman's sexual needs may "peak" at the time her husband's or lover's have begun to decline.

With sexual freedom and the consciousness of pride and pleasure in sexuality, women have opened their eyes also to those people and institutions that service (and attempt to control) their bodies—chiefly doctors and psychiatrists and the medical (and legal) professions. While Seaman's book contains several good muckraking chapters on medical practices, two books are devoted wholly to these matters: Ellen Frankfort's *Vaginal Politics* and Phyllis Chesler's *Women and Madness.** Younger than Sher-

* There is still no book that traces the history of women's relationship with the medical profession, but a pamphlet written by Barbara Ehrenreich and Deirdre English, *Witches, Midwives and Nurses,* that tells the story of women as healers, has sold more than 10,000 copies this year. This and a sequel, *Complaints and Disorders,* are available from the Feminist Press, Box 334, Old Westbury, New York 11568.

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fey, Schaefer and Seaman, Frankfort and Chesler are radical feminists whose books express the outrage, anger and hope of those who would expose—in order to change—current medical practice in the United States. Their books, like Seaman's, are filled with documentation—statistics, charts, surveys, interviews, scholarly studies and references. The impact of most of their chapters—on abortion, contraception, breast cancer, mental illness—will be chilling or frightening, and controversial, both inside and outside the women's movement.

Vaginal Politics opens with the title essay's animated dialogue of women at a "self-help" clinic, learning to use a speculum to examine their own or another woman's cervix. While Frankfort frames her book with the excitement of the women's health movement, she is critical of its emphasis (on such self-help clinics) and cautious about some of its practices. She "would like to see women organize around the institutions where the power lies"—that is, hospitals and medical schools and associations. Thus, her book attempts to expose the process of dehumanizing medical students, the mercenaries of the medical profession even in abortion practice, the needless butcheries connected with breast cancer, and countless indignities suffered by the ill, in doctors' offices and hospitals, especially if they are women, members of minorities, or simply poor.

Like Seaman's book, Frankfort's demystifies medical practice also by providing women with significant information both about their bodies and the state of medical knowledge. (Frankfort includes a list of questions to ask your gynecologist while he/she is examining you.)

If you need stomach to read *Vaginal Politics,* you need heart as well to read *Women and Madness.* Phyllis Chesler, a psychologist able to write for a mass audience, focuses on the "predominantly female psychiatric population" in the control of a misogynist profession. While the physically sick have some rights, the mentally ill have none. "Most women who are psychiatrically hospitalized are not 'mad'," Chesler claims. "They are depressed, suicidal, frigid, anxious, paranoid, phobic, guilty, indecisive, inactive, and without hope." In short, they are extreme versions of the "normal" American stereotyped female. Such women have exchanged the patriarchy of marriage for a more ultimate version in psychotherapy or inside mental institutions.

How can women begin to escape what are too often medical or psychiatric traps? As an "anarchist," Chesler is not interested in the politics of a movement intent upon changing the medical establishment. Most feminists who have written about her book have questioned not its facts but its prognosis for change. As women (and men) learn about the sex stereotyping and patriarchy that turn them into mental cases, will they be able to free themselves from the mental health profession? Will women simply end their oppression by "a shift in the basic female ego," as Chesler suggests—by the assumption of "a power which is always predicated on the direct control of worldly realities"? Chesler quite correctly emphasizes women's need to think less of husbands and children and more of themselves. But she does so most tersely in several concluding pages, without sufficient attention to the process through which "*psychological* changes"—her interests—may be hastened, or to the organization of power necessary to institutionalize such change. In short, Chesler has not attempted to deal with the women's movement as an organized force or the institution of education as an agent of change.

It is highly significant that there has been less movement (evidenced even by the number of books published) in the area of women's education than in sexuality or health. The last book on the history of women's education was published in 1929. And while there is some federal legislation on education comparable to the Supreme Court decision on abortion, few know or care of its existence. Only schools of education, moreover, have been as impervious to women's studies as medical schools. And of course schools of education turn out women who become more than eighty percent of the nation's elementary school teachers (although less than fifteen percent

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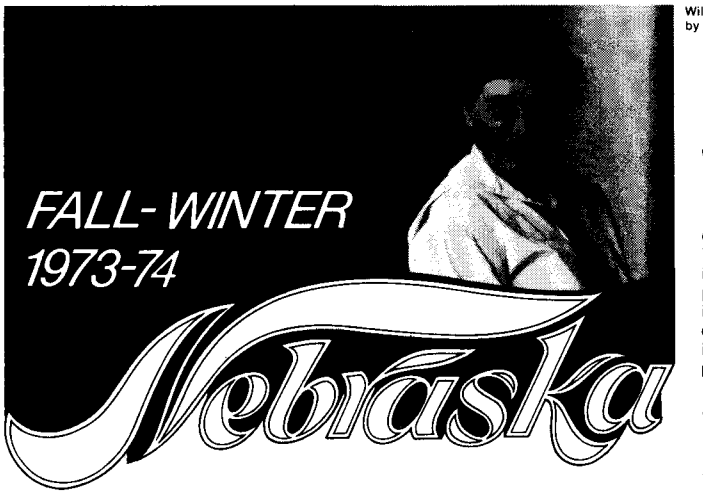


Willa Cather
by Steichen

August

"YELLOWSTONE KELLY": The Memoirs of Luther S. Kelly
Luther S. Kelly M.M. Quaife, ed.
"A contribution to the history of the western frontier and a thrilling tale of sustained adventure"—*M.M. Quaife.* Paper **$2.75**

DOC HOLLIDAY *John Myers Myers*
"Lively though solid biography"—*New York Times.* "Readers interested in the Old West will eat this up and beg for more"—*San Francisco Chronicle.* Paper **$1.95**

September

NEBRASKA SYMPOSIUM ON MOTIVATION, 1972
James K. Cole and Donald D. Jensen, eds.
Cloth **$8.95** / Paper **$4.25**

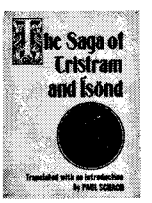
October

MAN AND NATURE IN AMERICA
Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr.
"Salient viewpoints of thinkers of successive eras who have deeply considered the human being and his environment"—*Christian Science Monitor.* Paper **$2.45**

PONY EXPRESS *Fred Reinfeld*
Rousing chronicle of the days when danger marked each galloping trip across the plains, mountains, and deserts separating St. Joseph and San Francisco. Paper **$1.95**

November

ANIMATE ILLUSIONS: Explorations of Narrative Structure *Harold Toliver*
This important study seeks to locate the boundaries of fiction and define its art. Focusing on the linear unfolding of fictions and other kinds of narrative such as history writing, it looks into the principles by which narrative art shapes its materials.
Cloth **$10.00**



THE SAGA OF TRISTRAM AND ÍSÖND
Translated with an introduction by Paul Schach
This first English translation of the medieval Norwegian *Tristrams saga,* the only complete member of the Thomas branch of the Tristan legend, is based on all five extant manuscripts. Cloth **$9.50**

A LEGAL HISTORY OF MONEY IN THE UNITED STATES, 1774–1970
James Willard Hurst
Comprehensive treatment of legal dimensions of our monetary system also examines the effects of legal interventions. Cloth **$9.50**

SPECIFIC PATHOGEN FREE SWINE
Norman R. Underdahl
Essential information on the production and rearing of SPF, or "disease-free," swine.
Cloth **$6.95**

LITERARY CRITICISM OF DANTE ALIGHIERI
Robert S. Haller, tr. and ed.
(Regents Critics Series) Cloth **$11.00**

December

WILLA CATHER: A Pictorial Memoir
Text by Bernice Slote
Photographs by Lucia Woods and others
In a beautiful volume commemorating the centenary of Willa Cather's birth, December 7, 1873, the life of the classic American novelist and aspects of her best-loved works are portrayed in more than 160 illustrations, 27 in color. Photographs by Lucia Woods were commissioned for this book, which also includes many hitherto unpublished family pictures. Cloth **$15.00**

SATIRE AND ALLEGORY IN "WYNNERE AND WASTOURE"
Thomas H. Bestul
First full-length study of the poem provides a general introduction by placing it in its proper historical and literary setting.
Cloth **$6.50**

THE SUITCASE FARMING FRONTIER: A Study in the Historical Geography of the Central Great Plains *Leslie Hewes*
Examines the extension of the agricultural frontier and the role of the nonresident wheat farmer. Cloth **$10.00**

THE SELF-CONCEPT, Revised Edition
Vol. 1: A Review of Methodological Considerations and Measuring Instruments *Ruth C. Wylie*
First volume of two in the revised and expanded edition of a now classic work describes and evaluates measurement methods, research designs, and procedures in self-concept research. Cloth **TBA**

TWO GREAT SCOUTS AND THEIR PAWNEE BATTALION
George Bird Grinnell
Foreword by James T. King
During the height of the Indian Wars, a unique battalion of Pawnees led by the "fighting Norths," frequently took the field against the hostile tribes. Paper **TBA**

MEMOIRS, OFFICIAL AND PERSONAL *Thomas L. McKenney*
Introduction by Herman J. Viola
McKenney, who directed Indian affairs from 1816 to 1830, also established the forerunner of the Smithsonian Institution's ethnological collection. Paper **$3.95**

STUDIES IN MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE HISTORY, Vol. X
William M. Bowsky, ed. Cloth **$12.00**

January

PHILASTER *Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher Dora Jean Ashe, ed.*
(Regents Renaissance Drama Series)
Cloth **TBA**

At bookstores or from UNP

In Canada, Burns and MacEachern, Ltd.

University of Nebraska Press UNP
Lincoln 68508

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of its administrators). These women have been only recently touched by the women's movement, and, thus far at least, on a scale far smaller than any other white, middle-class group.

The reason for the intransigence of education is obvious. Schools reflect, codify and transmit social traditions and practices. They do not function to institute change. On the other hand, no other single institution is so powerful a promulgator of sexism—and so potentially vulnerable to the prodding of the women's movement. The family obviously also teaches stereotypic behavior to children, but who or what can touch that private, individualistic institution? Schools, by comparison, are collective public enterprises, existing according to rules and with curriculum—both written and "hidden"—and personnel who control the lives of children in massive numbers. A single history textbook, omitting any mention of women, may be read by millions of school children on any particular day. Across the country, state departments of education and local school boards neglect the needs of female children for physical education and exercise. Above all, schools deprive girls and women of the right to aspire beyond marriage and motherhood. Nor do they teach them and their brothers to value nurturing roles.

Only recently has the organized women's movement begun to turn its attention to education. Directly from that movement, two books offer brief, readable and complementary guides to the subject. *Sexism in School and Society,* by Nancy Frazier and Myra Sadker, has the distinction of being among the first titles in a new series of texts meant for undergraduate education majors interested in "Critical Issues." It will also be read by parents and teachers looking for a concise account of the schools' failure to serve the sexes equally. (Stereotyping, the authors state and document, also harms males.) The book is a compendium of information heretofore available only in numerous separate studies, reports and essays prepared by scholars and feminist groups during the past decade. In addition to chapters on sexist practices and curriculum in elementary school, high school and higher education, the authors' concluding chapter, "The Anatomy of Change," warmly urges educators to set their schools in order voluntarily, and extends models to follow.

If Frazier and Sadker's tone is too sanguine, a useful antidote and complementary account is Barbara Grizzuti Harrison's *Unlearning the Lie.* Harrison, a writer and the parent of two children who attend the Woodward School in Brooklyn, makes palpable both her own reluctant conversion to feminism and the school's two-year process of beginning change. Indeed, it took two years of parental pressure on a "free," private elementary (kindergarten through eighth grade) school to gain the cooperation of the staff, if not the agreement of all the parents. In this process, a few teachers and most significantly the director—strong women who had "made it" and who were not easily convinced of the need for change—played key roles. The instrument of change, however, was neither a book nor an individual, but one of those amorphous, leaderless consciousness-raising groups and the information they produced about the experience and history of women in school and society. The "Sex-role Committee," as the group of white female parents was called, found itself in an adversary position, not only in relation to the school's staff and to male parents, but, since the school is interracial, to black female parents who made up a parallel Black Studies Committee. A confrontation between black and white women, honestly portrayed as the book's and the movement's climax, culminates in a marathon multimedia presentation of collectively researched and written papers about the lives of black and white women to an audience of staff and other parents.

One great virtue of Harrison's book is that it documents a process of changing an institution, however small. We have too few such histories, too few lessons from the efforts of feminists to achieve at least change, if not power. The force of Sheila Rowbotham's *Women, Resistance and Revolution* is its illumination of the scope—

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New from Yale

Sir Walter Ralegh

The Renaissance Man and His Roles

by Stephen J. Greenblatt

In a portrait that stresses the tension and contradiction as well as the flamboyance of Renaissance England, Stephen Greenblatt presents Sir Walter Ralegh as a symbol of his age. All his life, particularly at moments of crisis, Ralegh was acting out a role, and the interplay between life and art was manifested in both his actions and his writing. The scenes shift from the grim Tower of London to the swamps of Guiana, from the court of the aging Elizabeth back to the Tower as Greenblatt follows Ralegh's turbulent career from his disgrace in 1592 to his conviction for treason against King James in 1603. He combines historical literary, and psychological concerns to lend credibility to the myth-shrouded Ralegh. "This book is superior to any of the standard works on Ralegh."—*Library Journal* $7.95

The Unique Creation of Albert Camus

by Donald Lazere

This is the most comprehensive critical work on Camus to be published since his death in 1960, and it brings subsequent literary and historical developments to bear on a thorough reevaluation of his work. Donald Lazere focuses on Camus's literary art, analyzing his philosophical and sociopolitical concerns as integral elements in his aesthetic theory and practice. Camus's concept of the responsibility of the man of letters to his historical time is shown to combine the most valid features of both Marxist-existentialist commitment and art for art's sake. "A clearly reasoned and forcefully written definition of Camus's position, with particular reference to American readers of today. It supplies a need which the various French studies of Camus cannot fill."—Albert Guerard $12.50

Catharine Beecher

A Study in American Domesticity

by Kathryn Kish Sklar

Although she is often remembered only as the sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher, there was a time in Catharine Beecher's life when she was more widely known than any member of her eminent family. A pioneering teacher, a writer on moral and religious topics, and an avid publicist for women's education, her name became a household word in the 1840s due to the enormous success of her *Treatise on Domestic Economy*. This comprehensive guide to all aspects of domestic self-management was part of her effort to create a female domain from which cultural power could be exercised. Ms. Sklar's perceptive biography offers new insights into the shifting contours of the nineteenth century female experience and is a significant contribution to the intellectual and social history of the period. $12.50

Opening Up the Suburbs

An Urban Strategy for America

by Anthony Downs

In this fast-paced book Anthony Downs takes a close look at a national problem of increasing importance: making the economic benefits of the suburbs available to the inner city poor. The most practical way of doing this, he finds, is by introducing low and moderate-income housing to suburban areas where it is now prohibited by restrictive zoning laws and building codes. After marshalling the arguments in favor of his plan, Mr. Downs presents the suburbanites' case against change. Although he finds legitimate claims and fears on both sides, he believes it is possible to devise public policies that will reconcile the objectives and desires of both poor Americans desiring to upgrade themselves and wealthier Americans desiring to protect the quality of their hard-won suburban life. $7.95

Yale University Press New Haven and London

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geographic and historic—and the continuity of feminist struggles for change.

A British historian and a good writer, Rowbotham chronicles the history of European and American women from the late Renaissance to the early twentieth century, with special attention to the French Revolution and industrialism. Separate chapters on women in the Soviet Union and China precede three case studies of women in former European or American colonies: Algeria, Cuba and Vietnam. Throughout, she traces two strata of women activists: first, the one illustrated by most of the current American movement—middle- and upper-class women wanting the privileges of their brothers—emancipation, education, and more recently, the right to interesting, productive work; second, and this is the focus of her book, the strata of women who have always been workers, generally impoverished ones, and whose history, at least before the twentieth century, is almost wholly lost or not yet found. As Rowbotham puts it, "The woman of the upper classes complains of her uselessness, the woman of the lower classes enjoyed no uselessness."

As a Marxist and a feminist, Rowbotham attempts to "trace the fortunes of an idea . . . that the liberation of women necessitates the liberation of all human beings." But her book is, in fact, concerned with other tasks as well—principally a first step toward "correcting the masculine bias" of history. Thus, Rowbotham introduces us not only to the varieties of subjugation women have endured, but to scores of heroic women, named and unnamed, who have brought forward the idea of liberation. On the basis of her accounts of women's achievements in the midst of revolutionary movements, we can better perceive the strengths and distinctiveness of our own movement. The current thrusts of United States feminists into the medical and educational establishments, for example, find few parallels in Soviet experience, but rich ones in China—which perhaps suggests the relative degrees of liberation achieved by women in those countries.

Rowbotham offers no blueprint toward the goal of women's liberation. Her ideological position is still, as she puts it, "coming out of the heads of women like me as an idea." It also comes, however, from the portraits she draws of the daily lives of women facing oppression and moving past it: an Algerian woman being stripped of her tampon, French women striking for bread, English women packing biscuits in factories, Chinese women learning to read. If the blueprint is incomplete, many of the questions yet unanswered, that is only because—as these books suggest—the rejuvenated women's movement is yet young.

Literature and the New Community

MODERN HEROISM. *By Roger Sale. University of California Press. $10.*

Reviewed by DEREK WILLARD

Of all the commonplace assumptions about modern literature and times, none has been more popular than the idea that people are estranged from one another and their common past and that therefore confusion, resentment and regret are the best honest tones for an author or his audience. The argument is not only pessimistic but narcotizing as well. It implies that an author or reader need not look beyond nostalgia or cynicism or acquiescence for a proper response to modern experience. By means of three careful but loosely connected literary appreciations, Roger Sale rejects this argument, which he calls the Myth of the Lost Unity, and suggests that D. H. Lawrence, William Empson and J. R. R. Tolkien, each in his own way, achieved a kind of heroism by creating a sense of community.

Modern Heroism does not propose a single conceptual framework for under-

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standing modern literature; nor does it establish an occult connection among the three men. Rather, the book is a collection of three separate essays brought together under a title that identifies a retrospectively discovered theme. The author, a professor of English at the University of Washington, examines the work of the three men within a framework of literary history and criticism in order to propose a way of talking about the best that each author wrote. Along the way he reveals how Lawrence and Tolkien create fictive communities among characters and how Empson creates one among author, critic and reader.

The communities are not sociological but epistemic. Each author recognizes the arguments of the Myth of the Lost Unity, and each responds by describing the possibility of relationships based upon the knowledge of human limitations and the wish to think and act in spite of the despair this knowledge brings. This recognition and response is, for Professor Sale, one sign of heroic achievement. It is not the heroism of some Golden Age when, through conscious choice, a hero could shape the destiny of a nation or people. Leopold Bloom is no Ulysses, and Prufrock is not Prince Hamlet nor was he meant to be. The modern vision is more restricted and unsure, but there are still human possibilities. The author suggests that heroism is not a constant set of values or actions, but a term that is redefined with succeeding periods and sensibilities.

The most illuminating examination, and the one that best represents the book's theme, documents William Empson's contributions to literary criticism and places him in relation to other framers of modern literary interpretation, notably T. S. Eliot, I. A. Richards, E. M. W. Tillyard and F. R. Leavis. A strong and delightful sense of Empson as a person emerges as the author addresses three of the most controversial aspects of Empson's work: his handling of poets who didn't clearly stand in Eliot's tradition, his scandalous misquotations and his early fears for his own sanity. All this while demonstrating that, for Empson, tradition is not just a matter of looking at the past in the light of how we live now, but an attempt to bring the past into harmony with the present so that a critic might express himself by expressing the vision of his author.

In *Some Versions of the Pastoral* Empson tells of the prices paid for the loss of a magical relation between hero and people, but also suggests possibilities that remain. The shepherd-hero is alienated from his flock and it becomes a mob, yet the relationship of author to reader can be a reenactment of the ancient relationship of hero and people if the author uses his material to suggest a common humanity. Empson looks at the past and defines modern heroism as those acts that serve in spite of history to recognize that "in the exaggeration of our weaknesses we can see also the source of all our strength." He moves beyond the Myth of the Lost Unity to a place where fears are fully felt and expressed—where, for example, a comparison between George Herbert and Jesus can demonstrate why the crucifixion is a central satisfying horror of Western civilization.

This thematic search for common humanity finds its echo in the works of Lawrence and Tolkien. The first and most labored essay, "D. H. Lawrence, 1910-1916," includes enough biography to illustrate how Lawrence transforms private terrors and joys into a fiction that is both a vehicle for ideas and an enactment of people struggling to form some viable relationship with each other and themselves. The essay deals with the unevenness of Lawrence's writing and his personal excesses, but it also suggests that to see the emotionally charged relationships in *Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* without seeing the struggle of the protagonists to bring together past and present, inside and outside, self and other—what Lawrence called "the whole man alive"—is to miss the heroic character of Lawrence's work and life.

In a masterful discussion of perspective, Sale demonstrates Tolkien's technique of exaggerating the limitations of the hobbit community in order to comment on the

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larger communities outside. He writes:

> The hobbits move provincially, clumsily, relating everything they see to what they know from life at home, as though their way of understanding the world, no matter how inadequate, was the only one they could possibly have.

Heroism for Tolkien, as for his hobbit protagonist Frodo Baggins, consists of recognizing these limitations and that ancient and dangerous things still live in the waking world but moving on in one's blessed and cursed relationship with other people. Viewed from this perspective, *Lord of the Rings* is not just the tale of an ancient quest, but also the description of a psychological descent and recovery.

Taken together, these perceptive, at times intricately argued, examinations provide a way of discussing the separate authors while at the same time pointing to some significant tendencies and proceedings of twentieth-century literature. Those already familiar with Lawrence, Empson and Tolkien may not find anything particularly new. They may even take exception to minor points of analysis as when, in his discussion of *Sons and Lovers,* the author seems to equate Lawrence's awareness with that of his protagonist. Others might argue that the book is written in reaction to what has become a literary cliché, or that the heroism involved is false because a sense of community is not always established or sustained.

Modern Heroism suggests that it is difficult to deal with persistent clichés or myths until one rethinks them. The book is not merely a reaction against something, but a guide to recovering human possibilities that we thought were lost to us. It doesn't matter whether the impulse is successful or not. The act of reaching out to engage the mind and the person of another human being establishes a bond of common humanity. The reaching itself contradicts the alienation that surrounds and exists within us. As the author suggests: "Most intelligent and sensitive people at any time despair of the present and future, and with good reason too. But it is not the only way."

Diplomacy and Domesticity: An Intimate Record

ADAMS FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE. Volume 3, April 1778-September 1780; Volume 4, October 1780-September 1782. *Edited by L. H. Butterfield and Marc Friedlaender. Harvard University Press. $32.50 the set.*

Reviewed by PETER SHAW

The period from 1778 to 1782, most of which John Adams spent in Europe, has figured in earlier volumes of the Adams Papers. In his diary and autobiography Adams recounted his unexpected appointment to join Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee at the Court of France, where they were seeking recognition and an alliance. With his son, John Quincy Adams, accompanying him, he sailed safely through a waiting British squadron and a fierce hurricane in the Gulf Stream. When he arrived in France, he discovered that the United States had been recognized at about the time he set forth. He recommended that he and Arthur Lee be reassigned, leaving Franklin as American ambassador. But he found himself at odds with Franklin's irresponsible handling of American affairs and his distressing support of the speculator, Silas Deane, whom Adams had been sent to replace.

Adams returned to America in 1779 with the sense of having risked much to accomplish little. Yet, by the end of the year he was persuaded to return to Europe as sole plenipotentiary authorized to treat for peace with England. This time he took with him both John Quincy and his younger son, Charles. After another difficult crossing he met new frustration in Paris. The French ordered him to refrain from making contact with the English, and Congress lacked the will to support his wish to defy the powerful French ally's wishes.

✪ PETER SHAW is on leave from the State University of New York at Stony Brook and working on a book about the Adams family under a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

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The Power and Form of Emerson's Thought

By JEFFREY L. DUNCAN. *144 pp., app., index.* $6.75

This volume describes and analyzes Emerson's philosophical conceptions of nature, society, and the individual in terms of his basic polarity. In doing so, the author uncovers a coherence in Emerson's thought that clarifies the changes, shortcomings, and contradictions that occur in the philosopher's prose. The author supports the argument that, while Emerson's basic organic principle is one of polarity, his ideas have a fundamental relatedness and his thoughts an underlying unity. Duncan takes Emerson at face value. He believes that only by taking Emerson's ideas literally, can the reader understand their structure and relation.

John Donne, 1572-1631

A Catalogue of the Anniversary Exhibition of First and Early Editions of His Works Held at The Grolier Club

February 15-April 12, 1972

Compiled by ROBERT S. PIRIE. *xv, 41 pp., illus., bibliog.* $5.00

This volume catalogues almost every early extant edition of Donne's writing, as well as books that belonged to him, were dedicated to him, or concerned him. Presentation copies, autograph letters, and manuscripts of his sermons and other works, and some personal items appear also. The catalogue is of immense value because of its completeness and the descriptive identifications. Each entry also identifies other standard scholarly references where further bibliographic descriptions can be found.

Boston Prints and Printmakers

1670-1775

Edited by WALTER MUIR WHITEHILL *and* SINCLAIR H. HITCHINGS. *xxv, 294 pp., illus., index.* $15.00

The major prints produced in Boston before the American Revolution are subjected to complete examination in this volume. A great majority of the surviving prints of these colonial Boston printmakers are excellently reproduced and conveniently brought together here for the first time. One special item, appearing for the first time, is Nathaniel Hurd's *View of the Old State House.* Another specialty is an impression of Paul Revere's engraving *A View of the Obelisk Erected Under Liberty Tree.* This volume is an indispensable pictorial record of eighteenth-century colonial America.

Two Letters and Short Rules of a Good Life

By ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J. *Edited by* NANCY POLLARD BROWN, *Trinity College. lxv, 122 pp., apps. (Folger Document)* $9.50

Robert Southwell was a Jesuit executed for treason in February 1595. He had returned to England to serve there as a Roman Catholic priest. The seventeenth-century manuscript published here for the first time consists of three of his prose works. They demonstrate both Southwell's skill as an English prose stylist and his devotion to the Catholic church. The hitherto lost letter to Sir Robert Cecil gave Cecil sufficient evidence to bring Southwell to trial and almost inevitable execution. *Short Rules of a Good Life* is a spiritual handbook outlining how the Catholic layman can best plan a life of virtuous action. Southwell's letter to his father recalls memories that the father and son shared of Southwell's childhood and speaks of the son's desire to serve as a priest of the Roman Catholic church. The writings are accompanied by an introductory historical background, bibliographic descriptions of the three works in the manuscript, and explanatory commentaries of the texts.

University Press of Virginia — Charlottesville

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On his own, when he saw that he could do little good in France, Adams traveled to the Netherlands in the summer of 1780 to attempt to raise money and gain recognition of the United States. After two years of agitation and negotiation as intricate and discouraging as any in the annals of diplomacy, he succeeded in both aims. "I have rendered a most important and essential service to my Country, here," Adams wrote, "which I verily believe no other Man in the World would have done." He went on to explain the nature of his contribution:

> I dont mean by this, that I have exerted any Abilities here, or any Actions, that are not very common, but I dont believe that any other Man in the World would have had the Patience and Perseverance, to do and to suffer, what was absolutely necessary.

He did not mention that in securing Dutch recognition, "the greatest Action of my Life," he had neglected his family, had suffered a nervous breakdown, and had emerged from his ordeal, at the age of forty-seven, "half a Century older and feebler" than when he had begun.

In his diary and autobiography Adams treated his diplomatic adventures as moral trials which he survived through self-sacrifice. In the more intimate record of family letters the nature of that sacrifice emerges. Chiefly, it involved a temporary but significant estrangement from his wife.

In 1778 Adams's response to the enmity of the French and the indifference of Franklin was to draw into himself. Abigail Adams characterized his infrequent letters when she asked him:

> Could you after a thousand fears and anxieties, long expectation and painfull suspences be satisfied with my telling you that I was well, that I wished you were with me, that my daughter sent her duty [this was all that Adams had reported about John Quincy Adams], that I had ordered some articles for you which I hoped would arrive &c. &c.

Until he gained recognition in the Netherlands, Adams remained perplexed by difficulties. Reluctant to write, when he did so it was under constraint for fear of interceptions by the British. In this period, the burden of expressing the Adams family's high moral idealism passed to Abigail Adams. When she learned of Franklin's opposition to her husband, she denounced the "False insinuating disembling wretch." She asked James Lovell, a Massachusetts delegate to Congress, "what can raise his malice against an honest republican?" Writing to Adams, she declared: "It is Righteousness, not Iniquity, that exalteth a Nation." And she reassured him:

> You will do what you esteem to be your duty, I doubt not; fearless of consequences, and futurity will discriminate the Honest Man from the knave tho the present Generation seem little disposed to.

For four months after their departure in 1778 she did not know if her husband and son had reached Europe in safety: her only information was the false rumor that their ship had been captured by a British squadron. "Will you forgive my so often troubling you with my fears and anxieties," she wrote to Lovell. "Groundless as some of them have been they were real to me for a time, and had all the force of truth upon me." After nine months and only three short notes she burst out at Adams that if her frequent letters "are become of so little importance as not to be worth noticeing with your own Hand, be so kind as to direct your Secretary. . . ." She did not finish the sentence and quickly apologized, but the letter never arrived. Fear of interception constrained both husband and wife, while actual interceptions cut them off from a proper understanding even in their quarrel over his neglect.

While at home between missions, Adams served his wife "ample retaliation" for the complaints that *had* reached him. Nevertheless, he wrote more frequently on his next trip—until he became embroiled in the Netherlands. This time she suffered for nearly a year without a letter, although he stopped writing for only three months. When he sent Congress the glorious news

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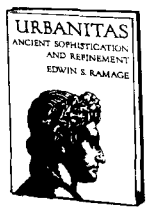
Historical Thought in America: Postwar Patterns

By Timothy Paul Donovan

Man's ability to destroy himself has altered traditional thinking among historians. Donovan tells us that since Hiroshima, historical writings and historians themselves have taken a new direction. No longer a platform for propaganda, history in America now directs itself toward more social responsibility, greater accuracy, and objectivity, as well as relating past problems to present dilemmas. $7.95.



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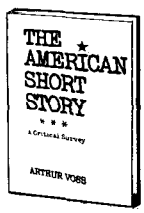

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of Dutch recognition by four different ships, it took six months for the first of his duplicates to arrive. These breaks in communication weakened Adams's alliances with supporters in Congress, on the one hand, and for a time destroyed his intimacy with his wife, on the other. By 1782 a dispirited Abigail Adams wrote: "more than half my days . . . [are] already past. . . . the age of romance has long ago past."

Both partners suffered a loss of feeling during their ordeal of separation, and then discovered new depths of their attachment to one another. When Adams returned to Europe to find a letter that had failed to reach him on his first mission it affected him "with a Pleasure and a Tenderness and an Anxiety and a Pain, that I cannot describe to you, as all your Letters ever did and ever will, that describe your own sentiments and your own Distresses as well as those of our Country." The closing of one of her letters after he had been gone for two years on his second mission expressed the depth of her feeling:

> Should I tender you my warmest affections, they are of a date, almost with my first knowledge of you, and near coeval with my existence, yet not the less valuable I hope to a Heart that knows not a change, but is unalterably the treasure of its ever affectionate
>
> Portia [her pen name]

The editors of these two volumes of letters emphasize in their introduction the remarkable qualities of Abigail Adams, and by including certain nonfamily letters, they have revealed an unexpected side of her. It appears that Mrs. Adams indulged in a sentimental correspondence in a mode borrowed from Laurence Sterne. James Lovell, who carried a name as suggestive as Samuel Richardson's Lovelace, addressed her as "Your Eveship," and repeatedly used sexual innuendo in his letters. She rebuked him but continued the correspondence. She called him "a Queer being," worried over his health, told him that "I love your Letters when they are not too sausy," and admitted that he made her "run on because . . . I know I can make you feel."

Certain feelings were denied to Abigail Adams by separation from her husband and the strict rules of her time and place. She could not "trust to my pen the fullness of my Heart" in writing to John Adams, while he declared that "I feel more tenderness . . . than Words can express, or than I should choose to express if I had Power." In compensation, she adopted toward Lovell and toward Adams's young secretary in Europe, John Thaxter, the one literary style of her age that permitted the expression of emotions.

Even if the present volumes were to be the last Adams Family letters to be published for some time, in them the outlines of family history down the generations are already evident in the growth of John Quincy Adams from his eleventh to his fourteenth years.

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It would be a mistake to regard John Quincy Adams as nothing more than a young prig. The editors remark that his family's constant adjurations "were at the very least gratuitous." Yet, in her references to his "slovenly tricks," "impetuosity of temper," and "passions . . . strong and impetuous," his mother suggested the effort involved in John Quincy's becoming the man his father wanted him to be. While they were in Holland both father and son were breaking the rules of diplomatic etiquette and of school discipline in order to get their way. Because that way was one of dignity—John Adams demanding proper

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recognition of the United States; John Quincy Adams demanding equal rights with the Dutch students in his school—they gained reputations as stiff formalists. In the *Adams Family Correspondence* we are permitted to separate their aspirations toward that reputation from the far more complicated reality that it was meant to obscure.

Simone Weil: Prophet of Grace

OPPRESSION AND LIBERTY. *By Simone Weil. University of Massachusetts Press. $8.50.*

Reviewed by ROBERT COLES

No one very important in this country, or, for that matter, in her native France, has proclaimed a great debt of gratitude to Simone Weil. Charles de Gaulle declared her crazy; and those political scientists or authorities on "public policy" who advise our presidents have others to acknowledge, and with good reason, than that extraordinary woman whose brief life, and feverishly brilliant career as a writer, a political and religious philosopher, ended in 1943 at the age of thirty-four. Born in Paris to a solid, middle-class family of Jewish extraction (but not faith), she began thinking as a youth of the most weighty and grievous issues: the nature of justice; the reasons men exploit and humiliate other men; the problem of faith. I suppose many in high school or college let such matters race across their minds; some even write down their thoughts in a paper or two, and are considered by their teachers to be thoughtful. Simone Weil was that, but one imagines her teachers also becoming alarmed and frightened, if not angered, by the cast of her mind: brilliant, provocative, impatient, hard to categorize, at times both quirky and cranky. In her early twenties she became interested in social problems—obsessed by them, really. She needn't have worried about the poor; her father was a doctor (her brother is now a distinguished mathematician at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton University), and she might have become a cultivated bourgeois, as introspective as she wished, and highly respected. Instead, she turned her back on a conventional career and life—and on conventional thinking. She looked around her and saw not only poverty but also despair and apathy, and those states of mind were by no means confined to the jobless or the underpaid factory workers whose plight in the 1930s was severe indeed. The Western capitalist democracies, she realized, were in serious trouble, and it was more than an economic or political crisis that confronted them.

In the early 1930s she struggled hard to define the nature of that crisis with the help of Marxist analytic constructs, and of course they were helpful—but, she realized, at a certain point failed to work. Rather, they provided new illusions to replace the old ones. Especially sad is the way Marxists denounce the self-deceptions of others, attribute them to various kinds of self-interest, then go on blithely to offer what has to be one of the most naïve forecasts ever made by serious critics of industrial society: not only that the proletariat will one day seize power in one capitalist nation after another, but also that in due course the state they come to control will wither away, and some final millenarian period will arrive in which there will be no exploitation, loving-kindness everywhere, a natural kind of equality in existence between people, with no one pushing anyone around and everyone living quite well so far as material possessions go.

In this book Simone Weil's various social and political writings that center in one way or another on the Marxist view of history are gathered together. Not that she allowed her enthusiasms and misgivings for Marx to limit her. In the early 1940s, before her untimely death, she went through a complicated spiritual experience, which brought her close to the Catholic Church, although she never converted; and it is instructive to observe in these essays

ROBERT COLES is a child psychiatrist on the staff of the Harvard University Health Services, and author of the multivolume *Children of Crisis.*

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her progress from the secular scrutiny of socialists and communists, whose ideals and values she quite often shared, to a religious and introspective search, one element of which was her never-to-end, Christ-like concern for "the lame, the halt, the blind." She understood Marxism inside and out, and had no interest in taking a stand against its valuable contributions so as to obtain or consolidate some "position" in the upper-middle-class Paris that she knew so well. She was aware of the contempt that Marxists have for the various religious faiths. And yet it was her genius to see in Marxism itself a secular religion: messianic, at times self-righteous, even capable of establishing a mythological heaven and hell.

One goes through this relatively brief book spellbound: the youth of the writer, and yet the wisdom—and yes, generosity of spirit. Not for her, ever, the meanness and self-centeredness of those who have ever so carefully positioned themselves to the "right" of various Western socialist or communist parties. She admires Marx, takes him at all times seriously, but in a thoroughly honorable way parts company with him—and with Trotsky and Stalin, as well as the corrupt and decadent governments ruling France or England. She was a proud and convinced anarchist—of a more intellectual kind, I suppose, than Dorothy Day. This book tells us why she was able to see so early on the betrayal of the Russian people by Stalin, among other sad and awful events of the 1920s and early 1930s. For one thing, she would never sanction the separation of means from ends; there is no justification, she insisted, for murder, for silencing criticism and robbing people of their most elementary human rights: not for a "five year plan," or for "national security," or any other slogan coming out of a so-called leader's mouth. Moreover, she saw all states as in so many ways indifferent to, if not antagonistic toward, the individual person's integrity. She worried about the "masses" so many of us have become, even those who fancy themselves well-to-do, well educated, and discerning. So often we take our cues from others, and they from still others (maybe including ourselves), the blind leading the blind. Nor were her political and philosophical essays the result of a mind intoxicated with its own powers, and anxious to be recognized—and heeded. Intellectuals can also be oppressors, she knew, even as they can fancy themselves possessed of more liberty than, in fact, they even have the ability to imagine, let alone the courage to claim for themselves.

She took herself to a Renault factory and worked there, and also to a farm, where she did hard manual labor, not because she wanted to "taste" life, put in a stint among the "lower classes," so that she could appease her conscience, or brag before others or intimidate them. She knew all too well that the workers or peasants she would and did meet have no special dispensation from the fate of every human being: to be finite, hence all too vulnerable and all too capable of meanness, callousness, and on and on. She was never inclined to romanticize either them or their condition. Rather, she knew—long before "existentialism" had become yet another twentieth-century preoccupation—that it was important for her to experience firsthand the brutishness and subservience that others have to accept as their lot; and too, experience the courage, tact and thoughtfulness that even the most severely oppressed can summon: in sum, the "liberty" a human being has a right to dream of—and in small ways to indicate to be everyone's potentiality, whatever the harsh day-to-day realities of life.

More than anything else, Simone Weil in her last years drew upon Plato and Christ. She saw society as Plato's "beast," at every point a danger as much as, upon occasion, a source of encouragement and affirmation. As for Christ, she took pains to emphasize in these essays how even he was no match for that "beast": at the very last moment of his life, loneliness, if not outright despair, came across: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The "beast" had shown that no one was beyond his pale. Of course these essays, so grim and stoic, were written, it has to be

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remembered, between 1932 and 1943, W. H. Auden's "low, dishonest decade." The author, all too sensitive to the almost indescribable suffering that she made it her business to be aware of, writes as if there is virtually nothing anyone can do to make the world a better place for most of its people. There are wonderful, luminous moments, she acknowledges—in 1936, for instance, when French workers suddenly invaded the factories, and thereby won significant concessions from their bosses. But ahead of her time as she was, she kept wondering what it all profiteth—a little more money, a better-paid holiday—when so little can really be taken for granted by so many; even those with relatively good jobs so often have no respect for what they do, and get no great satisfaction from their work.

Dignity, she knew, was the issue, and the small community of farmers and artisans was the dream she nourished as the means for that dignity to be at least substantially achieved. Again, one thinks of Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin, of Proudhon, whom Simone Weil mentions, and Kropotkin and Eric Gill and Tolstoy: dreamers, perhaps—impractical and overly idealistic and thoroughly idiosyncratic. Still, if the kind of Christian community, or series of communities, that she envisioned cannot be considered a likelihood, but rather the product of a utopian imagination, we certainly need such an imagination, not only because it provides a standard, a means by which we can measure the distance that we have to travel, but also because the ideas and ideals of Simone Weil and others in her tradition have provided many others—less pure of heart, less self-sacrificing, perhaps it can be said less blessed—with a kind of necessary tension. With a voice like Simone Weil's in our ears, we are less inclined to be satisfied with the more transparent and absurd justifications that this century has seen intelligent and decent people find for fascism, Stalinism, and too, the rampant destructiviness (of air, land, water, not to mention human beings) that has been carried out in the name of one or another "democracy."

I hope many young Americans will find their way to this extraordinary philosopher. She was a prophet of grace, really: she saw ahead the dangers that now face us, but also what we might do to begin—at least that—finding a degree of freedom from those dangers. Tortured spiritually, racked by severe headaches, sent to us at a time when Armageddon itself seemed at hand, she dared look directly at Plato's "beast" and the "devil" of the Christian faith. Her eyes did not flinch, neither did they fill up, then become lowered in sadness and melancholy. She maintained her gaze to the end, alert and aware of so very much about her, pausing only now and then to look upward. One suspects that at the last moment, when she was called, there were no regrets and a good deal of anticipation. Drawing from her beloved Pascal, she had indicated how earnestly she was "waiting on God." It is our loss that he came to her so soon; but she left us with quite enough to think about—and, I hope, to draw upon as we try to embark upon some of the journeys she described and herself tried to begin.

Personal Conflict and Advocacy Research

HOME FROM THE WAR. Vietnam Veterans: Neither Victims Nor Executioners. *By Robert Jay Lifton. Simon and Schuster. $8.95.*

Reviewed by FRED WEINSTEIN

Robert Jay Lifton's book is profoundly indicative of the ramified effects of the Vietnam War on American society. The book in part stands as an account of personal conflict generated by American involvement in the war, the author himself striving to assimilate and master the histor-

✪ FRED WEINSTEIN is associate professor of history at The State University of New York, Stony Brook. He is co-author with Gerald M. Platt of *The Wish to Be Free* and *Psychoanalytic Sociology.*

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ical events he is describing as he engages in what he calls "advocacy research," which in simplest terms means that his own moral commitments are frankly expressed and central to the organization of the work. The sense of moral outrage, of personal violation, which has obviously affected many veterans of the war, has affected the author no less. The book also represents a psychiatrist's inquiry—prompted at least in part by the effects of the war on the people who fought in it—into the possibilities for new forms of therapy, as well as a critique particularly of more traditional psychoanalytic views at the level of theory and therapy. And the book must also be read as a social scientist's or psychohistorian's account of the larger effects of the war on the society that underwrote it.

Lifton has based these various levels of discourse primarily on his experiences over a period of time with an informal "rap group" that included some members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (V.V.A.W.), and a number of professional workers. The crucial focus of the book is of course, the war and especially the tragic and traumatic experiences of these (and all other) veterans of the war who are now faced with the task of making something of their experiences without resorting on the one hand to denial, repudiation and emotional withdrawal, or, on the other hand, to a driven search for new ideological consolations. Either choice, of course, can only have further destructive consequences.

In Lifton's view these men are the survivors of a holocaust, one that was produced and fed by a variety of American longings and strivings embodied in mythic postures that, however ennobling and energizing they might once have appeared to be, are now exposed as malignant and dangerous. Lifton thus uses the personal tragedy of this handful of men to illuminate the greater national tragedy. In these terms, Lifton would like to emphasize the need to strike out in new directions because America's animating vision, the sense of higher purpose, which is necessary for any people, has here been ruthlessly questioned, and too many people feel betrayed, disillusioned and bereft as a result. The inability to live up to ideals, to realize cultural ambitions, is a depleting circumstance and without some realistic accomplishment in an ideological endeavor that can serve to reconfirm a sense of worth, purpose and continuity, there is bound to follow a sense of despair, or cynical resignation, or, in defense against such consequences, illusions of grandiosity.

It is clear that although the veterans did not deliberately seek therapy in any clinical sense in these rap sessions—and although the professionals certainly did not—the sessions affected in a therapeutic way all who participated in them. The veterans of course had to deal with the effects of their participation in a war that they came to judge, sooner or later, as evil and absurd, a judgment that threatened to undermine their personal stability. The American past had sufficient stature to permit idealization of the goal and, given the events, this led necessarily to traumatic disillusionment. The quality of anger, for example, had therefore to be explored and brought under control.

At the same time, traditional psychoanalytic assumptions about genetic and dynamic sources of behavior were simply inadequate to grasp the issues raised. There is some mention of the genetic sources of one or another personal response to events. But there is much more emphasis—and rightly so—on the contemporary reality, on the situational circumstances of life that can subvert *any* individual's cognitive and moral capacities and lead him to participate in events that in retrospect must appear to that very individual as morally outrageous. Seen from this perspective, the traditional psychoanalytic focus on genetic roots, the deliberate shifting of attention away from the exigencies of everyday life, is shown to have ideological consequences. It is not the least effect of Lifton's work to challenge certain ideological bases of psychoanalysis through a discussion of his own approach to psychodynamics and of the origins and development of psychoanalysis in social and historical terms.

Lifton is thus able to discuss in a very

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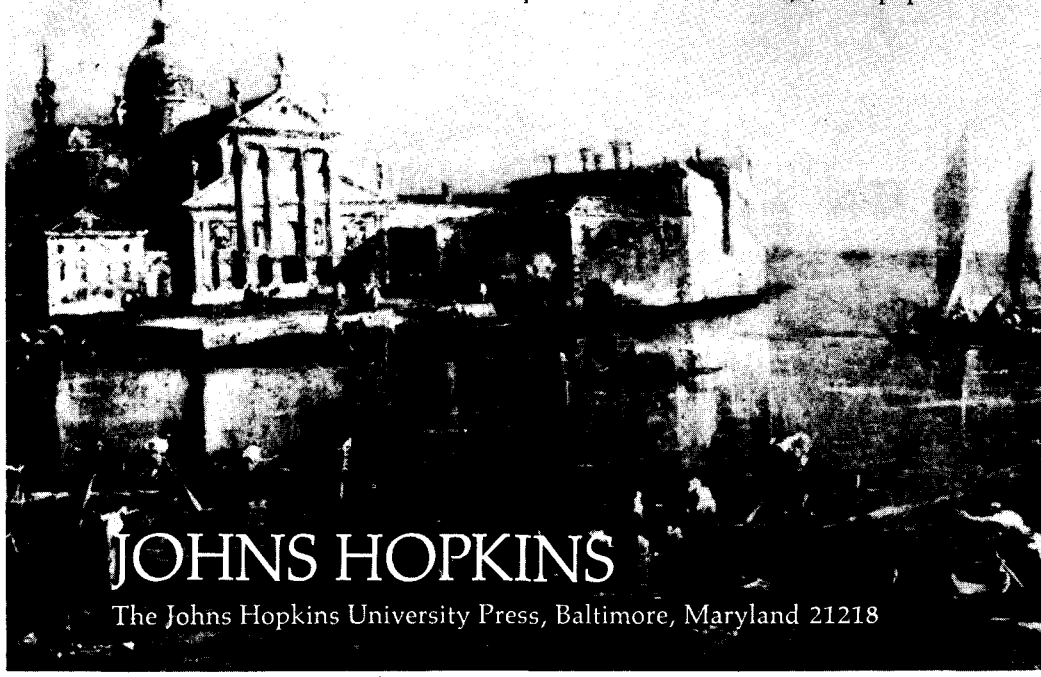

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useful way the potential effects of rage and anger, which are not dismissed reductively as the result of infantile motives and, given the traditional client-therapist milieu, abated and controlled for the wrong reasons. In the same vein, Lifton is also able to examine guilt, not in a static or self-lacerating form, but as the basis for self-scrutiny leading to growth and perhaps to new vision. By focusing in this way on the realities of the veteran's plight, and by stressing life-as-process rather than nailing people into static categories, Lifton is also able to suggest a possible basis for the analysis of personal and social change, a problem not easily resolved in traditional terms.

These brief comments have to serve for the purposes of this review, but they are not adequate to deal with the range of problems raised by the book. Moreover, I have not explored any of the shortcomings of the book—which is, among other things, too long and uneven from chapter to chapter. Lifton will, however, undoubtedly be exposed to considerable criticism on these and other grounds. Those more radical than he will also condemn him for failing to draw appropriate conclusions from his own insight into contemporary processes. Fellow professionals will scold him for questioning revered patterns of thought and practice. Scholars will challenge Lifton's "advocacy research" as a violation of the canons of objective inquiry, and so forth.

Nevertheless, the problems raised by the book remain. It has been observed that when the G.I.s liberated Nazi concentration camps their sense of moral revulsion was so understandably great that their own sins were reduced to nothing by comparison. The Second World War could be heralded as a crusade, and thereby analysis of American commitments to war (that is, as manly endeavor, as noble sacrifice, et cetera) could be forestalled. The Korean War could still be interpreted as a selfless mission undertaken to protect weak nations from conquest. The Vietnam War is hard to justify or legitimate on these or any of the traditional grounds. The capacity for destruction is there exhibited in a particularly obvious and remorseless way. The problems suggested by this must be pursued, and not in the trite and self-serving terms we are all too familiar with. All criticism aside, Lifton has undertaken to pursue these problems and to supply other, more relevant, terms, and for these reasons his work deserves our attention.

Human Values and Education

TOWARD FREEDOM & DIGNITY: THE HUMANITIES AND THE IDEA OF HUMANITY. *By O. B. Hardison, Jr. Johns Hopkins University Press. $8.50.*

Reviewed by WILLIAM F. CLAIRE

O. B. Hardison, Jr., who has turned the Folger Shakespeare Library into a vital community and cultural asset in the nation's capital while also extending its scholarly mission, is a member of an endangered species. He is an optimist—a despairing one at times—but he cannot accept the Cyril Connolly prediction that future man will be judged by the quality of his despair. Hardison is conscious of a possibility for genuine despondency and has meditated upon the litany of twentieth-century horrors, but he is able to go on from there into what has to be the most inspiring book on the role of the humanities written in some time. Only a true Renaissance man—and Hardison, poet, author, teacher and now director of the Folger is decidedly that—could bring such a variety of experiences to focus on his belief that what we "desperately need today is an alternative, a counterweight to dogmas and abstractions, an idea of humanity against which we can measure our grand designs for progress."

Hardison begins with an examination of the "plight of the humanities in the academy," which he finds intimidated by an overemphasis on support for programs

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purely because of their alleged "relevance" and the general trend of financial and administrative support for programs based solely on their possible long-range application to national needs. He is disturbed equally by spokesmen in professional humanistic societies who tend to reduce value judgments to questions of ideology. This pursuit of relevance on the one hand and the "antihumanistic polemics of humanists themselves" is a dangerous fact of the moment with disastrous long-range potentialities. He finds a pervasive confusion over what even constitutes a humanistic curriculum, an apparent lack of a unified understanding over what humanists are hoping to accomplish—a microcosm of the contradictions inherent in a "relevant," get-the-government-grant, produce-or-else society. In such a setting, voices in behalf of a liberal education or an aesthetic education (the central value of education is the individual and his personal enrichment) are becoming as rare as butterflies in the winter.

In looking over the role of humanities in the cultural life of the past, Hardison is not blinded by a fundamental ambivalence over what the humanities should be—the age-old tension that has existed between praxis and gnosis. This has been a historical problem for humanists to solve, and Hardison explores the relationship between an orator and a poet (Milton) with the latter moving toward but not ultimately succeeding in ignoring "programs of social reform that seem endemic to our own age." The inner force Hardison feels was missing is exemplified best in Schiller's remark that "If, after (aesthetic) enjoyment . . . we find ourselves impelled to a particular mode of feeling or action, and unfit for other modes, this serves as infallible proof that we have not experienced any pure aesthetic effect."

In strong backing for the aesthetic education similar to the Summerhill School experiments in England, Hardison finds two current "buzz" words of today potentially destructive—accountability and productivity. He feels that the trend toward gadgetry in public education, schooling for job training, and insistent demands for

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cost-accountability give precedence to "economic rather than human values . . . an expensive educational system that fails to educate is surely less of a bargain than a more expensive one that works." And he could not be more specific in saying, "A filmed lecture, even a lecture by Sir Kenneth Clark, is frozen forever, whereas the most hidebound pedant will make a few changes each time he shuffles through his pile of tattered and yellowed notes."

To demonstrate that teaching the humanities may tend to "unite people—the idea of community again," Hardison ends with a fascinating chapter based on a direct experience of a course on Edmund Spenser. He describes an exciting method totally involving students in the course without forcing any kind of "relevance" on them in what became an experiment in student teaching. The results (and every teacher might examine the Hardison method of dispensing with what he regards as the traditional master/slave relationship between teacher and student) were very successful. They moved toward "humanistic education in the precise philosophical sense" because (and here Hardison pays homage to a philosopher he greatly admires, Kant) they were based on three elements—"the liberation of the imagination, learning as play, and education as communion."

Hardison, who has written such books as *Christian Rite and Christian Drama in the Middle Ages* and others on Aristotle, and *The Forms of Imagination,* may confuse some people with the title of his latest effort. He quickly points out that while most of the book was written (and originally delivered at the Elon College Humanities Forum in North Carolina) before B. F. Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity,* his own title was chosen after the fact —for the quite blunt reason that "when we are so far from achieving a society in which there is an adequate measure of freedom and dignity, it seems to me at the very least premature to discuss moving beyond them."

The accomplishment of the Hardison book is its affirmation—certainly at this time—of an idea of humanity against the cult of progress and the negative returns of so much of our material achievement. He knows that the world we experience is "traced and veined with human value like a leaf held up to the sun. What we see is always and inevitably an aspect of ourselves. . . ." It may be, given the large audience that this splendid and important book deserves, that we can begin to move somewhere in the direction of the freedom and dignity that all men might desire if given the chance—perhaps the last chance we will have to pick ourselves up as survivors from the *Clockwork-Orange* and *1984* world that we already, I believe, have been experiencing in the last decade.

The Accuracy of Impression

RETURN TO YESTERDAY. *By Ford Madox Ford. Liveright. Limited cloth edition, $10. Paper, $3.45.*

Reviewed by JAMES J. KIRSCHKE

"Autobiographical unreality" is the way H. G. Wells once termed Ford Madox Ford's memoirs. Ford surely would not have found Wells's phrase an altogether disagreeable description of many incidents related in *Return to Yesterday.* In his preface to the original English edition of his book of memoirs, published by Gollancz in 1931 (the edition reviewed herein is a reissue of Liveright's edition of 1932), Ford admits that his accounts are not always strictly true, but proceeds: "Where it has seemed expedient to me I have altered episodes that I have witnessed, but I have been careful never to distort the character of the episode. The accuracies I deal in are the accuracies of my impressions."

It is extremely difficult to assess the accuracy of numerous personal glimpses of

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characters in *Return to Yesterday*. One has no way of checking, for example, the incidents and conversations that Ford reports concerning King Edward, although one suspects that these are Ford's "impressions." The author furthermore writes about the activity in the young D. H. Lawrence's household "in Nottingham" (not Eastwood, which would have been more precise), which he claims to have visited. Ford alleges that Lawrence's miner father contributed to the young people's discussions of the work of such artists and geniuses as Nietzsche, Wagner, Flaubert and Darwin, but those who have read anything about Mr. Lawrence will doubt the authenticity of this account.

Not all of *Return to Yesterday* seems of such limited objective value, however, for the book contains much worthy social and literary history. In discussing the Victorian circulating libraries and in surveying the content and "seriousness" of the British journals and reviews of the nineties, Ford proves to have particularly valuable insights. That this is the case does not seem surprising, since Ford's knowledge of this aspect of the publishing field appears unsurpassed. Indeed, by the time he wrote *Return to Yesterday,* Ford had already established himself as perhaps the foremost British literary editor, having founded and edited a pair of short-lived but brilliant little magazines—the *English Review* and the *Transatlantic Review*.

One of the many other appealing aspects of the book is Ford's levity, which sparkles like a sunlit stream running through the narrative. For instance, as a result of the propaganda that he wrote during the first year of World War I, he claims that he "had the rare honour of receiving sheafs of anonymous letters from both English and German patriots who all said they desired to murder [me]. . . ."

But what is perhaps even more fascinating in *Return to Yesterday* is Ford's treatment of "the James group" (that is, Ford himself, Henry James, Joseph Conrad and Stephen Crane). In *Hail and Farewell,* George Moore quotes A. E. as having said that " 'a literary movement consists of five or six people who live in the same town and hate each other cordially'." That this was hardly the case with the James group, Ford testifies again and again in the pages of his book. The group, in fact, comprised four mutually generous and extraordinarily energetic individuals, who possessed a dedication to their art that is amazing by any standards. All were prolific, except Crane (who died in the spring of 1900, five months before his twenty-ninth birthday). And with the exception of Ford, the group's level of fictional performance seems uncommonly high. Although Ford's eighty-one books include thirty-two novels, he remarks (with a characteristic blend of modesty and humor) that he might have written better had he published less: "As an example how not to manage a career my story may be almost as useful as Hogarth's cartoons of the Idle Apprentice."

In attempting to account for the phenomenon of literary impressionism, Ford at one point says that he learned the impressionist technique from Joseph Conrad, and that James and Conrad had learned it from Turgenev. While there is undoubtedly some truth to these observations, they leave many sources unmentioned; it seems clear that the subject of artistic apparentation in the case of Impressionism is not quite so simple as Ford has indicated.

Nevertheless, the writers of the James group unite in their use of many Impressionist painting techniques in much of their best fiction. And as Ford says of his three colleagues in the group: "The approach to life is the same with all . . . three: they show that disillusionment is to be found alike at the tea table, in the slum, and on the tented field."

Ford claims to have done the "literary dustings and sweepings" for Conrad from 1897 to 1909, at the times when Conrad himself was not equal to it. Although their work together did not begin until 1898, Ford's remarks on the collaboration appear on the whole to be correct. In his compendious Ford biography, *The Saddest Story,* Arthur Mizener corroborates his subject's claims to have helped the older but less fluent Polish-English, seaman-turned-

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writer. Ford, who had published his first novel by nineteen, seems to have supplied the plots for the three novels in which he and Conrad officially collaborated, for *The Secret Agent,* and for numerous other of Conrad's novels and stories.

Like the gentleman that he essentially appeared to be, Ford denies ever having quarreled with Joseph Conrad, although Mizener, in his Ford biography, publishes correspondence to show quite clearly that a quarrel and ill feeling between the two had indeed attended their break. And yet, when in his memoirs Ford writes that Conrad's "memory remains the most treasured of my possessions," one believes that he sincerely means it.

Ford's reminiscences of "Steevie" Crane (referred to always by James as "my young compatriot of genius"), while occupying perhaps fewer pages than those on James and Conrad, seem none the less revealing. One will not soon forget the impression that Ford provides of Crane, hovering "over his foolscap sheets using a pen as a white moth uses its proboscis," or swatting flies with the bead-sight of his gun while sitting in his dilapidated mansion at Brede, or assuming Bowery mannerisms in order to vex his good friend and neighbor, Henry James. While it is difficult to ascertain the truth of some of the tales of friendship between James and Crane that Ford relates, in the preface to James's *Selected Letters,* edited by Leon Edel, one notes that upon learning that the tuberculous Crane was going to die, James sent a check for 150 pounds to Cora, Crane's common-law wife, suggesting that she cash it without saying a word: "Dedicate it to whatever service it may best render my stricken friend."

Ford refers to his friendship with James as "a winter and a wholly non-literary intimacy." He nevertheless gives some extremely amusing and seemingly "true" impressions of the Master during the period after 1898, when James was residing at Lamb House, Rye. The account of James's butler, whose grand mealtime flourishes James is supposed to have found so disconcerting, includes one to laugh aloud. Ford furthermore exhibits his gift for inventing convincing dialogue, by providing some very humorous examples of James's "interminable, refining" sentences. And few who read the description of James, playing host to the author at supper, will forget this vivid impression of the Master: "He was magisterial in the manner of a police-magistrate, civil but determined to receive true answers to his questions. The whole meal was one long questionnaire."

Ford states in *Return to Yesterday* that "the only human activity that has always been of extreme importance to the world is imaginative literature." And there is a strong sense in which, as has been hinted above, one can view this book's primary achievement as, in the best sense, "imaginative." Ford's performance shows many affinities of style and tone with such other magnificently imaginative autobiographies of modern literature as George Moore's three-volume *Hail and Farewell* and Gertrude Stein's *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.* How very like Moore's irreverent tone, for instance, is this not atypical sentence from *Return to Yesterday:* "For myself, I disliked virtue, particularly when it was pressed between the leaves of a book." Ford's book, moreover, shares with the autobiographies of Stein and Moore their delightful techniques of telling slightly reworded stories several times, and of building chapters to a climax at the very end. As is true also of the other two writers, Ford's powers of witty observation and precise characterization are abetted by his book's beautiful pattern—the rhythmic stitching that no amount of quotation and paraphrase can possibly do justice.

It is sad to contemplate Ford, in his mid-fifties, writing these reminiscences of his good companions—Crane, James and Conrad—all of whom have long since passed away. But one's sadness never moves to pity; the brilliance of Ford's performance prevents that from happening. *Return to Yesterday,* in fact, deserves a place among the most amusing and technically perfect memoirs of modern literature. Liveright is to be congratulated for making this book accessible to us—and in such a handsome format.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

In his interesting but limited appraisal of Gustav Mahler in The Summer 1973 SCHOLAR, Harvey Gross propounds the incompatibility of the two texts found in Mahler's Eighth Symphony as grounds for regarding the work as an unsuccessful amalgam. "Goethe's vision of heaven and redemption [last scene of *Faust*] is skeptical and humane," he declares; "the hymn [*Veni, Creator Spiritus*] is Catholic, primitive, and informed with a theological bias foreign to Goethe's thinking."

Evidently Goethe did not find it so. As Theodor Reik pointed out in his book *The Haunting Melody*, the German poet translated the hymn from the Latin himself and sent it to a composer friend, Carl Zelter, urging him to set it to music as "an appeal to the general genius of the world."

Since Mahler decided to juxtapose the hymn to Goethe's own poetic scene in a symphony, why then did he use the hymn's original Latin text and not Goethe's translation? Reik theorized that Mahler forgot about Goethe's letter and translation, and that the reason for the symphony's unique and self-contained qualities, which he (Reik) and others have found so powerfully compelling, is that the *sub*conscious memory of Goethe's urging suddenly returned to him as an unidentified (that is supernatural) command. Something like that is, at any rate, what its admirers *feel* in the work, and is quite characteristic of Mahler as a whole.

JACK DIETHER
New York, New York

MR. GROSS replies: I was not aware that Goethe had translated the *Veni Creator,* and I thank Mr. Diether for calling it to my attention. It may presumptuous of me to say so, but Goethe's translation is an interpretation guided by a thoroughly romanticized conception of the hymn. Goethe's *Creator Spiritus* is not the third person of the Trinity but the descending Muse bringing inspiration to those fortunate human beings rich in energy and creative power. Goethe notes (*Jubiläums-Ausgabe* III, p. 381) that the hymn "makes a powerful appeal to men rich in spirit and strength." He also equates the *Creator Spiritus* with the *"allgemeine Weltgenie"*—the Universal World Spirit which is akin to Hegel's concept of *Geist*. Certainly if Mahler had used Goethe's translation, the Eighth Symphony might seem more of a piece. But Mahler's use of the medieval Latin, with its rich complement of patristic doctrine, evokes for this listener a world utterly foreign to the last scene of *Faust*.

I find Theodore Reik's theorizing charming but scarcely more plausible than his explanation of why his master Freud never speculated on the art of music. (He tells us Freud "uncon-

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By Beverly Boyd

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sciously foregone being subjected to its lure and language, and this voluntary sacrifice benefited his fine ability to hear the unconscious processes . . ." Reik could not bring himself to say that Freud was that anomaly, an unmusical Viennese.) Reik has no evidence that Mahler knew Goethe's translation; his speculations on the psychic processes of a man he never analyzed are literary effusions, not the results of deep psychoanalytical probings. Even Freud—who at least spoke with Mahler for a few hours—comes up with little more than that poor Mahler had "a mother fixation." *Zum letzen Male, Psychologie!*

Had Reik constructed a plausible theory, it would hardly affect the basic aesthetic questions. To account for the genesis of a work of art does not establish its value. Doubtless Mahler was strongly affected by the demonic forces of inspiration; doubtless he felt that he composed the Eighth under what seemed to him supernatural auspices, the direct urging of the Creative Spirit. Nevertheless I feel the Eighth Symphony is an aesthetic failure; I must admit there is shrewd critical insight in Hans Pfitzner's malicious crack: *"Wenn er nun aber nicht kommt?"* ("But suppose He doesn't come?")

The Eighth Symphony (like *Parsifal*) is one of those curiously reactionary works of late nineteenth-century sensibility that turns art into an inferior kind of religion. This is reflected in its compositional procedures which look back toward that operatic-oratorio style invented by Mendelssohn and embalmed by Elgar. Finally, whatever prompted Mahler (The Holy Ghost or *chutzpah?*) into thinking he could set the final scene of *Faust II*? These lines are as "settable" as the final scene of *Lear* or the last Canto of the *Paradiso*. There are lovely sections in the Eighth: especially the orchestral introduction to the second part and the chorus *Blicket auf*. But these are bright moments in what I otherwise find a tedious eighty minutes of Mahler at his *kolossal* worst.

* * *

In the Summer, 1973 issue of the SCHOLAR Paul A. Carter performs masterfully a sponge-like soaking-up-and-wringing-out process for the first fourteen and one half pages of his article, but then seems to lose totally what I perceive as the major thrust of his article: an explication of the evolution of the relationship between Science and the "Death of God." He exercises the historian's prerogative and collapses in an attempt to bring the article totally up to date. He relies on an obviously inept set of "categorical propositions" to provide a contrast to what I expect to be a resounding historical and intellectual insight. I am only partly satisfied with his circuitous affirmations that God is not dead psychologically, sociologically or ontologically, but is or was dead theologically, at least apparently, temporarily. He then gives a last, collapsing twitch, saying, in effect, "Well, here is the progression of ideas, and now we have the 'Jesus people,' who don't fit at all."

The mistake Mr. Carter makes, no, the prerogative he takes, is that of changing his own perspective. Throughout the article he speaks from the perspectives of science, theology and philosophy, then switches to analyze the situation from a perspective identifiable only as that of a tired writer or an irresponsible (but acceptable within the role) historian.

I shall not change my own perspective from that of critic to that of theologian or scientist, but shall instead defer (note the already developing irresponsibility) to what I hope will appear soon in your publication, a stimulating rather than somnolent article about the state of religion and theology in American life.

WILLIAM JAY POWELL
Columbia, Missouri

MR. CARTER replies: Mr. Powell has planted the seed of an important question in his letter concerning "Science and the Death of God": How does one responsibly bridge the gulf between the long perspective of time and the existential now? More professionally, from a historian's (or a critic's) point of view, how does one avoid the error of judging the present moment as the climax of the historical process rather than the transient thing it really is, while at the same time taking proper account of its history?

Unfortunately, Mr. Powell has chosen to smother this kernel of insight beneath a compost of words such as "irresponsible," "collapses," "last, collapsing twitch," "tired," and "somnolent." (Even the neutral word "historian" somehow acquires an aroma by association.) He has thereby rendered impossible the dispassionate following of the argument that this question deserves. Some fertilizers stimulate growth; overdoses, however, only burn.

I recently had the pleasure of watching the T.V. rerun of *The Cincinnati Kid*, in which Steve McQueen faced Edward G. Robinson in a marathon, stakes-unlimited game of five-card stud. I regret that we scholars seem unable to handle our adversary relationships in so gentlemanly a fashion.

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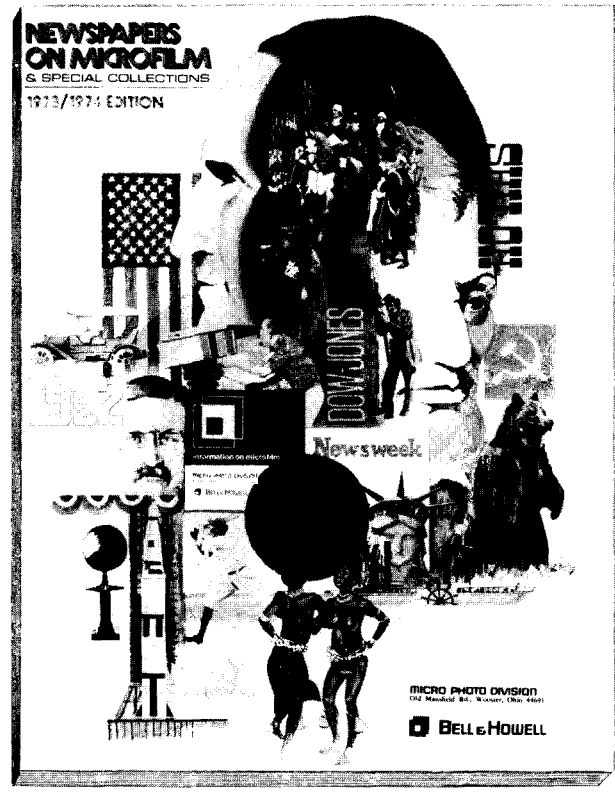

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